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THE FIGHT OF A MAN WITH A RAILROAD.

"The Road has no personal animosity against you, Mr. Coleman, but you represent the public; and the Road is determined to make it so terrible for the public to fight it, right or wrong, that they will stop it. We are not going to be attacked in this way." — *Railroad Official.*

SINCE early boyhood I have been more or less a traveller, and in the course of my journeyings have been over several thousands of miles of railways in Europe and hundreds of thousands of miles in this country. I do not think I am a novice in the matter of travelling; nor has my experience being confined to railroads. Two voyages to California, Mexico, and Oregon, long journeys up the Columbia River, and two complete stage-trips from the Pacific coast to the Missouri River, have sufficed to give me some knowledge of the way travellers are treated in various parts of the world. I have been connected for several years past with Mr. Joseph Harrison, Jr., of Philadelphia, as a mechanical engineer for the introduction of what is known as the Harrison Safety Boiler. My duties require me to visit large manufacturing corporations to sell and locate these boilers. This compels me to travel from twenty to thirty thousand miles a year, mostly upon railroads.

Being brought into contact, year after year, with all kinds of business men, I have been led to reflect upon the wide difference which exists in the method of conducting ordinary business and that of transportation. In the prosecution of ordinary business a regard for the rights of others, a spirit of accommodation, politeness, and general fair dealing, are absolutely essential to success. But when the same people engage in the transportation of passengers and merchandise upon railroads, the system seems to be reversed. From polite solicitors of custom, they become arrogant dictators to their patrons, just in proportion to the special character and pecuniary value of the privileges they have received from the public whom they maltreat. A system of incivility, oppression, and brutality seems to prevail upon many roads in their treatment of those who support them, which would ruin any other enterprise dependent upon public patronage. The rights of others are ignored or ruthlessly trampled upon. Arbitrary and unjust rules are made, which recog-

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nize only the will, not the duties, of the merchants, grocers, butchers, and other men, fashioned like ourselves, who compose that mysterious and high-sounding something called a "Railroad Corporation." The stockholders are not the men, however, who make the "rules"; power is concentrated in a president, a superintendent, and a handful of directors; and accordingly as these individuals are men of broad, comprehensive minds or of contracted understanding, do we find the roads bearably or unbearably conducted.

Unfortunately for the great army of those who go up and down the land upon railroads, the public has been so busy in this new country that it has unwittingly permitted the railroad men to steal away its liberties. The corporations promise to construct and operate roads for the convenience of the public. This promise is broken at the start. The public convenience is not consulted. The public is informed that the fare shall be just what the road chooses to exact; the equivalent for the fare shall be taken by the passenger in such manner and at such time as pleases, not him, but the railroad; the voucher for the money it has received — the ticket — shall be "good for this day only," "good for this trip and train only," "good for six days after date," etc. That is, the road will keep the money and render nothing in return except upon its own conditions.

The roads also say they will redress their own grievances. They deem it less trouble, or it is more to their taste, to punish offenders against their rules upon the spot, than to seek the remedy prescribed for private individuals in like circumstances. Accordingly, the comfort and tranquillity of peaceful passengers are rudely broken in upon and their lives endangered by a brutal assault upon an offender in a car. Pistols are sometimes drawn in the scuffle, and innocent people are as liable to be shot as the combatants; ladies in delicate health may be put in sudden peril through fright; but the barbarism of the railroad must be carried out, and none but juries seem to recognize the impropriety of the proceedings in a court of law.

I have been inclined to sympathize, at times, with the railroad view of the case, when obscene, profane, or drunken miscreants indulge their propensities in a car occupied by ladies. I wait impatiently for the conductor and his men to eject the scoundrels from the car. But experienced travellers are well aware that this is a class whom the employés of the railroads do not like to attack. Such offenders can oftentimes "strike from the shoulder"; they sometimes carry knives; and the valiant officials generally give the danger a wide berth, and leave the passengers to submit to their outrageous conduct, and take whatever risks may be involved. It is when quiet and inoffensive people differ from the officials of a railway that their zeal becomes conspicuous. It is when a man loses his ticket and has no money, that he is pushed from a car in the dark through a Jersey bridge and is drowned. It is a poor fellow too intoxicated to resist who is thrust from a train between the stations, in another State, and the following train runs over and kills him. It is an old lady and her daughter who are driven from a sleeping-car in a rain-storm, at midnight, into a little country station, in the interior of Vermont, for the heinous crime of travelling upon tickets a day or two later than the "regulations" of the road permit; and so on through the whole catalogue of cowardly outrages which have disgraced our American railroads.

It would be natural to infer that where such despotic powers are entrusted to the officers of the railroads, they would be offset by equally great concessions to the opposite party, their patrons. The possession of such powers would suggest excellent accommodations, comfort, and that careful attention to the minor wants of the traveller which is common to European roads. It would suggest comfortable

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and spacious depots with all the modern appliances for the convenience and well-being of the passenger while in the hands of the road. Is this true of the American railroad? Has the boasted civilization of this country reached the point attained in countries upon whose short-comings we bestow our pity? Are the appointments of most of our depots and cars those of common decency, to say nothing of refinement?

Conceive the respect and admiration for American institutions which a newly arrived Frenchman must feel, as he remembers the spacious and elegant stations of his own country, with their cheerful waiting-rooms and comfortable restaurants, in which neat and polite attendants wait upon the weary traveller. Upon the platform civil and attentive porters attend to his baggage, and show him his proper train and place. No noise, no confusion; everything decorous; if he requires information about his journey, it is civilly given him. Conceive the sensations of this man, I say, as he enters for the first time that windy, frightful place at Springfield, Massachusetts, which they call a depot, amidst the bewildering confusion of screaming whistles and clanging bells. No attendant is there to indicate his particular train among the many that are rushing back and forth in distracting and dangerous proximity to his person. Shouts and yells, — hackmen pulling, — baggage smashing. Every man for himself, and look out for the locomotive! Worse yet: think of our miserable foreigner entering that gloomy, disgusting, pick-pocket's paradise, the so-called depot at New Haven, Connecticut. The English language contains sixty thousand words, many of which have delicate shades of meaning and are adequate to the description of most nuisances; but when we come to the New Haven depot, we give it up in mute despair. Think of our Frenchman again. How his admiration of us must increase as he enters the cattle-sheds of New Jersey, to start for Washington or the West; or, when he returns from the West, and is dumped in the mud at midnight in Albany, where there is not even the pretence of a shed! Think of this faint and famished foreigner after his ride, when he seeks refreshment at a railroad restaurant, and is forced to partake of dyspepsia in the inevitable stale railroad pie, and the boiled and reboiled bilious-looking wash they denominate coffee. Think of the poor man's fatigued wife and baby, as they vainly seek a proper retiring-room, with such conveniences as are customary in more civilized countries. Think of the unclean dens called "Gentlemen's Rooms," in which the traveller wearily waits the coming train. If those vile places are for gentlemen, what impression must our foreign friend receive of the American gentleman, for whom such places are good enough? Consider the effect upon a foreigner of a tour in this country!

Enter one of our most improved cars upon an express-train after it has been filled for an hour with passengers, and observe the holes styled ventilators; is it strange the atmosphere should be that of a dog-kennel? About five hundred square inches of openings to permit the escape of nearly one and one half million cubic inches of foul air, exhaled from the lungs of fifty human beings in one hour! This noxious arrangement we will not always lay up against the management, for it may be an error of brains, not heart, and we shall only blame some of the wealthy trunk lines, where the ventilators are so arranged that the passengers are plentifully covered with cinders and dust. That directors are less ignorant than might be supposed of what is necessary to make a long journey a pleasure, instead of an exhausting process to the traveller, is shown by the well-appointed, luxurious cars which they provide for themselves. It is perfectly proper for them to enjoy such cars. The cars, splendid as they are, are none too good for them. It is hard work to travel; and they are entitled to the enjoyment of all the appliances which will render travel comfortable.

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And so are the rest of the travelling public. It would be eminently proper to provide an entire train of just such cars for all long travel.

Then observe the imperious bearing of the railway employé towards the public, from the "railway king" down to the brakeman on a coal-train. "Like master, like servant." Hear the gruff, unsatisfactory replies given by a surly underling to the modest inquiry of a timid passenger. Nothing but "cheek" and the plaid vest and heavy gold chain meet with deferential consideration from these important railroad gentlemen, who act as though the public were a nuisance to be pushed aside, and got rid of in the most peremptory manner possible.

There are many noble exceptions. There are many men of gentlemanly instincts who are conductors, ticket-masters, and brakemen, upon every railroad, whose kind and polite consideration to passengers, even under trying circumstances, causes them to be held in grateful remembrance by the thousands with whom they come in contact, and for them we have nothing but the kindest words. But these bright examples serve only to heighten the contrast between them and such as have been described. The numberless petty infractions of equity and common decency committed by the roads may be of only temporary and trivial annoyance to people who travel but once or twice in the year. The insult or injury stings at the time, but passes out of remembrance when the journey is done. But it is quite another matter to the thousands of people who pass a large portion of their lives upon the railroads. The sting of a single mosquito is soon over; but the daily stings of a swarm of these insignificant insects would finally drive any man to desperation. It was with something of this feeling, after witnessing for years impositions and brutalities upon others, as well as suffering needless annoyances myself, that the following occurrence took place upon the New York and New Haven Railroad.

About four years ago, I purchased a ticket from Providence to New York, *via* Hartford and New Haven. At New Haven my business detained me until too late in the evening to resume my journey by rail. I therefore took the eleven o'clock boat in order to pass a comfortable night, and to be able to meet my engagements the next day. That left the railway coupon ticket from New Haven to New York on my hands. I afterwards had no opportunity to use the ticket in the direction in which it was marked; always happening thereafter to travel with through tickets from Boston to New York. In returning to Boston from New York, June 11, 1868, I applied at the office of the New York and New Haven Railroad in Twenty-Seventh Street, New York, for a ticket to Boston *via* Springfield. The ticket-master refused to sell me one unless I would wait three hours for the train which left at three o'clock P. M. going through to Boston. He said he would sell me a local ticket to Springfield, and I could buy another from there to Boston. This would cost more than seven dollars to Boston, instead of six dollars, the regular through fare, which of course I did not want to pay. I told him expressly that I wished to stop over at a way station, one train, to do some telegraphing, but without avail; he would not sell the ticket. As I could not wait three hours, I thought it would be a good time to use up my old coupon, as I was accustomed to do upon other roads under similar circumstances. Accordingly, I presented the coupon to the guard stationed at the entrance to the cars. He rudely and imperiously refused me admittance, stating that the ticket was "good for nothing." Some warm words passed between us, and he finally called the conductor, who stood near. The conductor was, if possible, more imperious than the guard. He said the ticket was "good for nothing," and peremptorily ordered me not to go on board the cars. I told him I thought the ticket was good, and that I was accustomed to use coupons in that way

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upon all other roads over which I travelled. He replied that "it was no such thing; he travelled more than I did and knew all about it": and concluded by saying that if I "attempted to get upon the cars" he "would put me off." Severe remarks were made by several gentlemen standing near to the conductor during this time, to the effect that this was another manifestation of the general spirit of insolence and meanness towards passengers for which that road was noted. I then purchased a ticket to Providence *via* New Haven and Hartford, and got on board the train. I felt irritated at the treatment I had received, and having a constitutional objection to being brow-beaten, I determined to ascertain why the practice with regard to tickets on this road was so unlike that upon other roads. Having had time to recover my equanimity somewhat after the cars had started, and supposing the conductor might be still angry and unreasonable, I determined to put the case to him, as one gentleman would to another, and to exercise self-control, that my manner should be quiet and give him no cause for offence. Accordingly, as he approached me in taking up his tickets, I said, "Mr. Conductor, there is no use for you and me to quarrel about this ticket. This is a plain business matter, an affair of dollars and cents only. The case stands like this: I am travelling nearly all the time; and being frequently compelled to diverge from the route that I intended to take in starting, I am left with unused coupons. These coupons all cost me money; and by the end of the year they would accumulate to such an extent that they would represent too large a sum for me to lose."

The conductor replied, "That coupon is good from New Haven to New York, but it is not good from New York to New Haven. My directors ordered me, three years ago, not to take such tickets, and I shall not do it." I then said, "My position is this; I have paid this road a certain amount of money for a certain amount of service, and I think I am entitled to that amount of service, whether my face is turned east or west. You say this ticket is good from New Haven to New York, which is seventy-four miles; I think it is good from New York to New Haven, which is also seventy-four miles; and I cannot understand the distinction which you make." A gentleman who sat before me remarked at this moment, "If there is any meanness which has ever been discovered upon a railroad, it is sure to be found upon this one, for it is the meanest railroad ever laid out of doors." I replied, "If this is so, I hope they will make an exception in my case, as all I require are the common courtesies of the road and an equivalent for my money." The conductor said, "I see you are all linked together to make me trouble." And he went along.

The gentleman who had spoken to me requested to see my coupon, and remarked that he had never heard the question raised before, and certainly had never heard the case put in that way. He further remarked that, "Whether it was law or not, it was common sense." A part of the Board of Trade delegation of Boston was in the car, returning from the Philadelphia Convention. Among these were Mr. Curtis Guild, Mr. Eugene H. Sampson, and a prominent railroad director of Boston, Mr. B. B. Knight, a cotton-manufacturer of Providence, and other gentlemen from both cities. Several of these gentlemen, who had become interested in the discussion, requested to see the coupon, and they took the same view of the matter that I did.

As we were approaching Stamford, the conductor again came to me, and said in a very abrupt manner, "Well, sir! how shall we settle this matter?" I said, "Just as before; there is the ticket, and I wish to go to New Haven; the circumstances have not altered in the least." I had determined to take the matter quietly; the conductor saw that it was useless to attempt to frighten me by his imperious manner, and he then began to remonstrate, saying,

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"You have no business to make me disobey my directors, and lose my place upon the road; I have to get my living in this way, and it is mean for you to do so." This was a new aspect of the case, and I replied, "That is the only embarrassing question which has arisen in this discussion. I have no quarrel with you, and I would not do you a personal injury upon any consideration; but you and I both have travelled long enough to know that this matter is wholly within your discretion. You can take this coupon and turn it in at New York where you turn in your other tickets, and no one will know whether it is taken going east or going west, and no one will care." My meaning was, that, as no injury was done, no injury could be known. He took the remark the other way; and said, in a sneering tone, evidently for the benefit of the other passengers, "You might just as well ask me to steal ten dollars from the company, because they would not know it." I replied, "Theoretically, that may be true; but, practically, it is nonsense; you very well know that I have no intention to defraud this road; but in order to relieve you of all embarrassment about your position, I will make you a proposition: Here is my address, and these gentlemen know that I am responsible; you take the ticket and turn it in, and if you are even reprimanded for it by your directors, write to me, and I will send you the money for the ticket, upon your promise as a gentleman that you will send the ticket to me again; for I shall want the ticket."

The passengers said, "That was very fair and would avoid all trouble." The conductor said, "It is very fair, but I sha' n't do it, that 's all; I want another ticket out of you, sir." I said, "I shall not give you one." He said, "Then I shall request you to get off this train at Stamford." I replied, "I shall just as politely decline to do so." He said, "Then I will put you off." I replied in general terms, and with some natural heat, that I did not believe he was able to do it. He said, "I guess I can put you off if I get help enough." I told him that was undoubtedly true, but warned him that I would pursue the matter further, if he brought his roughs into the car and laid hands upon me.

At this moment the elderly gentleman who sat in front of me rose and said, "Mr. Conductor, I am a 'railroad man,' and in my judgment this gentleman's position is correct. If he brings it to an issue, I think he will beat you; but if you think he is not correct, but trying to evade his fare, the proper way is to telegraph to New Haven, and have a policeman come aboard and quietly arrest him; that is business-like; but don't you take the law into your own hands and throw him off the train, for that is not done nowadays upon any respectable railroad." I said, "Certainly, I will submit to a policeman, but I will not be thrown off by him." The conductor sneeringly replied, "We don't do business in that style on this road." I said, "I have been aware of that for ten years past; and I propose to see if you cannot be compelled to do business in that style upon this road." He said we were all against him, and he would leave it to the superintendent.

The train had stopped in the mean time at Stamford. I paid no further attention to the conductor, but commenced reading. Very soon some one shouted, "They are coming for you." The conductor came in at the head of five or six rough brakemen and baggage-men, and said, pointing to me, "This is the man; pull him out, and put him out on the platform." They seized my coat and tried to roll me out of the seat. My coat tore, and they did not move me. This seemed to enrage them, and they sprang upon me like so many tigers. Two of them seized me by the legs, and as many as could got in back of the seat and seized me by the shoulders and commenced violently wrenching me from the seat. I instinctively grasped the arms of the seat, and they took the cushion and frame up with me. When they got me

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into the aisle, and had me completely at their mercy, three heavy blows with the clinched fist were struck upon the back of my head. Every individual in the car jumped to his feet the instant the blows were struck. The ladies screamed, and some of the gentlemen rushed to stop the conductor and his roughs from striking me. Fearing for my life, I struck one of the ruffians under the chin, and planted a blow square in the face of another. We had a hard struggle until they overpowered me. They carried me horizontally until they reached the car door, when they dropped my feet a little to pass through singly. I struck another away from me, and he went over between the cars. They fiercely grasped me again and threw me broadside from the platform of the car down upon the platform of the depot. I struck heavily on my side, my whole length. In this struggle they tore the flesh upon my arm and legs, and they ruptured me for life. The passengers swarmed out of the cars, and gave me their addresses. The superintendant came up, and I told him I would give him a dose of common law, and see if I could not teach him something. He said he would give me all the law I wanted, if I wished to test the case. I then ran and jumped on the train as it was in motion. The superintendent and his son and another man ran after and seized me around the body, stripped me off the car, and held me by main strength until the train was clear of the depot. As soon as they released me, I drew my through ticket from my pocket, and asked them why they held me. The superintendent started as though I had struck him, and said, "Why did n't you show that ticket before, sir?" I said, "Because it is not customary to show tickets in getting on at the way-stations, and you did not give me a chance." He said, "If you had been a gentleman, you would have shown that ticket." I replied, "I do not ask your opinion as to who is a gentleman, for you are no judge." He said, "You tried to steal your ride to New Haven and sell your ticket; and now we will give you all the law you want; and we 'll show you that the laws in Connecticut are different from where you came from."

I took that for granted, and returned to New York. When I reached Boston again, I attached the New York and Boston express-train, partly owned by the New Haven Road, in the Boston and Albany depot, and brought suit against them in the Superior Court of Massachusetts for ten thousand dollars damages. The first trial of the case occurred in April, 1869. The judge charged directly against passengers upon every point. He ruled that the ticket was a contract. That the road had a right to make any rule it pleased for its own government; and if a passenger broke a rule, he was a trespasser; and, being a trespasser, the road had the same right to eject him from its cars that one of the jurymen had to eject a man from his private house if he did not want him there. The only question for the jury to consider was, whether an excess of violence had been used by the road in the maintenance of a right. The jury, after being out only one hour, awarded me thirty-three hundred dollars damages. The judge, at the request of the road, after several weeks' delay, set the verdict aside on the exclusive ground that the amount was excessive.

The second trial occurred in the same court in January, 1870, and resulted in a disagreement of the jury. They stood eleven to one for me, and it was afterwards understood that the man who disagreed had been connected in some capacity with the road. The third trial took place in May, 1870, and resulted in an award of thirty-four hundred and fifty dollars damages. Again the road demanded a new trial, which the judge refused to grant. The road then appealed to the Supreme Court upon points of *law*. The judge in charging the jury had happened to say, that if the resistance of the plaintiff to ejectment from the car consisted in simply refusing to walk out when he was told

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to go by the conductor, of course blows on the head, such as had been testified to, were unnecessary; and if the jury were satisfied that such blows had been given, a verdict should be rendered accordingly. This bit of common sense gave a new opportunity for the exhibition of that wonderful subtlety called "law." The Supreme Court, after the usual tedious delay of several months, in which plaintiff and witnesses had abundant time to die, gave the New York and New Haven Railway Corporation another opportunity to fulfil their threat of making it "terrible for the public to fight it, right or wrong." It decreed that the judge had no right to give an opinion as above, but should have left the question for the jury. Accordingly a new trial was granted, which took place in June, 1871. Up to this time three people connected with the suit had died, and one witness for the plaintiff had moved to Kansas; while young girls who were on the train when the outrage was committed had passed from girlhood through long courtships, and were already matrons. However, with the impetuosity of a youthful temperament and the knowledge of a just cause, I made another onslaught upon the corporation after only thirteen months' delay since the last trial, and obtained a verdict of thirty-five hundred dollars damages, after one hour's deliberation by the jury.

For the fifth time the road demanded another trial, which being refused by the judge, they again appealed from his ruling to the Supreme Court. They asked the judge to charge the jury, that if the plaintiff had a tendency to hernia, or any physical disability that was liable to be increased by violence, the plaintiff ought to have so informed the employés of the road; and failing in that, he, and not the road, was responsible for the consequences. According to the railroad theory, therefore, if a gentleman is attacked by a scoundrel, unless the victim gives a complete diagnosis of his condition to the ruffian, he, and not the villain who struck him, is responsible for consequences when his skull is broken. To obtain the opinion of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts upon this important point has taken twelve months more, but I am happy to be able to state, that at last one point is established by the Massachusetts courts in favor of the rights of railroad passengers, namely, that it is *not* necessary for a man to inform a ruffianly aggressor what his grandmother died of, nor to describe his hereditary symptoms, even though it is the employé of a railroad corporation who comes to strike him.

The case was of simple brutal assault in a public railroad car. The witnesses for the plaintiff were well-known merchants of Boston, who were members of the Board of Trade, railroad directors, and steamboat men, as well as others, including ladies. Their testimony was clear and consistent throughout every trial. Pitted against their testimony was that of the brakemen, the baggage-men, and the conductor, every one of whom was in the employment of the road and a party to the assault. Not a passenger who saw the outrage committed in the car was brought forward by the road. The testimony of the employés was so absurd upon the first trial, that the court was repeatedly interrupted by laughter. No testimony of theirs upon any after trial has been like that of the first, but was manufactured to suit the theory of the railroad. It has been privately admitted by the road that "the facts were with me, but the law," meaning, I suppose, the judge's rulings, "was with them." So simple a case would have been disposed of at a single hearing in in a minor court, had it occurred between two poor men. But I have been compelled to pass through four weary trials, lasting four years, gaining quick verdicts from juries, and being defeated only by the first judge, who granted a new trial to this railroad corporation, because thirty-three hundred dollars were excessive damages for the

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beating and rupturing of a man by their servants. Being the chief justice, his rulings, of course, were taken as the law governing the case by the associate judges who presided at the subsequent trials, and from whom I received great courtesy and fairness.

But the contest is finished after the exhaustion of every legal device, and there is something to be said about it in the interest of the public. I have been repeatedly told by parties interested in the road, that the company had too much money to be beaten by me and they would spend enough to defeat me. The paragraph at the head of this article is quoted from a statement made to me by an influential person connected with the corporation. These threats were of no consequence as applied to me, for their object was intimidation. They did not succeed. The corporation is beaten. I have received the money for damages which they said they never would pay, and my personal contest is ended. But these threats were not directed against myself alone, but against the public. This expensive suit was prolonged to prove that "*right or wrong they would make it so terrible for the public to fight the road that they would stop it.*" If a limb is crushed by the negligence of the railroad men, *fight* instead of *pay* the victim, is their theory of dealing with the public; and they will remove all opposition by the power of wealth, influence with courts, and sheer terrorism. "They may make any rules they please" for the public, and may carry out their arbitrary designs against the people, in spite of decency or common sense.

The only advantage to be derived from this story is to open the question whether the people or the corporations are the rulers of this country. Are the railroads and the courts the masters or the servants of the people who pay for both? Are we quietly to allow railroad corporations to go on forever taking possession of legislatures and establishing the law for our courts? Are we to allow only the extreme railroad view of a case to be the *law* of our courts? Or are there two sides to a railroad question, as to all others? If so, where shall we go that both sides may be fairly considered? *Law* is said to be common sense. Does it fairly represent the common sense of the intelligent people of Massachusetts, that a private individual shall be kept in her courts for four years at enormous expense in a case of simple assault, merely because the assailant was a rich railroad corporation?

It has sometimes been asked, If you wanted to test this ticket question, why not permit them to lead you from the car and then sue them? I reply, I did not want to test the ticket question. I did not believe the conductor's statement as to what was the rule of the road, for they had taken similar tickets for years in the same way. I simply wanted to go to New Haven, about my business. I considered I had the same right to my seat which a man has to his private house, for which he has paid the rent; and I was under no obligation to submit to be ejected because my right was denied, or voluntarily to go into an expensive suit to prove that I was right, any more than to allow a man to lead me from the midst of my own family in the house which I had hired and paid for, and remain out of it until the question was tested in a court of law. I will state more particularly the points of this case.

In the first place, I deny that a common railroad ticket is a contract, in the sense in which the judge decided it. A traveller applies, for example, at the ticket office for a passage between New York and New Haven. He passes his money to the ticket master; a receipt for that money is returned to him printed all over with "rules," "good for this day only," "forfeited if detached," "company not responsible for baggage," "passengers shall carry nothing for baggage but wearing apparel"; and if they desired, they might add, "the company will hang

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the passengers at the end of the route." Let them make "any rule they please," and the judge says, it is a *contract*. Has the road alone the right to supply the conditions to the contract? Is the view of the court correct, that the great public is so near nothing that it shall have no part in the making of a contract to which it certainly is as much a party as the road? A contract implies more than one party, except in the eyes of this court and the railway company. It is idle to reply that the acceptance of the ticket implies assent to its provisions on the part of the passenger. He cannot help himself; they have got his money and he must take anything they choose to give him. The train is waiting; his business is urgent; and he must make the best of his helpless situation.

Another thing: the conditions of a contract cannot be supplied by one party after the transaction is ended. If I buy a ticket to-day, the road certainly has no right (regarded in the light at least of common sense) to inform me, months afterward, what the conditions are upon which I may use that ticket. It was bound to make that knowledge known to me at the time the transaction was made. Is this ticket a contract which is forced upon a passenger in exchange for his money? Or is it simply, like a baggage-check, the *evidence* that the road has a passenger's property in its possession, for which it is bound to return an equivalent? The equivalent, in this case, was seventy-four miles' travel. A case, some time since decided in Massachusetts, went beyond this point. A gentleman lost his ticket, and it was well known to the ticket master and conductor that he had paid for his ride. He refused to pay twice, and was arrested. His counsel urged that he had bought a passage, and in order to distinguish him from other men who had not bought passages, the company chose to adopt a ticket as a means of marking him. They might have pinned a tag upon him, or chalked his back. It would seem that a railroad ticket is more like the issue of a banking corporation; I deposit my money and they give me *their tickets*, or what we term bank-bills, which are redeemable *at my convenience*. The same with the road; and, in the mean time, both institutions have the use of my money. Would it be *law* for the bank to "make any rule it pleased," and declare that my money should be forfeited if I did not call for it six days from date? How absurd for the bank to maintain that it was a rule of theirs, which one of their clerks said was given him verbally several years before by the cashier, who in any event had no right to make any rules at all. Suppose I had gone to California as soon as I had deposited the money. I could not have drawn my money in six days; must I lose it?

The facts regarding this particular ticket for which I was beaten were, that the coupon ticket said, "New Haven to New York," and had no special provision, nor even a date upon it. Under sharp cross-examination by my counsel, the superintendent was reluctantly compelled to swear that it was the province of the directors of the road to make rules about taking tickets. He just as reluctantly swore that they had never made a rule against taking tickets backwards. He was obliged to swear, that he alone gave, or thought he gave, verbal orders to the conductor, some three years previous to this occurrence, not to take tickets in that way. He had no more right to make such a rule than had one of his brakemen. If a ticket is a contract *per se*, then *where is the government contract stamp on it*, as on any other contract? If that judge's ruling is good law, the road would seem to be liable to heavy penalties for all the contracts it has issued without such stamps! It is either a contract or it is not a contract; it certainly cannot be both. I maintain that a ticket simply represents that a certain amount of money has been paid for a certain amount of travel between two points; and, as it is no loss to the road whether the ride

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is taken in one direction or the opposite, it has no right to make an unreasonable rule against the convenience of the passenger. The road sends trains back and forth, year in and year out, and there is no pretence, even on the part of the road, that any special provision is made for a special passenger. If the United States government should issue postage-stamps which would take letters from New York to Boston, but would not take them from Boston to New York, it would be considered ridiculous, and the public would not tolerate such contemptible quibbling. If this is nonsense with a letter, it certainly is with a man.

The judge further says: "The road may make any rule it pleases for its own government, and if a passenger breaks the rule he is a trespasser; and, being a trespasser, he may be ejected from the car, like a trespasser in a private house." If a company of men club together and build a cotton-mill, and I owe them two dollars, the payment of which they choose to think I am trying to evade, and they order a number of roughs to pound me and throw me down a flight of steps, there is no question what will become of them; but when these same men build a railroad instead of a mill, and the State grants them liberty to seize my best lot, cut the end from my neighbor's mill, and go through the farm of another, whether we like it or not, they then seem to be suddenly endowed with absolute power. They may then take the law into their own hands, and punish with brute violence any one whom they suspect of attempting to defraud them, to any extent they please, short of killing their victim. If a reasonable question arises between a passenger and a conductor, the latter, according to this ruling, is to be judge, jury, and executioner, from whom there is no appeal; and he may at will bring in to execute his purpose a crowd of irresponsible ruffians, who love excitement in the shape of a fight. The hapless passenger is hustled, wrenched, and oftentimes maimed for life, as in this case; and the law, as laid down by the judge, leaves it to the discriminating judgment of these ruffians to determine to what point their brutality may extend before it becomes an *excess* of violence. And if the conductor and his minions happen to err in judgment and produce injuries which neither time nor medical skill can ever repair, the crippled passenger may appeal to the "quiet remedy of the law" for redress.

And what is redress? Theoretically, as unsophisticated people look at it, it means that simple facts are to be laid before a third party, who will carefully weigh the evidence, and judge one party to be right, and the other to be wrong, according to strict and impartial justice; practically, it means something about as uncertain as a horse-race, with every advantage taken in presenting evidence by the use of trained witnesses, whose living depends upon the extent to which they will perjure themselves in the interest of the road. The umpire between the contending parties may be the recipient of "courtesies" from railroad corporations in the shape of free railroad passes, complimentary invitations to directors' excursions, and annual dinners. Unless he be more than human, the coloring of his views and the weight of his influence must naturally be against the public and in favor of the wealthy and powerful corporations. Otherwise, why are these favors and valuable gifts conferred upon judges, legislators, prominent lawyers, and upon members of the press? Why do not others receive like considerations from the railroads? It is because the railways have no use for them. No one believes that railroad corporations give valuable considerations to others out of mere compliment or generosity. Who ever heard of a generous railroad? It means business! It means *quid pro quo*. It means keeping upon the right side, as it is termed, of those whose influence might be liable to damage the road. And thus it is that *precedents* are established, and

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what is called by that mysterious term *law* is always construed in the interest of the strong few against the public, and always will be so construed until the public makes a direct issue with the roads and assumes its natural place as master instead of slave of corporations.

For flagrant proof of the foregoing assertions, it is only necessary to refer to the infamous corruptions practised, year after year, in the lobbies of State legislatures, the complete mastery of the judiciary of certain districts by prominent railroad men in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. And, indeed, it would be difficult to point to a road in the country whose record is clean in this respect. Every year the power of the railroad corporations to trample upon the rights of the public is becoming greater, notwithstanding its proportions are already frightful. The corporations are centralizing power by consolidation, making themselves a unit against the public. They overawe and control the entire business of the country. This is no mere figure of speech. Two men equal in intelligence and means own mills situated upon roads converging at a certain point and equidistant from that point. Their conditions may be precisely alike, and both compete for the same market. By the ruling of the judge, the "railroad has a right to make any rule it pleases for its own government," and one of the roads makes a rule that its freight tariff shall be double the rates upon the other road. The profit is swept from the manufacturer, and the field is given to his competitor upon that other road; his business is ruined; his mill lies idle, and becomes worthless; he is shut up by the railroad. The freights may afford the road an exorbitant profit, but the "road has a right to make any rule it pleases." Does the public charter railroad corporations as speculative enterprises against itself? Does the public take away private property and give it to a company of private individuals called a railway corporation, so that it may make any rule it pleases? and though it can carry the public at a handsome profit for two cents a mile, it may charge three, five, or ten cents per mile, at its pleasure? Does the public intend to furnish a set of men a weapon to cut its own throat? Does it intend deliberately to tax itself enormously through them for a common service, so that a few favored individuals may become inordinately arrogant and rich? Assuredly not. The intent of a railroad charter is, that the public and its freight may be taken back and forth, and the company be paid *a suitable compensation* for the service it renders, *and no more.* In other words, a railroad is intended as a convenience for the public, not the public a convenience for the railroad. A railroad is only an improved turnpike at the best. The State long since abolished the abuses of the old turnpike system by taking the turnpikes out of the hands of private individuals. It is a serious question, whether it would not be well to apply the same process to the present improved turnpikes upon which abuses are so flagrant.

There is scarcely one road whose charter has not been broken by nonfulfilment of its provisions. If the enormous taxes which the roads now impose upon the people should be devoted to State purposes, the result would be nearly or quite the abolition of the State tax which the public now pays in addition to the unfair amounts taken by the roads. In any event it would seem to be time that the public appointed men to the legislatures, or, what would be still better, to Congress, who would consider first the great changes that have taken place since the first establishment of railroads and railroad law; that travel is not as formerly *an event* in a man's life, but a habit; and that laws which would apply well enough to the business, when roads were first made and travellers were few, are not broad enough to meet the present demand upon them. We need a general railroad law which should cover the fol-

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lowing points: First, that the fares shall be uniform and at reasonable rates, say two cents per mile. If it is necessary for a new road to receive a higher rate until it shall be upon a paying basis, allow it an excess and limit the time during which an excess shall be charged; or else pay the road a subsidy from the State funds, upon the principle on which poor post routes are maintained, keeping the rates low, and inducing thereby an influx of settlers who will eventually support the road. Second, when a first-class fare is paid, a first-class passage shall be given in a comfortable car, with such appointments as the law shall specify; polite and kind treatment to be required from employés, and the comfort and convenience of passengers to be assured, as well as the safety of life and limb. When a person is taken in charge by a railroad, he must be delivered in good order at the end of the journey, undamaged in feelings and person, as he was received. Third, when a dollar is received for travel from a passenger, the equivalent of that dollar shall be returned in travel; not according to the caprice of the company, but according to equity and justice, and the reasonable demand of the passenger. Fourth, in all cases of disagreement or of wrong-doing, the road shall be compelled to confine itself to the same peaceful means of redress as an individual, and cause arrests only by regular authority appointed by law, unless the offender be guilty of obscene or indecent conduct in the car, or commit a trespass upon life and property. The present mediæval system of barbarity in the summary treatment of passengers must give place to something in accordance with the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. The railroad companies must be made aware that the travelling public is not composed of cattle or sheep; nor are they in any sense the natural prey of the companies, but human beings, entitled to consideration as such. The American people are a long-suffering race. But let the corporations who are presuming upon their good-nature, reflect that they are sowing the wind, and the mutterings of a storm are beginning to be heard that betoken that they will one day reap the whirlwind.

John A. Coleman, Providence, R. I.

COMMON ORNAMENT.

WE Americans bear the reputation of thrift. We are proud of our industry and trade, and like to say of ourselves that we have an eye to the main chance. We are indeed utilitarians, and hold advanced notions of economy. Notwithstanding this, it would be a curious problem, to find out what proportion of our activity results in that which is, crudely speaking, not of the least use to us; what amount of money we spend in mere decoration. The figures would be startling, and they would perhaps set us thinking how to make them less.

In all races love of decoration follows love of nature, and seems to be its inevitable outgrowth. The savage ornaments his club, or spear, or paddle, having little else, excepting his skin, which he prizes sufficiently. The new settler develops a taste sooner or later for some kind of bravery, in house, or church, or wagon, or furniture. With wealth the taste increases and everything is ornamented. It is true, there are individuals and sects professing abstinence from all beauty of art; but they follow their precepts with difficulty, and as their notions are prohibitory their numbers are small. Practice is often much at variance with the ideal in these matters. One of our philosophers, hearing that a certain city

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had not yet its first public work of art, said the fact did the people credit; but his own house was full of pictures, casts from the antique, and all manner of knick-knacks. It is clear enough that the tendency to adorn cannot be ignored in any practical scheme of civilization. However much ornament may need pruning, it is a normal branch of human activity. The world divested of it would be an unpleasant spectacle and very much duller. Art makes so much variety, develops so much sympathy. Imagine Rome, Athens, Paris, representing only useful interests. Art individualizes and at the same time makes unity possible. It bridges the gulfs of time.

It is not needful to consider curiously the relative value of common ornament among the arts: it will be admitted that it exercises a considerable influence in general culture. If it has less dignity than portraiture or historic work, it is still equally legitimate. All the fine arts may be regarded as languages, or, at least, as means of communicating ideas; and in this light the most commonplace ornament, as well as the noblest statue, may be estimated. Its lessons are not so clearly defined as those of so-called high or historic art; but they are not less useful in their own field, and they appeal to a much greater number. To consider the present excess of ornament, its character and influence, and to venture some suggestions toward reform, is the object of this paper.

At first thought it is surprising that in our rough new country, where everybody is supposed to be engaged in money-getting, there should be so much outlay for mere decoration. But perhaps we are not so fully given up to "business" as we ourselves fear. One likes to spend money as well as to acquire it; the necessities of life are few and cheap, its capacity for ornamentation is unlimited. No moneyed man will live in a house wanting those niceties of form and color which make home pleasant; and if *he* will, his wife's pride will soon correct the fault. The demand for ornament would seem to be as reliable as that for food or clothing; investment in it as likely to bring a handsome return as an operation in wheat, or land, or houses. Though the fine arts are scarcely returning from the lowest possible ebb-tide, the mass of the people being utterly ignorant of refinement in form or color, yet the production of *finery* seems greater than ever. It is an indulgence which all classes of people allow themselves in one form or another. Those whose means scarcely afford them good food and shelter, yet buy ornament, and, unable to own a single good picture, patch the wall with all sorts of substitutes. To such, chromo-lithography is a special boon. Each picture must be framed, often at an expense exceeding its own value; but great reliance is placed upon frames in the way of ornament. Any ordinary apartment of a dwelling, saving the very few furnished by those who have studied the subject, will furnish illustration of the abundance of decoration, such as it is. House furniture, even of the cheapest sort, is covered with corresponding cheap ornamentation. The manufacture is so uniform in this respect, that the buyer has no choice; plain household goods are not to be had. It is hard to find any article made simply in the best manner to answer its use; everything is painted, stamped, moulded, cast or woven with some kind of design. Plain carpets and plain wall-paper are almost unknown. If you would buy a lamp, you may choose from a hundred patterns loaded with ornament, but your choice, excluding it, will be very limited. So in gas-fixtures. Simplicity of design in these is a rare exception; they are loaded with cheap patterns, and even their valves will hurt your fingers when they turn hard, by reason of their coarsely cast ornament. Observe also the "carved" leaves, etc., applied as handles to drawers. Stoves, clocks, mirrors, tables, chairs, bookcases, may not be the best of their kind for their uses, but they are all decorated, and for this one must pay, whether he likes

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it or not. The family Bible may be in worn type, second-quality ink, and cheap paper, but its cover will be stamped full of "design."

The decorating genius is still more active beyond the privacy of the dwelling. Observe the interiors of hotels; they are not always comfortable, but they are sure to be gay, such gilded gayety as it is. What you miss in careful attention you may make up in fresco. If in some of them food and lodging are of doubtful character, and the attendance elevated into a lofty patronage, there is no doubt whatever about the expense of gold-leaf. The travelling public would seem to be composed of princes in reduced circumstances. The street-cars are gayly painted; one often has cause to wish that the expense had been invested in the propelling power. Complaint is made of cheap iron on the railways, but the palace-coaches are wonders of luxury and ornament. Even the engine and tender are subject to the love of decoration. The gleam of the polished brass and steel is very pleasant. Our river and coast steamers are famous as floating palaces, many of them being burdened with a profusion of carved and gilded ornament. The public is obviously pleased by it and willing to pay for it, even though the boilers may be overworn and unsafe.

A glance at any recently built street will show the power of this tendency in building. After a great fire in one of our Eastern cities, though the loss was crippling, when the sufferers came to rebuild the employment of ornament was remarkable. The new shops, banks, churches, were adorned with stucco, fresco, and wood-finishing, at an expense of which the owners had not before dreamed. Extravagance was less evident in the effort to build better than in the desire to decorate more. The wall is often a little thinner than it ought to be, the mortar not always first-rate, and the workmanship shows haste; but the structure must be embellished at much cost, usually by loading it with gross window-caps all cast in the same mould, and vast cornices of zinc or sheet-iron. Some years ago the Greek portico and pediment were deemed indispensable in a building of taste, and in our public places arose huge Doric and Corinthian columns, often formed of pine boards or of stucco (materials as well fitted to the design as gingerbread), making vestibules of no conceivable use in the Northern climate, and supporting, or seeming to support, cumbrous pediments, — all for ornament. Though its character is changed, the amount of coarse building-ornament in all our towns is large and rapidly increasing. Observe the cornices in a modern business street, with their huge, coarse brackets. The builder is so pleased with these clumsy brackets, that he will put a hundred of them, all cast in the same mould, or sawed out by the same pattern, at the top of a wall. And the cornice of which they are members is usually a false cornice, of sheet metal or wood, having nothing whatever to do with the stone or brick of the wall, and tacked on only for ornament. This kind of decoration, so common among the builders, does not compare favorably with the wood-carving seen in our oldest buildings, but now fast yielding to the love of more obtrusive patterns. At the least, that had delicacy, while this has none. Ornament is of course even more abundant in religious than in domestic or commercial building. A spire is an exclusively ornamental feature; and being, so to speak, the flower of architecture, should rise only where there is a surplus of means, should follow only the entire fulfilment of all need and expectation below. But the prevalence of spires on churches, which are otherwise meagre and ill-fitted, is notable. Some church structures bear two of them, identical in pattern; such is the craving for ornament and the paucity of design. There may be a suggestion of aspiration in these altitudes; but it would be well first to have all that is desirable in the structure proper.

Excessive ornament in dress needs

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little illustration. Though in the last century an important change has taken place in men's apparel, so that now obtrusive ornament stamps the wearer with indelible vulgarity, still the love of it will appear wherever excuse may be shown, as in the case of various secret societies, which employ it largely in their uniforms and paraphernalia. A visit to one of the great manufacturing establishments, as, for instance, that of Horstmann & Co., Philadelphia, shows the important investment in swords, belts, plumes, badges, buttons, and pretty gewgaws for such purposes. In women's dress, decoration could hardly have been carried to a greater extreme in the most corrupt ages. We read, in journals of a certain class, accounts of toilets at balls with immense valuations attached. The extraordinary demands of fashion lead to grotesque deviations from the outlines of nature; and health, comfort, and beauty are sacrificed to love of display. The reverse of the picture, where the mania for ornament is seen in the dress of the humbler classes, is even sadder; the poor finery of the working-woman carries a pathos which disarms criticism. The social scientist cannot ignore the love of ornament, when he considers what hunger, cold, or disgrace may be represented by the trimmings of a sewing-girl's garments. If useless decoration here is only the result of proper pride, what is it in the lavish luxury of the wealthy? They set the example. What indulgence of silly vanity is shown in the attire of servants, tricked out in ornamental liveries! How unblushingly the devices for "improving" and "developing" the human figure are displayed in the fashionable shops! Extravagant personal adornment will be among the latest barbarisms yielding to reform. Here, as in manners and religion, the healthful simplicity comes last of all.

Poor Mortality carries his bravery with him even to disintegration. He must have ornamented nails in his coffin. The "undertaking" cost of a "first-class" funeral in our large cities probably averages more than five hundred dollars, and of this, of course, a large part is expended for mere pomp and circumstance, for ornament. Confronting death, we assume only the appearance of simplicity. The only abstinence grief imposes is that of color: we are elaborately decked in suits of sables. The high cost of "mourning" is admitted; but it is remarked that it is very becoming. The hearse is bescrolled and plumed. In our larger cemeteries ornament is employed lavishly. There is perhaps less adornment of the tomb than the dwelling, but wherever wealth buries, the graveyard teems with devices, Egyptian, Greek, Gothic. The change from former desolation and ghastliness is perhaps desirable; it is noted only as illustrating the continued force of the decorating tendency. Whatever may be the character of our surroundings from childhood onward, they are largely modified by decoration.

Comparison of the present with the past would doubtless show that ornament is now more generally distributed; that as it was once in a considerable degree sacred, it is now common; once enjoyed by the wealthy, now also by the poor; once the property of church or state, now also of the people. It is not probable that in the best times of antiquity the average citizen of Greece or Rome had anything like the quantity of decoration in his home or about him which one of the same class has now. Such comparison, however, would require much space; and it seems necessary to call attention only to the fact of the abundance of decoration here and now.

Recognizing this increasing love of adornment and the great tax we lay upon ourselves to gratify it, we may inquire concerning its character, and try to see how we get the worth of our money, or *if* we get it. The difficulties in the way of a clear answer to such questions are considerable. Questions of ornament are much vexed. One does not say, This is good, that is bad;

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but affirms honestly, This I like, that I do not like. Here law is remote and little understood, individual opinion undisciplined. People of excellent general culture are often timid regarding matters of art. "I am no judge, I only know what I like," is the everlasting phrase. But, on the other hand, the general ignorance and timidity gives opportunity for an immense dogmatism to the advocates of special system. All kinds of decoration assume to be beautiful, and each has its champions, doubting nothing, asserting all things. The doctors disagree. Mr. Ruskin insists upon the representation of organic forms. An eminent contemporary pronounces such a course fatal, and finds his grammar of ornament in "contrast, repetition, and series." All is chaotic. Some of our new interiors are decorated in the crude, brilliant Egyptian style; Greek forms still haunt our walls and fabrics; the Alhambra repeats itself feebly in our colder land; and the rococo of Louis XV. infests our chairs, tables, and mirrors. The popular whim might at any time represent as the acme of fancy the ornament of a Feejee war-club. We often find in the same apartment two or three of the leading systems of ornament, jumbled together with a sublime indifference. Persons of equal intelligence hold opposite opinions about the commonest decoration, and can give no sufficient reason for like or dislike. Observation discovers that there is no general standard of taste, and that law in ornament is not recognized by any considerable part of society. "It is a matter of taste," is the formula with which discussion closes.

Now it may be indeed true that no one shall infallibly say what is beautiful. But we may point out some necessary conditions of true pleasure in any work intended to please. We may discern what is good and abiding in it, and sharply distinguish this from what is false and temporary. Any embellishment, Egyptian, Greek, Indian, or Yankee, will beget various ideas in various minds; but with ordinary enlightenment there will be found much agreement as to some essential qualities; as, whether it be of hand or machine, whether it have fitness, delicacy, variety, unity, and many details whereof the standard in things beyond ornament is already fixed and allowed. Primarily, the same tests applied to useful things should be applied to works of art. But common sense in these matters is scarcely thought available, and for lack of it the noble art of decoration is lost in a muddle of vain repetitions. And, indeed, it is not much better with any of the fine arts; we may only grope for the hand of Nature, and begin over again in the child's way.

When we are thus radically ready to begin, very little thought is necessary to produce immediate healthful change. Note how Rogers, the "toy-sculptor," as less successful artists have called him, has found the way to the popular heart by modelling things as he sees them, involving ideas familiar to the people, and not pausing to adapt and degrade the ideals of old. This spirit of dealing frankly with realities, interpreting nature directly, is the beginning, there is reason to hope, of a more glorious art-teaching than the world has yet seen. But the incoming wave is scarcely felt in our common decoration, where the great want is.

Some of the first objects at hand will illustrate this lack of thought in what are wrongly deemed minor matters. Here is a programme of dances, etc., at a children's party, given by a family of wealth and considerable culture. It was certainly intended to be quite an ornamental achievement. The paper is highly glazed and stamped with an elaborate border in gilt. The language French. Some of the type is so ornamental as to be almost illegible. The paper is of very poor quality, and the impression so careless that in some places the ornament breaks quite through it. One could scarcely imagine a more vulgar little piece of work. The design is from the stereotypes of the printer, and is what he also uses for cheap valentines. This card is a complete cheat. It pretends to be fine and

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rich: it is really mean and poor. There is nothing *good* about it. No thought was expended in its design, and none in its selection, with reference to the true elements of beauty. Yet it was intended to please fifty children, and doubtless furnished many of them a standard of taste in such matters. It is idle to say that, though it has a character of falsity, it can do no harm. Much unconscious teaching goes with the amusement of children. That love of sham finery which the child gathers from diversion, may be transferred to the problems and business of life.

In contrast to the paper "programme," here is a lamp-shade, also made of paper and highly ornamental. It has pleased us for months, and, worn out, is to be laid aside regretfully. The reason why it has pleased us so long is that it is the product of thought; it is an invention, not a repetition. It is fitted to its use, of relieving the eye from the whiteness of porcelain. Then its ornament, a little checker-work and a broad border of vine-leaves, was cut out from nature by hand so truly and delicately that it at once imparts an idea of nature's truth and fineness to the mind. There was no heedless stamping of steam in this. Thought preceded the hand in each line of it. Its beauty is the beauty of thought, not of cost. So far as money goes, its only cost was the price of a sheet of tissue-paper. There was only this and a pair of scissors to work with, yet the character of grape-leaves is well rendered, with a good suggestion of their delicate ornamented edges. No violence is done to the material. This bit of ornament is exactly opposed in essentials to the gaudy dance-card. Such examples are little matters, but they show the differing tendency of decoration in common things. The pretentious, stamped, cast, or printed ornament is the rule, the modest design from nature the exception.

Indifference in "matters of taste" is sometimes assumed. Less gaudy styles would not suit the demands of fashion. The relationship of the good to the beautiful is so far ignored that a sham often stands for what is tasteful and desirable. And granting, with the indifferent, that false ornament has no direct evil effect, shall we admit that its indirect influence is harmless? What is neither good nor bad, being costly, should be condemned on the score of economy. Our friends' parlors are generally filled with decoration. Is it well that so much money shall be employed in work to which all but the tradesman and upholsterer are comparatively indifferent? Two minutes will suffice a person of ordinary culture to get all the pleasure or teaching possible in the general run of house decoration. One knows to a certainty that, apart from the higher works of art, paintings, statues, etc., there is here the product of no individual skilful hand, but the same coarse flowers in the carpet, the same gilt nonsense on the paper, the same senseless scrolls in the stucco, which he can find at all the shops. Harmony is scarcely expected. Carpetings are especially obnoxious, the colors being so glaring and the figures so large, that they "kill," as the saying is, all that is temperate and refined in the room. Speaking with reference to fitness, the plainest drugget would be an improvement on the average carpet, as it would allow whatever there might be of good design in picture or carving to have its weight. Nine tenths of the carpets appear to be chosen for gaudy colors and huge forms. Nature furnishes no hint for this. She does not give us to walk on roses as large as cabbages. Such things unfit the eye for pictures or any good art. Where is the profit of such decoration? We can say of it only that it cost so much. The combination of less money and more thought is worth trying.

Such remarks do not apply, of course, in homes where art is studied professionally or otherwise. It is consoling to find now and then a house embellished with some taste beyond that of the upholsterer, and where the repetitions of the shops are not allowed to banish original design. A bit of good

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art, though it be no more than a sketch of a handful of wild flowers, drawn from nature, will hold us longer and teach us more than all the vanities furnished by the "trade." In the one there is the individual representation of natural beauty, ever new and vital; in the other, lavish expense without thought, always imbecile. One speaks clearly of love and life, the other is the gibbering of machinery; and that which should be the rule is the exception.

The effect of constant association with vulgar ornament cannot be overrated. Its falsity will repeat itself somewhere in thought or action. Even the shabby devices of false columns, arches, pediments, are scarcely gone out of use. Paper and paint surfaces, simulating various woods and marbles, are still common. What true pleasure can be had from such shams? Good art never cared to deceive. The best sculptors scarcely cared to hide their chisel-marks. It is said that these shams, being recognized, are powerless. If so, then they are powerless to please; and the fact remains that the money spent for them would buy good art, bearing a worthy significance. It seems doubtful if the fashionable world has arrived at the notion of significance in art.

Unfortunately the evil spreads among better classes. What the merely wealthy and fashionable do is of little import, excepting as it affects the general habit. We could afford to laugh at Brown the whiskey-seller, with his coat-of-arms and monograms, if the matter ended with Brown. But Brown and his wife, by means of their money, make a standard for others. It is just in these "matters of taste" that their influence is greatest. They are first in the field. The poor man and the busy man have little time to consider laws of taste, but are fond of ornament and buy a great deal in imitation of the wealthy. They are forced to accept the standard of wealth, which is neither the best nor the best suited to their needs. So all taste is vulgarized. The gross patterns of luxury appear in the humblest fabrics, and inflict a heavy tax where it can ill be borne. The example of great wealth is almost invariably bad. It saddles us with villanous rococo, and such stuff. A fanciful fashion carries its victims to grotesque sacrifices. During the china-fever which Hogarth satirized, a single vase, the "Portland," was sold for eighteen hundred guineas, and the Marquis of Hertford bought a pair for ten thousand dollars. But these purchasers got good design for their money, and neither of the cases compare in extravagance with that of the American who pays five or ten thousand dollars for carpeting, without a thought of its ornament, so it be gaudy enough.

The reflex influence of ornament upon the artisan is, of course, a consideration extending much beyond our limits. Certain simple duties are, however, quite evident. Those who expend money for decoration are bound by their obligations to society to consider the condition and needs of the workman or artist. Mr. Ruskin develops this very strikingly. In his lecture on iron he says, in his peculiar way, that whoever buys goods for less than their worth is a thief, and whoever spends money luxuriously, without due reflection, is a murderer. Making allowance for the "Ercles' vein" in Mr. Ruskin's style, it should not be forgotten that this is the utterance of one who has made the relation of art to society a lifelong study, and in his prophetic dialect imparts, often obscurely, truth of the gravest import. It is not doubted that money expended thoughtlessly often encourages injustice and fosters enslaved labor, and this should make and does make conscientious buyers cautious. But the connection between heedless expenditure and injustice has not been made so plain as it should be, especially referring to art. In this, as in other matters, we should be willing to recognize a standard beyond individual whim, and seek to know whatever wholesome laws may obtain in the manufacture and use of decoration. Contrary to this, igno-

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rance and indifference, or aping of stupid wealth, is the rule. It is alike pernicious to the producer and the consumer.

Here, as elsewhere, reform must come by education. The one thing to do is to bring thought to bear upon present abuses. To begin at the very beginning, the Kindergarten system of Fröbel seems fitted to start the minor decorative arts upon a sound basis. It is unfortunate that our people are so slow in adopting a system which, resting upon nature, must ever be right while man needs teaching. In England the education of the artisan is gaining more and more attention, with gratifying results. But it is not only the workman who wants enlightenment. Bad taste will not buy good work, and wise artists do not grow among people ignorant of art. To encourage thought in the workman you must bestow thought when you buy. Purchasing a useful article we scan it nearly, that we may not be cheated. We should give just as much thought to the ornamental object, and whatever more is demanded by its subtler significance. An inferior article of use may serve its end, but a shoddy ornament is worse than none. Insist that ornament shall exhibit the qualities valuable in other things, with the added provision that it shall ever be pleasing.

Those who realize the extent of the evil will invent their own remedies and use them according to their opportunity and energy. As, in the existing practice, there is thoughtlessness, the reformer will be thoughtful; as there is intemperance, he will be temperate. While common ornament is wanting in both science and feeling, while it so steadily ignores nature as a basis, total abstinence would seem a good way to begin. The following suggestions of law in the decorative arts are set down *as* suggestions, and with no disposition to dogmatize.

1. Ornament should be original. Be sure that in this respect you get what you pay for, and don't waste your money on repetitions. Your friend or guest will not be greatly amazed or pleased with the chromo-lithograph which he has already seen at Brown's or Green's, be it ever so fine. Prints of this kind have a certain fixed value, when they honestly and boldly proclaim their printed character, but are worthless when by slavish imitation they assume to be first-hand work. When derived from works of true art they are valuable as records or memorandums. "Nothing is to be cast or stamped," says Benvenuto Cellini; "all must be cut with the chisel." There is an infinite and everlasting difference between the work of the hand and the work of the machine which the hand has made. In art the direct product of the inventor must always be first. This challenges the deepest sympathy. The endless repetitions of design in cotton, wool, and silk fabrics, in paper, cast-iron, zinc, etc., cannot be wholly avoided, but they should take their lower rank, and original, individual design should be encouraged.

2. Ornament should never interfere with the use of the thing ornamented. Use certainly precedes ornament, and the handsome adaptation of a thing to its office is in itself beauty. The constant violations of this law are evident to the most careless observer. What painful privations even civilized beings inflict upon themselves that their shoes may be becoming. Tattooing the skin could scarcely inflict more pain; but as enlightenment scorns this mode of decoration, it may be hoped that we shall some time grow wise enough to trust nature's hints concerning the shape and size of foot or torso. In the one item of house decoration the acknowledgment of this law of the supremacy of use would remove a costly load of monstrosities. Let a gas-pipe insist upon being beautiful as a gas-pipe, discarding cumbrous ornament, and not striving to conceal its honorable office in porcelain lilies, or bronze elephants, or fierce cavaliers made of zinc and pretending to be bronze. Perhaps we may have better gas when we have less sham in the fittings. Use first; and then the ornament must rec-

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ognize that use, and neither hide nor hinder it. Unfitness is ugliness. It would seem that the labor of selection might be much reduced by a little attention to this elementary principle.

3. Decoration should recognize its vehicle. The design which is good in stone or iron is not at all good in leather or silk. For example, in marble, the weight, hardness, brittleness, crystalline character, and other qualities should have their due consideration in the design. In the best periods of art this law was fully recognized. The decoration of the Parthenon partakes of crystalline symmetry and sharpness. It may be that the fluting of columns, which, round, would have presented too smooth and soft a surface, was the result of that keen sympathy with nature guiding the Greek hand, and here causing him to feel that soft, curved surfaces were out of keeping with the rough natural fracture of the material. In the Parthenon, with all its refinement, nature still held sway. Its materials were neither twisted nor pulverized, the dignity of their structure was fully recognized, and consequently the Parthenon was only less organic than a mountain or a tree. There is one beauty of marble, and another of bronze, and another of pigments; but each material necessitates a different law of evolution. One may see the broad distinction of vehicles in art by imagining a landscape in marble. But in prevailing ornament these distinctions are little known. For instance, the old egg-and-dart of the Greeks, a perfect piece of decoration in marble, follows us everywhere, — in wood, in iron, in zinc, in stucco, in putty (or picture-frames), and even in flat decoration. In the present condition of the arts of design, this law of materials requires careful consideration, and its recognition would much further reduce the labor of selection.

4. Ornament should bear a good and pleasant significance. This indeed sums up the whole matter. If a piece of art-work does not awaken cheerful, helpful ideas, it is worthless and probably worse. Its significance must be based upon outward nature, and get what development it may from man's inner, finer being. Fulfilling this, the work of art, however humble, forever appeals to our sympathy. To human sympathy the designer should steadily appeal in his work, and having the same quality himself, with accurate knowledge of nature, he cannot fail. This is the fire in art that fuses our crude individual natures and welds the bands of society. Through this fine sympathy, requiring the higher language of art, the great Greek artists speak to us through the ages; thus we know the Egyptian and the Etrurian. Very eloquent are these forms of marble and brass and clay, bringing us the spirit of antiquity. Were there no other immortality, that of art might still raise life's siege of troubles.

The decorative artist who recognizes nature as his master cannot reject the essential principles here indicated, for they are based upon nature. He may be quite unconscious of *any* law, but he will fulfil them all. His work will not be Egyptian, nor Indian, nor Greek; it will be his own and belong to the present time. He will also find his best development in doing it. No matter what is the material of his art; however poor, he will make it rich. "The skill of the Samian potters made the very soil they walked upon more precious than gold." Only work involving thought and invention is worthy as ornament. We need to guard against the flattery of mere finish, and accustom ourselves to look for the inner beauty which comes from the artist's mind as well as his hand. In this dark age of art the merely external has gained prominent consideration. It seeks to produce a startling effect, without expense of thought. The great factories and the fine shops are crowded with this false ornament. We can never find our true designer there: he will be working with his own hands. And when we again recognize the value of art-culture, he will take his place among the teachers.

Charles Akers.

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FOREST PICTURES.

MORNING.

O GRACIOUS breath of sunrise! divine air!
That brood'st serenely o'er the purpling hills,
O blissful valleys! nestling, cool, and fair,
In the fond arms of yonder murmurous rills,
Breathing their mystic measures to the sun;
O dew-besprinkled paths, that circling run
Through sylvan shades and solemn silences,
Once more ye bring my fevered spirit peace!

The fitful breezes, fraught with forest balm,
Faint, in rare wafts of perfume, on my brow;
The woven lights and shadows, rife with calm,
Creep slantwise twixt the foliage, bough on bough
Uplifted heavenward, like a verdant cloud
Whose rain is music, soft as love, or loud
With jubilant hope, — for there entranced, apart,
The mock-bird sings, close, close to Nature's heart.

Shy forms about the greenery, out and in,
Flit 'neath the broadening glories of the morn;
The squirrel — that quaint sylvan harlequin —
Mounts the tall trunks; while swift as lightning born
Of summer mists, from tangled vine and tree
Dart the dove's pinions, pulsing vividly
Down the dense glades, till glimmering far and gray,
The dusky vision softly melts away!

In transient, pleased bewilderment, I mark
The last dim shimmer of those lessening wings,
When from lone copse and shadowy covert, hark!
What mellow tongue through all the woodland rings!
The deer-hound's voice, sweet as a golden bell's,
Prolonged by flying echoes round the dells,
And up the loftiest summits mildly borne,
Blent with the blast of some keen huntsman's horn.

And now, the checkered vale is left behind;
I climb the slope, and reach the hill-top bright;
Here, in bold freedom, swells a sovereign wind,
Whose gusty prowess sweeps the pine-clad height;
And the pines — dreamy Titans roused from sleep —
Answer with mighty voices, deep on deep
Of wakened foliage surging like a sea;
And o'er them smiles heaven's weird infinity!

Paul H. Hayne.

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A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

XXX.

LAND HO!

THE two sat thus for some time staring at one another in silence. At length Maud's head fell forward, and burying her face in her hands she burst into a flood of tears. For the bitterness of this heart-breaking disappointment, and the abhorrence which she felt at finding Carrol exchanged for Grimes, and the despair which filled her as she now thought that Carrol after all must still be in the hands of his enemy, — all this was not equal to that anguish of shame that she felt as she thought of all the wealth of sweet and tender sentiment which she had lavished upon this hateful associate. The proud and sensitive soul of Maud experienced now the keenest sense of outraged dignity and wounded self-respect; nor could she forgive herself for the mistake which she had made so innocently.

Maud's outburst of passionate tears served to rouse Grimes from his stupor. He drew a very long breath; stared hard at her, as she sat with her head buried in her hands, and quivering with convulsive sobbings; drew another long breath; and then, without saying a word, he rose to his feet, and leaned over the side of the car, with his face turned away from her. Beneath him was the sea, above him was the sky, and nothing else was visible save in one part of the horizon where the clouds were gathered in giant masses, and white specks in the distance that looked like the sails of ships. But Grimes, who had a short time before been so keen to scrutinize the face of nature, and so vigilant in his watchfulness, was now blind to all these things that were spread out before his view. His eyes dwelt upon them, but he saw them not, for the thoughts that filled his mind shut out all perception of external nature.

For a long time each preserved this attitude and this silence. Maud sat sobbing. Grimes glared forth over the side of the car. Meanwhile the balloon drove onward, but Grimes paid no attention to this. He did not try to see, by watching his course over the waves, in what direction he might be borne; he did not notice whether he was descending again or not; to all this he remained indifferent, being absorbed in his own thoughts.

At length he turned around and surveyed Maud in silence. By this time he seemed to have overcome the emotions that he had felt. His bewilderment and intellectual stupor, born from that first moment of amazement, had now departed; he had quelled the tumult of his soul. Grimes was himself again; somewhat sad, it is true, almost despairing in fact, but still calm, self-contained, courageous, and capable of sympathizing now to any extent with the one who had so strangely become his companion in this flight.

Grimes turned thus, and stood regarding Maud for some time in silence. She, on her part, sat as before, but she too seemed calmer. Her convulsive sobs had ceased. She sat motionless and in silence.

Grimes cleared his throat, partly by way of preparing to speak, and partly also to rouse her attention.

"What I wish to remark," said Grimes, and he spoke in a very gentle voice, a voice which was full of kindliness and friendliness, — "what I wish to remark is this, that our peculiar position here requires the attention of both of us. I think you do not know that we are over the sea, and it strikes me that you 'd best know it now. I 'll agree of course to stand by you to the last, and save you if I die for it, just

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the same, and all the more p'r'aps, since I brought you here."

"My sister, my sister," said Maud, in a broken voice, and without raising her face.

"What of her?" asked Grimes, with an effort.

"Did you not say that she was safe?"

"When I said that she was safe, I thought I was speakin' to her of you. I meant that you were safe. I saw the cab come with Carrol and you, as I thought, to take the balloon. It must have been Carrol and her.

"O," said Maud with a low moan, "God grant that it may be so!"

"What do you mean?" said Grimes, startled by her tone of voice and her exclamation.

"You cannot possibly know it," said Maud, looking up at him with her pale face and sorrowful eyes; "you could not have known it, or you could never have made the mistake you did." She spoke calmly now, but it was the calm tone of utter hopelessness. "Du Potiron arrested her and Mr. Carrol."

"Du Potiron!" said Grimes, with something like a gasp. This was the first time he had heard of Mrs. Lovell's arrest.

"When I say Du Potiron, I don't mean that he came in person. He informed against her, and sent some soldiers. I suppose of course that he must have done it; no other one could have had any motive for doing it."

"Du Potiron!" cried Grimes again, quite unable to believe this.

Upon this Maud told him the whole story of the arrest, and of her fainting in her grief and terror.

All this was news to Grimes of course, and this story communicated to him a shock almost as severe as the one which he had but lately received. Once more he was reduced to silence. Thoughts bitter, dark, and furious came to his mind. He could only blame himself. He had acted too hastily and blindly. He had done the very thing that he ought not to have done. He had fled from Paris at the very time when his presence was a thing of vital importance to Mrs. Lovell. Now she was in the power of a miscreant whose thirst for vengeance would be increased tenfold by the recent injuries received from him. And he had fled from her! Worse too, he had carried off her sister, this despairing girl, perhaps to destruction.

Maud now questioned him about the cab. This was her last hope. They might possibly have got away; and in that case they would naturally enough hurry to the rendezvous. But when she heard all that Grimes had to tell about the cab, she saw at once what faint grounds there were for believing that Carrol and her sister were in it; and once more she sank into despondency.

Now the silence was renewed, and once more they took refuge in their own thoughts. Grimes sat down, put his elbows on his knees, and, staring fixedly at the bottom of the car, gave himself up to all the bitter thoughts that were naturally roused by the recollection of his mad and blind folly.

Maud had thus far remained in the one position. At length the stupor of grief and abhorrence into which she had at first been flung by the discovery of her mistake began to be mitigated, and was succeeded by thoughts that were perhaps less painful, but more lasting. These referred to the possible fate of Carrol and Mrs. Lovell. Over this she wearied herself in the endeavor to make some favorable conjecture, until at length the thoughts became intolerable, and she tried to distract her mind by something else. That distraction lay there above her and all around her, — in the open heavens wherein she was flying, in the sky, and the sea, and the clouds. Overhead the sky was deeply blue; and the rays of the sun threw a yellow lustre on the vast orb overhead. She looked up to this, and then, half in fear, half in curiosity, she arose, with the intention of looking forth. She did not go close to the side, but stood about in the middle

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of the car and looked over in that position. She saw the blue sky, and she saw the distant horizon. The sides of the car hid the rest from sight. She moved a little nearer, anxious to see more. As she moved the sea unfolded itself, — a wide waste of dark heaving waters, not bounding into billows or foaming in fierce, tempestuous surges, but undulating rather in irregular yet smooth masses like the upheaval of the sea that is caused by a distant storm. Maud ventured nearer to the edge, till she was able to look down and form some estimate of her position. But the sight made her giddy. It was too terrible. It filled her with fear. She shrank back, and her eyes rested upon the horizon and the overhanging sky.

Now she looked around the horizon, turning as she did so, in order to take in its whole circuit. She had surveyed about one half of that scene, when suddenly, as her glance swept on, it was arrested, and an involuntary cry escaped her, so abrupt, and so peculiar, that Grimes was roused from his profound abstraction.

He had been sitting motionless in the attitude already described, involved in his bitter thoughts and useless regrets, when Maud's sudden cry aroused him. He looked up. He saw her staring at something beyond the balloon. In a moment he started to his feet and looked also in the same direction.

Land!

In spite of the misery that filled the soul of Grimes he felt a strange and singular exultation at the sight that now met his eyes. It was land that he saw, a long coast lying directly before them. This, he thought, might have been that cloud or haze which he had seen on the horizon at early dawn. It was land then. The prospect filled him with new life, and all the energies of his nature were once more aroused. For an active and courageous man such as he was could not avoid feeling roused at the prospect that now lay before him.

The land was close by. They had been driving steadily toward it, while they had been giving themselves up to their feelings, and thus they had not observed it. It was only a few miles away. The shores arose very gradually; and the land seemed to be largely overspread with forests. In the distance arose lofty heights crowned with snow.

A short survey showed Grimes all this, and then a sudden fear came to him lest in the terrific speed of their career they might be dashed to pieces. His next thought was about what he ought to do, — should he let the balloon descend into the water near the shore and thus check its progress, or should he ascend still higher so as to choose his own place for making a descent on the land.

He sprang to the side of the car and looked down. His last look over the side had shown him the sea several thousand feet beneath. To his surprise he now beheld that sea not more than a hundred feet beneath. Another thing also increased his surprise. As he looked at the water he saw that the motion of the balloon, instead of being one of terrific speed, was in reality so slow that it did not seem faster that an ordinary walk. The wind then must have died away to the gentlest breeze. To land under such circumstances would be easy enough for the merest novice. There was nothing at all for him to do. He had only to let the balloon drift on, and make use of the first convenient place of descent that might present itself.

All this added to the excitement of Grimes, and filled him with hope. This hope, in its first rush, was as boundless as his despair had lately been.

"Cheer up, miss," said he, in his old original voice, — a voice full of heartiness and generous enthusiasm, — "cheer up, miss. We 're all right; we 'll come out right side up after all. We 'll land there as easy as gettin' out of a wagon. Cheer up, miss. We 'll go back to Paris yet, and be there in time to save them. Only look over the side now, — see how gradual and gentle

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we move on. It 's like a walk. Why, a child might be here now and land there out of this balloon unassisted!"

In spite of Maud's deep dejection, the words of Grimes produced a very cheering effect. She could not be otherwise than excited and cheered at this sudden prospect of escape from a terrific fate. Encouraged by what Grimes had said, she ventured to look over the side, and what she saw was so entirely different from what she had imagined, that she had no fear at all, and not a particle of giddiness. They were so near the surface of the sea, that the distance down was nothing. She had imagined miles to lie between her and the earth, and she saw only a space that can be compared to the height of any common church steeple.

"Now don't you be a bit afraid," continued Grimes. "I 'll engage that you put your foot on that ground, and not harm a hair of your head. You only keep cool, and don't let yourself be excited, and we 'll be all right."

But little more was said. Each stood watching the land. They drew slowly and gradually nearer. As they drew nearer, they saw here and there openings in the forest, and farm-houses, and finally behind a hill they saw a church with a tower. The houses were all of humble structure, and the church was small. What land it might be they could not tell. The church showed them one thing, and that was that it was a Christian land at any rate. Could it be any part of the British coast? Could it be France? Grimes had even a wild idea of America, for this forest country with its clearings had certainly a strong suggestiveness of the New World.

Nearer they came and still nearer. They watched with intense anxiety the land to which they were going. They saw that the shore before them was all covered with forests, and that the cleared lands were on one side and out of their course. Still they were not so distant but that they could easily reach them if they once descended.

The balloon moved on. The shore before them was a gradual declivity, covered with forest trees, and ascended steadily as it receded, until far away it rose into high hills, beyond which were those snow-covered mountains which they had seen when they first caught sight of the land.

Nearer and nearer.

They watched and waited.

And now Grimes laid his hand upon one of the grappling-irons so as to be ready to throw it out when he reached the proper place. At length the shore was reached, and slowly and majestically the aerial car conveyed them away from the limits of that terrible sea that they had traversed, into the domain of the friendly land. Over this they passed. Beneath them were the tops of the forest trees. Grimes thought of pulling the valve-rope, but restrained his hand and waited. Before them the land rose higher, and the tree-tops were on a level with the car. In the distance they rose far above that level.

At last!

The moment had come.

There was a rustling and a scraping sound, and then the car tilted slightly. The progress of the balloon was checked a little, but it still moved. "Catch hold of the car," said Grimes; "hold on tight." Maud did so. Grimes then threw out the grappling-iron and pulled at the valve-rope. The balloon stopped, and the vast orb lay along the tops of the forest trees, while the car sank down till it was stopped by the branches beneath. In a few minutes a peculiar smell arose, pungent, distressing, choking.

The car was now lying half on its side, resting upon some tree branches. The trees were lofty and were the kindred of those Miltonic

> "Pines
> Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
> Of some tall ammiral."

"You must go down first," said Grimes, "and quick, too, or we 'll be suffocated with this gas."

With these words he threw the shawl around her, passing it under Maud's arms, and over this he passed one end

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of a coil of rope which was in the car, then he helped her out upon the branch of the tree beneath, and Maud began to make the descent. It was not difficult, especially with the assistance of the rope, and in a short time she was on the solid ground. Grimes then hastily followed, and reached the ground nearly suffocated with the fumes of the gas. And he brought along with him the tin box.

They now walked back through the forest toward the shore, after which they turned off in the direction where the houses were. These they reached without difficulty. The people had seen the balloon, and were in a state of wild excitement. The men had gone into the woods toward the place where it seemed likely to fall, and only the women and children were left behind.

They regarded the balloonists with kindly and sympathetic faces, and Grimes at once began asking them questions in French.

They shook their heads and answered in a language which he had never heard before.

He tried English.

They shook their heads and spoke as before. Grimes's only idea at first was to know where they were, but this was the very thing that he could not know. He then made signs for something to eat. This met at once with a response, and he and Maud were taken to the best house in the settlement. He afterwards found out that it was the pastor's house. Here he was shown into a comfortable room, and was made to understand by signs that he should have something soon. Maud was conducted elsewhere by the kindly and sympathetic women. While waiting here, Grimes saw a box of matches on the mantel-piece. He noticed a label upon it. A bright idea seized him. He took it up and read the label. To his amazement he read the name "Christiania," and Christiania he knew was in Norway, so that this land must be Norway.

The good people soon furnished a bounteous repast, at which the fugitives, in spite of their anxieties, were able to satisfy the cravings of hunger. By the time their meal was finished the pastor returned. He had been off with the rest after the balloon, which had been brought back in safety. The pastor spoke English; and at once Grimes was able to find out the facts of the case. It was true that he was in Norway. Thus in that dread voyage he had traversed the wide seas, and landed here. A slight variation of the wind might have carried them to the Polar Sea. It was nine o'clock when they descended, and about eight when they left, so that the whole journey of nearly nine hundred miles had been made in thirteen hours.

XXXI.

Out of Prison.

After his recent danger Carrol did not feel safe, nor was he inclined to allow himself to become the helpless victim of Du Potiron and his friends. Under these circumstances he endeavored to find security for himself and Mrs. Lovell. There was no possibility of doing this, however, in any regular way, for all things were now in an irregular condition, and lawlessness prevailed to a greater or less extent. One only hope presented itself; and that was to hide himself under the ample wing of the American eagle, or, in other words, to put himself under the protection of the American minister, who alone of all the diplomatic corps remained in Paris. There was absolutely no other to whom he could look for help, and so he went to the American embassy. The great rush was at last over; most of the friendless and the unprotected had been cared for as far as possible; and Carrol found a *queue* of not more than seventy-two people. After waiting patiently, his turn came, and he obtained an interview. At that interview he not only gained what he wished, but far more than he even had hoped. For he learned that the American min-

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ister, after long and arduous effort, had at length obtained from the Prussians permission for the departure of those Americans in Paris who might wish to go. Now Carrol was not a citizen of the United States, nor was Mrs. Lovell a citizeness; but both were Americans, the one by birth, the other by residence. The little difficulty was generously overlooked by the American embassy, and these applicants were accepted as coming under the Prussian permit, in letter, if not in spirit. Notice was given Carrol of the time appointed for the departure of the favored ones, and of the place at which they were to assemble; and thus that flight upon which Grimes had ventured at such terrible risk, Carrol was able to undertake with the prospect of perfect safety.

Such good news as this roused Mrs. Lovell from her distress, and restored something like her usual life and spirit. Her situation in Paris was full of danger; and the flight of Maud made her all the more eager to depart. Besides, out of the promptings of her jealousy there had arisen an intense desire to find out what had actually become of the fugitives.

Her intention was to go to England. Her dear papa lived there, a few miles away from Southampton. There was no other place to which she could go, and her old home now seemed like a haven of rest; there was the only place in which there was any hope of recovering from the distresses, anxieties, and afflictions of her lot; there, too, she would learn the fate of Maud, and if any calamity had occurred, she would at least be able to offer some consolation to her dear papa, and receive comfort and condolence from him.

It is not necessary to narrate the events connected with the departure of the Americans from Paris. It was quiet, and without any greater excitement than was naturally connected with the joy of escape from prison. As for Carrol and Mrs. Lovell, they made the journey in safety, and at length reached Southampton.

The country seat of Mr. Heathcote was not on the line of rail. To get there it was necessary to go about twenty miles, and then, leaving the rail, to take a carriage for the rest of the way, which was some ten or twelve miles. It was about noon when they reached Southampton, and late in the day when they left. After they left the train, they found themselves in a very beautiful little village, the most conspicuous objects in which were a fine old country church and an equally fine old inn. To this they directed their steps.

Mrs. Lovell was excessively fatigued, and at once was shown to a bedroom, where she intended to lie down and rest until it was time to go on. Carrol at once made inquiries about procuring a carriage.

To his great disgust, he learned that he could not procure one that evening, for the only one they had was already engaged by a gentleman who had arrived there that same day. The carriage had been away all day, and the gentleman was to have it the moment it returned.

Carrol was now at a loss what to do; so he sauntered up and down the village street, hoping that something might turn up to help him. But the more he thought, the more certain it seemed that they would have to remain there for the night.

In a restless and impatient state of mind he returned to the inn, and sauntered slowly into the parlor.

A fire was burning there which threw a cheerful glow about the apartment. A sofa was drawn up on one side of this, and on this sofa a lady was seated. Her elbow was resting on one arm of the sofa, and her hand supported her head. Her eyes were downcast, and so absorbed was she in her own thoughts that she took not the slightest notice of Carrol.

Carrol noticed her with a vague idea of the grace of this figure and the sadness of the beautiful face; but the next instant there came to his mind the shock of an astounding and overwhelming recognition. He uttered an

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involuntary cry, and stopped, unable to advance another step.

At the sound of this cry of amazement the lady started and looked up. As she saw Carrol, she too could not repress an exclamation. The next moment she sprang to her feet. Carrol rushed toward her and caught her in his arms.

"Maud! Maud! O my darling!"

"Paul! O Paul!"

For about five minutes there was nothing but a torrent of exclamations, expressive of every emotion of love, of tenderness, of joy, of wonder, and of rapture. After this there was a variation; and an equally profuse torrent of eager questions was poured forth, to which no answers were given by either, for each was too intent to ask about the other to satisfy the curiosity of that other.

But in the midst of this, another thought came to Maud.

"My sister. O my sister! O, where is she? Is she safe? O, is she safe?"

"Yes," said Carrol, "safe and perfectly well."

"O, thank God!" cried Maud. "But where is she? Is she here? O, tell me, is she here? O, I must see her, my darling, darling Georgie!"

And Maud started off, she had no idea where, with the vague hope of finding her sister outside.

But Carrol restrained her. He saw her movement with dismay. If Maud should once see Mrs. Lovell, he would certainly not see her again that night. So he tried to detain her a little longer.

"Wait," he said, — "wait, I implore you. Listen now, be patient. You see, Mrs. Lovell has n't slept any for three or four nights."

"O my poor, sweet darling!" sighed Maud.

"Well, you know, the moment she arrived here, she had to be taken at once to her room, so as to get a little sleep, you know; and it 's very important that she should, and you 'd better not burst suddenly upon her, you know, on account of the shock, and all that sort of thing, you know; for she 's exceedingly nervous just now, — but, that is, you know, of course you won't have to wait long. Just let her have an hour's sleep, and she 'll be all right; so, don't you think you can restrain your impatience?"

"O, I must, of course, if poor Georgie is so, poor darling! but I 'm awfully impatient, and only to think of her being in the house, why, it fairly drives me wild; but if she is trying to sleep, and so much depends on it, why, I suppose I can wait one hour, but O, may n't I just steal up, and take one little peep at the darling, just one peep? She sha' n't see me."

But to this Carrol demurred, and he portrayed Mrs. Lovell's excessive nervousness and her need of sleep, and the dangers of a sudden shock, in such alarming colors that Maud was fairly frightened into waiting for a little while at least.

"Come," said Carrol, "do you think you feel strong enough for a little stroll? Come and let us get away from this public place, for I 'm crazy to hear how you got here. Will you come? And when we come back, you will be able to see your sister."

Maud demurred somewhat at this, but Carrol begged so hard, that at length she consented, on the understanding that they should not go out of sight of the inn, so that if anything happened she might return.

It was a lovely evening. They strolled along through the little village. All around was scenery of the most attractive description, where was presented all that could please the eye and delight the taste. Just outside the village the road was overhung by lofty trees; by its side a little streamlet ran, on the borders of which there was a rustic seat. Here Carrol persuaded Maud to sit down. Before them the brook babbled; in the distance were wooded hills; and, beyond these, the splendors of a sunset sky. In this situation Maud's stipulation about not going out of sight of the inn was not

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regarded very particularly; but they were at any rate not *very* far away, and they were on the edge of the little village.

Here Maud told Carrol the events of her astonishing journey, and that part of her story which referred to their adventures after landing in Norway may be briefly explained. The peasants had packed up the balloon, and the pastor had secured a conveyance for them to Christiania. Here they had found the steamer about to leave for London, and embarked in it. Their adventures had created a great sensation in that town; and Grimes had made the sensation permanent by presenting his balloon to the Museum. They had arrived at London the day before, and, after a night's rest, had come as far as this place, which they had reached at about two o'clock. Grimes had tried to get a carriage, but without success, as the only available one was off on a journey. He had waited for some hours in a desperate state of impatience; and about an hour ago he had told her that he was going to walk up the road in the direction in which the carriage was expected. So he was on that road now, either returning triumphantly in the carriage, or else toiling along impatiently on foot.

Carrol's story then followed, and thus all was explained. It may be as well to state that these narratives were not full and frank on either side; for each found certain reservations necessary; and therefore made no allusion to certain incidents, the remembrance of which was very strong in the minds of both, and could not be thought of without the consciousness on their parts that they had been in false, humiliating, and excessively silly positions.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lovell had been seeking for rest without finding it. The bedroom was chilly, and, after a vain effort to go to sleep, she determined to go in search of some more comfortable place. So she descended the stairs and entered the inn parlor. Here the comfortable air of the room and the cheerful glow of the fire formed an irresistible attraction. The room was low and large and cosey; the sofa was drawn up by the side of the fire, and seemed to be the very place that was best suited for her, — a place where she could obtain rest and warmth at once.

She took her position in the very place where Maud had recently been sitting, and the warmth and comfort of the room soon began to act most agreeably upon her. It was very quiet also. No noise was heard outside; no stamping footsteps arose inside to irritate her delicate nerves. She thought, to herself that this was the first moment of real comfort that she had known for several days. She thought too, with regret, that she must soon quit this pleasant place; for Carrol was seeking a conveyance, and it would soon be ready. Indeed, in anticipation of this she had come down with her wraps on, and she sat there by the fire all ready to start for her home at a moment's warning.

The fire was flickering in a dull way, and the darkness had increased to some extent, so that objects in the room were not very distinctly visible. Mrs. Lovell was sitting in such a way that her head was a little in the shadow, and not directly illuminated by the firelight. She was lost in thought, and at that moment those painful emotions which had been agitating her ever since the flight of Grimes were once more beginning to disturb her. In the midst of this the roll of carriage-wheels was heard outside. She thought at once that this was Carrol, and felt half vexed at the necessity that there now was of leaving this cheerful room for the toilsome road. She sat, however, in the same position. Soon a footstep was heard in the room advancing toward her. Thinking it was Carrol, she did not look up, but sat looking down, lost in thought, and waiting for him to speak.

The new-comer now began to speak, and he did speak to some purpose.

"Wagon 's ready at last, miss," said this voice. "They 've changed horses.

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I stuck by them till they did it, and made them look sharp; and now, miss, all you 've got to do is just to jump in. I see you 've got your things on, and I 'm glad you 're so prepared. Come along then. I 'll see you, as I said, safe home, after which I 'll be in a position to bid you good by."

At the first sound of this voice, Mrs. Lovell started as though she had been shot, and looked up with as much amazement as that which Maud had felt at the sudden sight of Carrol. She looked up as he went on talking. He was not looking at her or anything else in particular, but was merely giving her this information. Besides, her face was in the shadow, so that it was not very particularly discernible. Mrs. Lovell looked up then and beheld the manly, the stalwart, and the familiar figure of Grimes. It was the face of Grimes that beamed before her, illuminated by the glow of the firelight. It was the voice of Grimes that addressed her and asked her to go with him.

But this was not all.

Her eyes, as they wandered over the face and form of Grimes, rested at last upon something which he was carrying in his left hand. This was a tin box, round in shape, that is to say cylindrical, lacquered, and bearing his name in large gilt letters. What was this box? What did it mean? What did it contain? Ah! did not her heart bound within her as it gave the answer to those questions? Had she not heard from Carrol about that tin box? How Grimes had deposited it in the balloon in Paris, as the only thing which he intended to take in the shape of luggage? And now that he appeared with it here, did it not show how, during all his mysterious flight, he must have clung to this? Was he not now clinging to it? Did she not hear him call her miss, thus evidently mistaking her for Maud, and speaking of good by? Maud then was nothing. Her jealousy had been baseless and absurd. By that which he grasped in his strong hand she knew that his heart was true, and in clinging to this she saw that he was clinging to that which in his estimation was the best representative of herself. What was that which he thus bore about with him and clung to with such tenacity? Her chignon. But that chignon now ceased to be a chignon. It became a sacred thing, hallowed by the deathless devotion of a true and constant heart. It became a glorious thing, since it had been glorified by its flight with him through the trackless realms of ether; it became a thing of beauty, a joy forever; in fact, it was the apotheosis of the chignon.

Mrs. Lovell saw exactly how things were. Grimes and Maud had made their journey in safety. By an amazing coincidence they had come to this place at the same time that she and Carrol had come. Maud must even now be here, for Grimes had evidently mistaken her for Maud. He had been procuring a carriage. It was all ready, and he was going to take her home.

And what then?

A wild idea arose in her mind, which had an irresistible attraction for one who was so whimsical. It was to take him at his word. He had mistaken her for Maud. Very good. She would be Maud. She would go with him. She would allow him to drive her home.

And Maud, — did no yearning thought about her arise in her heart? Did she not feel any longing to embrace that lost sister so tenderly loved, so lamented, who had been so wondrously preserved on such an unparalleled voyage? Not at all. In fact, there were various circumstances which made her feel quite at her ease about Maud. In the first place, she understood that Maud was well. In the second place, she had not yet got over her resentment, baseless though it was, against Maud, for her usurpation of her place in the balloon; in the third place, Maud was too near home to be in any danger whatever; in the fourth place, Carrol was here, and would inevitably find her out; and in the fifth

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place, the temptation of going with Grimes in an assumed character, and watching his conduct and demeanor under the circumstances, was irresistible.

She decided at once.

She was dressed, as has been said, for the drive which she had expected to take with Carrol. She dropped her veil, and rose in silence. Grimes took no further notice of her, but walked toward the door. She followed him outside. A brougham was drawn up in front of the house. Grimes opened the door for her. She got in and sat down. Grimes then followed and sat by her side; and she noticed that he placed his precious tin box, with tender and reverential care, on his knees; and leaned his arms upon it, as though he would preserve it from every conceivable danger. Thus they sat there, side by side, and the driver cracked his whip, and the horses started off, and soon they were rolling along the road.

Outside the village they met a gentleman and a lady walking back. It was dusk now, and their faces could not be seen. Neither Grimes nor Mrs. Lovell noticed them. But the gentleman and the lady stopped as the brougham drove by, and the gentleman said to the lady, "There goes that fellow that has appropriated the only carriage in the place."

And the lady answered cheerfully, "O, well, you know it really does n't matter. It will be such perfect delight to see Georgie, that I 'm sure I don't care whether I get home to-night or not at all."

And the brougham passed out of sight.

XXXII.

In a Brougham.

The brougham drove off with Mrs. Lovell and Grimes inside. Grimes sat in the attitude already described, leaning forward slightly, with the tin box on his knees, and his elbows on the tin box, rigid and silent. For some time nothing was said, and Mrs. Lovell waited patiently for her companion to begin the conversation. But her companion had no idea of doing anything of the kind. In the first place, he of course thought that Maud was with him. Now Maud had only been known to him as silent, sad, and reticent; never volunteering any remark, only answering in monosyllables when addressed, and incapable of carrying on a a conversation. But again he had thoughts of his own which occupied his mind thoroughly. These thoughts occupied his mind now. They referred solely and exclusively to Mrs. Lovell, whose fate was a matter of never-ending anxiety to him. His mind was not now in this place. It was in Paris. It was inspecting all the city prisons, and conjecturing with deep anguish the place where Mrs. Lovell might be.

Mrs. Lovell waited and grew impatient. This silence was not what she wanted. From one point of view it was not disagreeable, since it showed what must have been the attitude of Grimes toward Maud. She saw that he must have been indifferent and inattentive, if his present demeanor afforded any clew to the past. At the same time it was disagreeable, for, as a matter of course, she was particularly anxious to converse with him. So, as he did not begin, she volunteered herself.

"It 's really very pleasant this evening, is it not, Mr. Grimes?" said she, in a friendly way.

Now it may be supposed that Grimes would have at once detected her by her voice, but as a matter of fact Grimes did nothing of the kind. For as she and Maud were sisters, their voices had a certain family resemblance, and though there certainly was a difference, yet it was not very glaring. Besides, Grimes was too much occupied with other things to be easily aroused.

"Yes," said he, shortly.

Mrs. Lovell waited for something more, but nothing more was forthcoming. She felt that the subject of the weather afforded not quite enough excitement to rouse her companion,

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and so she resorted to something else.

"Do you think that the driver knows his way, Mr. Grimes?" she asked, with apparent anxiety.

"O yes," said Grimes, in the same tone as before. After which he changed his position a little. "I 'm afraid," he continued, "that I 'm crowdin' you. I did intend to ride outside, but unfortunately there 's only room for one, so I had to squeeze in here. Any way the ride won't be very long."

This was also flattering, since it gave an additional proof of the indifference of Grimes to Maud. At the same time, however, it was rather disappointing, since it showed a persistent determination to hold aloof from all friendly conversation. So again Mrs. Lovell relapsed into silence.

After a time she tried once more.

"I wonder," said she, mournfully, "what can have become of poor dear Georgie. Do you know, I feel awfully anxious about her, Mr. Grimes?"

This Mrs. Lovell said with an intention of maintaining the character of Maud. Upon Grimes this remark produced an effect which was the very opposite of what she had intended. Instead of rousing him to converse upon some congenial subject, it only served as a fresh reminder of his despair. He heaved a sigh so heavy that it ended in a groan; after which he relapsed into his former silence, and not a word escaped him.

Mrs. Lovell was certainly disappointed at the failure of this attempt, and began to feel a despair about her ability to arouse him. But she was not one who could give up easily, and so she tried once more.

"I wonder what in the world you 've got in that absurd box," said she. "You 've really brought it all the way from Paris you know, Mr. Grimes."

At this Grimes started. For there was in these words and in the tone of voice a decided flavor of Mrs. Lovell, and nothing at all of Maud. A wild thought flashed through his mind, but it was at once suppressed.

"What an infernal fool I must be," he thought, "but what a likeness there was to — to her. I 'm afraid I 'm gettin' delirium tremens. I 've taken altogether too much whiskey. I 've got to stop my grog, or it 'll go hard with me." These thoughts passed through his mind, but he made no reply. This was really rude in him, and so Mrs. Lovell thought, but this rudeness awakened no resentment whatever in her mind. She bore it with exemplary meekness, and patiently returned to the task of rousing him into saying something.

"You really are awfully reticent, you know, and it 's horrid; now is n't it, Mr. Grimes?" said she, quite forgetting the *rôle* of Maud which she had intended to maintain, and speaking more than ever in her own style and manner.

Grimes noticed the tone of voice again, and the style and manner of the words. How like they were to the well-known and fondly remembered idioms and expressions of Mrs. Lovell! Grimes thought of this, and heaved another of those sighs which were peculiar to him now, — a sigh deep, massive, long-drawn, and ending in a kind of groan.

"It 's somethin', miss," said he, in words that seemed wrung out of him, — "it 's somethin', miss, that is very precious. It 's my most precious treasure."

"O dear, Mr. Grimes, what a very, very funny way that is for one to be carrying money, you know! But do you really think it 's safe, and do you not feel just a little bit afraid of robbers and all that sort of thing, Mr. Grimes?"

This struck Grimes as being more like Mrs. Lovell than ever. He could not account for it. For the solemn and mournful Maud to rattle on in this style was to him unaccountable. And how had she acquired that marvellous resemblance to her sister in tone and in expression? He had never noticed any such resemblance before. There was also a certain flippancy in the re-

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mark and in the tone of voice which jarred upon him. He was still puzzled, but finally concluded in a vague way that Maud's joy in at last approaching her home was so excessive that it had quite changed her.

"I wonder why you didn't leave it at the inn," she continued, as she saw that he said nothing; "it would be really far safer there and far less troublesome, you know, Mr. Grimes, and you could get it again. I'm sure, *I* can't imagine why one should carry all one's property with one wherever one goes, Mr. Grimes."

"It isn't money," said Grimes, "it's something far more precious."

"Is it really? How very funny! Only fancy; why really, Mr. Grimes, do you know, you are speaking positively in riddles."

"There are things," said Grimes, solemnly, "in comparison with which jewels are gaudy toys and gold is sordid dust. And this is one of them."

"Well, I must say," remarked Mrs. Lovell, "*I* never heard any one express himself in such an awfully mysterious way. And so you brought it all the way from Paris. How very funny! Well, really, Mr. Grimes, I can only say that travelling in a balloon must be a very trivial thing, since you have been able to keep that with you all the time and produce it now; and really, you know, it's so awfully absurd, when one comes to think of it, — now isn't it, Mr. Grimes?"

This was not Maud at all. Mrs. Lovell knew it, yet for the life of her she could not help speaking as she did. Grimes knew it too. He knew that there was no delirium, and that Maud Heathcote would never have uttered those words to him. That mixture of teasing absurdity and inconsequential badinage, with evident knowledge of the secret contents of the tin box, could not possibly be expressed by any person except one. Yet what possibility was there that this one should be here by his side calmly driving home? The thought was so bewildering that his brain reeled.

In an instant all his gloom and abstraction vanished. His heart beat fast. A wild idea, a wilder hope, filled mind and heart. Yet in the midst of this excitement one thought was prominent. He remembered his past mistakes. He was aware that they had arisen from a too credulous yielding to his own belief or fancy. He was now resolved to accept nothing from credulity, or hope, or fancy, or even belief; but to see with his own eyes the actual fact. Who was this person who was here with him? That was what he wanted to know.

He was intensely excited, yet he was resolved to undergo no more deceptions. He determined to see for himself. It was now quite dark, and, though he peered through the gloom, yet nothing satisfactory was revealed. He certainly saw the outline of a lady's figure, — but what lady? Was it Miss Heathcote, or was it — could it be, — might it be, — dare he hope, — was it possible?

He could endure his suspense no longer.

With trembling fingers he fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket! He found a match! — a thing he always carried there! He drew it forth! He struck it wildly against the side of the brougham! ! !

The light flashed forth! He held up the blazing match, and with eager gaze looked at the face of his companion.

Astounded at this unexpected incident of the match, and confounded by this abrupt discovery, Mrs. Lovell, though not unwilling to be discovered, shrank back and made a faint effort to drop her veil, which had been raised since she had entered the brougham. But Grimes arrested her hand.

And there, illuminated by the blaze, close beside him, just before him, he saw unmistakably the face of Mrs. Lovell. Her eyes were downcast, there was a flush of confusion and timid embarrassment upon her face, yet that face was the face of the one being on earth who was worth far more to him than all the earth and all that it con-

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tained; yea, verily, and even more than life itself.

The sensation was tremendous. How came she here? It was unaccountable. It was miraculous. A thousand emotions of wonder rushed through him, but all at length found utterance in one exclamation.

"Wal! I 'll be darned!"

The burning match dropped from his hands, and he caught her in his arms. Mrs. Lovell uttered a little deprecatory shriek.

"I 've got you now at last," murmured old Grimes, in a dislocated sort of way, doddering, in fact maundering, and all that sort of thing, — "I 've got you now, and I ain't goin' to let you go. I don't know how 'n thunder you got here, and I don't want to. I only know it 's you, and that 's enough. Don't explain, I beg; let me only have the rapture of knowin' that this is really my darling and no other — "

"O dear! I 'm sure I don't know what in the world I am *ever* to do," sighed Mrs. Lovell.

* * * * *

On the return of Carrol and Maud to the inn, the latter had at once gone to find her sister. On seeing no signs of her she had become terribly alarmed; and Carrol was utterly bewildered. They had questioned everybody, and at last found out that the gentleman who had engaged the carriage had returned with it, and had gone off with some lady. Several of the people of the inn had seen the lady enter the carriage, and the gentleman go in after her. After this they had driven away.

At first both Carrol and Maud were utterly stupefied; but at length, as the facts of the case suggested themselves, their stupefaction faded away, and there came in its place a calm, rational, and intelligent apprehension of the event, a sweet and exquisite appreciation of the situation. Whether it had been a blunder or a distinct understanding between the two, they could not tell. They preferred, however, to think that Grimes in the dusk had taken Mrs. Lovell for Maud, and that Mrs. Lovell had in the same way taken Grimes for Carrol. The idea of this possible blunder afforded delicious enjoyment to both; and they both lost themselves in conjectures as to the mode in which these two might finally discover the truth.

On the following day a carriage came from Heathcote Hall, and Maud and Carrol drove there. On their arrival they found Mrs. Lovell and Grimes, who had reached the place of their destination in safety. Maud's papa was there to welcome her, and to welcome them all in fact; for he turned out to be a fine, warm-hearted, and truly hospitable old boy, who doted on his daughters, and had been quite wild with anxiety about them when they were in Paris. Grimes and Carrol were received by him with all the honors and all the welcomes that he could offer them as the saviors and deliverers of his daughters from a cruel and terrible fate.

Frail human nature might exult to pause here for the sake of gloating over the raptures of these lovers on their final reunion after such tremendous adventures; but duty forbids; and I, as a conscientious novelist, must hasten to a close.

I beg to remark then, that, as a matter of course, these lovers were all united in holy matrimony at the earliest possible time. The event took place on the 27th of November, 1870, as may be seen by referring to any old number of the local paper. It was a deeply interesting occasion.

The happy pairs then scattered. Two or three days after the event Mrs. Lovell wrote a rapturous letter to Maud.

"Dear Seth," she wrote, "is *all* that my *fondest fancy* wished, and *far more*. Do you know, Maudie darling, he has *not yet* spoken *one cruel word* to me, — *not one*."

Maud's reply to this consisted of glittering generalities.

James DeMille.

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AN INSPIRED LOBBYIST.

A CERTAIN fallen angel (politeness toward his numerous and influential friends forbids me to mention his name abruptly) lately entered into the body of Mr. Ananias Pullwool, of Washington, D. C.

As the said body was a capacious one, having been greatly enlarged circumferentially since it acquired its full longitude, there was accommodation in it for both the soul of Pullwool himself (it was a very little one) and for his distinguished visitant. Indeed, there was so much room in it that they never crowded each other, and that Pullwool hardly knew, if he even so much as mistrusted, that there was a chap in with him. But other people must have been aware of this double tenantry, or at least must have been shrewdly suspicious of it, for it soon became quite common to hear fellows say, "Pullwool has got the Devil in him."

There was, indeed, a remarkable change — a change not so much moral as physical and mental — in this gentleman's ways of deporting and behaving himself. From being logy in movement and slow if not absolutely dull in mind, he became wonderfully agile and energetic. He had been a lobbyist, and he remained a lobbyist still, but such a different one, so much more vigorous, eager, clever, and impudent, that his best friends (if he could be said to have any friends) scarcely knew him for the same Pullwool. His fat fingers were in the buttonholes of congressmen from the time when they put those buttonholes on in the morning to the time when they took them off at night. He seemed to be at one and the same moment treating some honorable member in the bar-room of the Arlington, and running another honorable member to cover in the committee-rooms of the Capitol. He log-rolled bills which nobody else believed could be log-rolled, and he pocketed fees which absolutely and point-blank refused to go into other people's pockets. During this short period of his life he was the most successful and famous lobbyist in Washington, and the most sought after by the most rascally and desperate claimants of unlawful millions.

But, like many another man who has the Devil in him, Mr. Pullwool ran his luck until he ran himself into trouble. An investigating committee pounced upon him; he was put in confinement for refusing to answer questions; his filchings were held up to the execration of the envious both by virtuous members and a virtuous press; and when he at last got out of durance he found it good to quit the District of Columbia for a season. Thus it happened that Mr. Pullwool and his eminent lodger took the cars and went to and fro upon the earth seeking what they might devour.

In the course of their travels they arrived in a little State, which may have been Rhode Island, or may have been Connecticut, or may have been one of the Pleiades, but which at all events had two capitals. Without regard to Morse's Gazetteer, or to whatever other Gazetteer may now be in currency, we shall affirm that one of these capitals was called Slowburg and the other Fastburg. For some hundreds of years (let us say five hundred, in order to be sure and get it high enough) Slowburg and Fastburg had shared between them, turn and turn about, year on and year off, all the gubernatorial and legislative pomps and emoluments that the said State had to bestow. On the 1st of April of every odd year, the governor, preceded by citizen soldiers, straddling or curvetting through the mud, — the governor, followed by twenty barouches full of eminent citizens, who were not known to be eminent at any other time, but who made a rush for a ride on this oc-

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casion as certain old ladies do at funerals, — the governor, taking off his hat to pavements full of citizens of all ages, sizes, and colors, who did not pretend to be eminent, — the governor, catching a fresh cold at every corner, and wishing the whole thing were passing at the equator, — the governor triumphally entered Slowburg, — observe, Slowburg, — read his always enormously long message there, and convened the legislature there. On the 1st of April of every even year the same governor, or a better one who had succeeded him, went through the same ceremonies in Fastburg. Each of these capitals boasted, or rather blushed over, a shabby old barn of a State-House, and each of them maintained a company of foot-guards, and ditto of horse-guards, the latter very loose in their saddles. In each the hotels and boarding-houses had a full year and a lean year, according as the legislature sat in the one or in the other. In each there was a loud call for fresh shad and stewed oysters, or a comparatively feeble call for fresh shad and stewed oysters, under the same biennial conditions.

Such was the oscillation of grandeur and power between the two cities. It was an old-time arrangement, and like many other old-fashioned things, as for instance wood fires in open fireplaces, it had not only its substantial merits but its superficial inconveniences. Every year certain ancient officials were obliged to pack up hundreds of public documents and expedite them from Fastburg to Slowburg, or from Slowburg back to Fastburg. Every year there was an expense of a few dollars on this account, which the State treasurer figured up with agonies of terror, and which the opposition roared at as if the administration could have helped it. The State-Houses were two mere deformities of patched plaster and leprous whitewash ; they were such shapeless, graceless, dilapidated wigwams, that no sensitive patriot could look at them without wanting to fly to the uttermost parts of the earth ; and yet it was not possible to build new ones, and hardly possible to obtain appropriations enough to shingle out the weather ; for Fastburg would vote no money to adorn Slowburg, and Slowburg was equally niggardly towards Fastburg. The same jealousy produced the same frugality in the management of other public institutions, so that the patients of the lunatic asylum were not much better lodged and fed than the average sane citizen, and the gallows-birds in the State's prison were brought down to a temperance which caused admirers of that species of fowl to tremble with indignation. In short, the two capitals were as much at odds as the two poles of a magnet, and the results of this repulsion were not all of them worthy of hysterical admiration.

But advantages seesawed with disadvantages. In this double-ender of a State, political jobbery was at fault, because it had no head-quarters. It could not get together a ring ; it could not raise a corps of lobbyists. Such few axe-grinders as there were had to dodge back and forth between the Fastburg grindstone and the Slowburg grindstone, without ever fairly getting their tools sharpened. Legislature here and legislature there ; it was like guessing at a pea between two thimbles ; you could hardly ever put your finger on the right one. Then what one capital favored the other disfavored ; and between them appropriations were kicked and hustled under the table ; the grandest of railroad schemes shrunk into waste-paper baskets ; in short, the public treasury was next door to the unapproachable. Such, indeed, was the desperate condition of lobbyists in this State, that, had it contained a single philanthropist of the advanced radical stripe, he would surely have brought in a bill for their relief and encouragement.

Into the midst of this happily divided community dropped Mr. Ananias Pullwool with the Devil in him. It remains to be seen whether this pair could figure up anything worth pock-

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eting out of the problem of two capitals.

It was one of the even years, and the legislature met in Fastburg, and the little city was brimful. Mr. Pullwool with difficulty found a place for himself without causing the population to slop over. Of course he went to a hotel, for he needed to make as many acquaintances as possible, and he knew that a bar was a perfect hot-house for ripening such friendships as he cared for. He took the best room he could get; and as soon as chance favored, he took a better one, with parlor attached; and on the sideboard in the parlor he always had cigars and decanters. The result was that in a week or so he was on jovial terms with several senators, numerous members of the lower house, and all the members of the "third house." But lobbying did not work in Fastburg as Mr. Pullwool had found it to work in other capitals. He exhibited the most dazzling double-edged axes, but nobody would grind them; he pointed out the most attractive and convenient of logs for rolling, but nobody would put a lever to them.

"What the doose does this mean?" he at last inquired of Mr. Josiah Dicker, a member who had smoked dozens of his cigars and drunk quarts out of his decanters. "I don't understand this little old legislature at all, Mr. Dicker. Nobody wants to make any money; at least, nobody has the spirit to try to make any. And yet the State is full; never been bled a drop; full as a tick. What does it mean?"

Mr. Dicker looked disconsolate. Perhaps it may be worth a moment's time to explain that he could not well look otherwise. Broken in fortune and broken in health, he was a failure and knew it. His large forehead showed power, and he was in fact a lawyer of some ability; and still he could not support his family, could not keep a mould of mortgages from creeping all over his house-lot, and had so many creditors that he could not walk the streets comfortably. The trouble lay in hard drinking, with its resultant waste of time, infidelity to trust, and impatience of application. Thin, haggard, duskily pallid, deeply wrinkled at forty, his black eyes watery and set in baggy circles of a dull brown, his lean dark hands shaky and dirty, his linen wrinkled and buttonless, his clothing frayed and unbrushed, he was an impersonation of failure. He had gone into the legislature with a desperate hope of somehow finding money in it, and as yet he had discovered nothing more than his beggarly three dollars a day, and he felt himself more than ever a failure. No wonder that he wore an air of profound depression, approaching to absolute wretchedness and threatening suicide.

He looked the more cast down by contrast with the successful Mr. Pullwool, gaudily alight with satin and jewelry, and shining with conceit. Pullwool, by the way, although a dandy (that is, such a dandy as one sees in gambling-saloons and behind liquor-bars), was far from being a thing of beauty. He was so obnoxiously gross and shapeless, that it seemed as if he did it on purpose and to be irritating. His fat head was big enough to make a dwarf of, hunchback and all. His mottled cheeks were vast and pendulous to that degree that they inspired the imaginative beholder with terror, as reminding him of avalanches and landslides which might slip their hold at the slightest shock, and plunge downward in a path of destruction. One puffy eyelid drooped in a sinister way; obviously that was the eye that the Devil had selected for his own; he kept it well curtained for purposes of concealment. Looking out of this peep-hole, the Satanic badger could see a short, thick nose, and by leaning forward a little, he could get a glimpse of a broad chin of several stories. Another unpleasing feature was a full set of false teeth, which grinned in a ravenous fashion that was truly disquieting, as if they were capable of devouring the whole internal revenue. Finally, this continent of a physiognomy was diversified by a gigantic hairy

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wart, which sprouted defiantly from the temple nearest the game eye, as though Lucifer had accidentally poked one of his horns through. Mr. Dicker, who was a sensitive, squeamish man (as drunkards sometimes are, through bad digestion and shaky nerves), could hardly endure the sight of this wart, and always wanted to ask Pullwool why he did n't cut it off.

"What 's the meaning of it all?" persisted the Washington wire-puller, surveying the Fastburg wire-puller with bland superiority, much as the city mouse may have surveyed the country mouse.

"Two capitals," responded Dicker, withdrawing his nervous glance from the wart, and locking his hands over one knee to quiet their trembling.

Mr. Pullwool, having the Old Harry in him, and being consequently full of all malice and subtlety, perceived at once the full scope and force of the explanation.

"I see," he said, dropping gently back into his arm-chair, with the plethoric, soft movement of a subsiding pillow. The puckers of his cumbrous eyelids drew a little closer together; his bilious eyes peered out cautiously between them, like sallow assassins watching through curtained windows; for a minute or so he kept up what might without hyperbole be called a devil of a thinking.

"I 've got it," he broke out at last. "Dicker, I want you to bring in a bill to make Fastburg the only capital."

"What is the use?" asked the legislator, looking more disconsolate, more hopeless than ever. "Slowburg will oppose it and beat it."

"Never you mind," persisted Mr. Pullwool. "You bring in your little bill and stand up for it like a man. There 's money in it. You don't see it? Well, I do; I 'm used to seeing money in things; and in this case I see it plain. As sure as whiskey is whiskey, there 's money in it."

Mr. Pullwool's usually dull and, so to speak, extinct countenance was fairly alight and aflame with exultation. It was almost a wonder that his tallowy person did not gutter beneath the blaze, like an over-fat candle under the flaring of a wick too large for it.

"Well, I 'll bring in the bill," agreed Mr. Dicker, catching the enthusiasm of his counsellor and shaking off his lethargy. He perceived a dim promise of fees, and at the sight his load of despondency dropped away from him, as Christian's burden loosened in presence of the cross. He looked a little like the confident, resolute Tom Dicker, who twenty years before had graduated from college, the brightest, bravest, most eloquent fellow in his class, and the one who seemed to have before him the finest future.

"Snacks!" said Mr. Pullwool.

At this brazen word Mr. Dicker's countenance fell again; he was ashamed to talk so frankly about plundering his fellow-citizens; "a little grain of conscience turned him sour."

"I will take pay for whatever I can do as a lawyer," he stammered.

"Get out!" laughed the Satanic one. "You just take all there is a going! You need it bad enough. I know when a man 's hard up. I know the signs. I 've been as bad off as you; had to look all ways for five dollars; had to play second fiddle and say thanky. But what I offer you ain't a second fiddle. It 's as good a chance as my own. Even divides. One half to you, and one half to me. You know the people and I know the ropes. It 's a fair bargain. What do you say?"

Mr. Dicker thought of his decayed practice and his unpaid bills; and, flipping overboard his little grain of conscience, he said, "Snacks."

"All right," grinned Pullwool, his teeth gleaming alarmingly. "Word of a gentleman," he added, extending his pulpy hand, loaded with ostentatious rings, and grasping Dicker's recoiling fingers. "Harness up your little bill as quick as you can and drive it like Jehu. Fastburg to be the only capital. Slowburg no claims at all, historical, geographical, or economic. The old arrangement a humbug; as inconven-

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ient as a fifth wheel of a coach; costs the State thousands of greenbacks every year. Figure it all up statistically and dab it over with your shiniest rhetoric and make a big thing of it every way. That's what you've got to do; that's your little biz. I'll tend to the rest."

"I don't quite see where the money is to come from," observed Mr. Dicker.

"Leave that to me," said the veteran of the lobbies; "my name is Pullwool and I know how to pull the wool over men's eyes, and then I know how to get at their britches-pockets. You bring in your bill and make your speech. Will you do it?"

"Yes," answered Dicker, bolting all scruples in another half-tumbler of brandy.

He kept his word. As promptly as parliamentary forms and mysteries would allow, there was a bill under the astonished noses of honorable lawgivers, removing the seat of legislation from Slowburg and centring it in Fastburg. This bill Mr. Thomas Dicker supported with that fluency and fiery enthusiasm of oratory which had for a time enabled him to show as the foremost man of his State. Great was the excitement, great the rejoicing and anger. The press of Fastburg sent forth shrieks of exultation, and the press of Slowburg responded with growlings of disgust. The two capitals and the two geographical sections which they represented were ready to fire Parrot guns at each other, without regard to life and property in the adjoining regions of the earth. If there was a citizen of the little Commonwealth who did not hear of this bill and did not talk of it, it was because that citizen was as deaf as a post and as dumb as an oyster. Ordinary political distinctions were forgotten, and the old party-whips could not manage their very wheel-horses, who went snorting and kicking over the traces in all directions. In short, both in the legislature and out of it, nothing was thought of but the question of the removal of the capital.

Among the loudest of the agitators was Mr. Pullwool; not that he cared one straw whether the capital went to Fastburg, or to Slowburg, or to Ballyhack; but for the money which he thought he saw in the agitation he did care mightily, and to get that money he labored with a zeal which was not of this world alone. At the table of his hotel and in the bar-room of the same institution and in the lobbies of the legislative hall and in editorial sanctums and barbers' shops and all other nooks of gossip, he trumpeted the claims of Fastburg as if that little city were the New Jerusalem and deserved to be the metropolis of the sidereal universe. All sorts of trickeries, too; he sent spurious telegrams and got fictitious items into the newspapers; he lied through every medium known to the highest civilization. Great surely was his success, for the row which he raised was tremendous. But a row alone was not enough; it was the mere breeze upon the surface of the waters; the treasure-ship below was still to be drawn up and gutted.

"It will cost money," he whispered confidentially to capitalists and landowners. "We must have the sinews of war, or we can't carry it on. There's your city lots goin' to double in value, if this bill goes through. What per cent will you pay on the advance? That's the question. Put your hands in your pockets and pull 'em out full, and put back ten times as much. It's a sure investment; warranted to yield a hundred per cent; the safest and biggest thing agoing."

Capitalists and land-owners and merchants hearkened and believed and subscribed. The slyest old hunks in Fastburg put a faltering forefinger into his long pocket-book, touched a greenback which had been laid away there as neatly as a corpse in its coffin, and resurrected it for the use of Mr. Pullwool. By tens, by twenties, by fifties, and by hundreds the dollars of the ambitious citizens of the little metropolis were charmed into the porte-monnaie of this rattlesnake of a lobbyist.

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"I never saw a greener set," chuckled Pullwool. "By jiminy, I believe they'd shell out for a bill to make their town a seaport, if it was a hundred miles from a drop of water."

But he was not content with individual subscriptions, and conscientiously scorned himself until he had got at the city treasury.

"The corporation must pony up," he insisted, with the mayor. "This bill is just shaking in the wind for lack of money. Fastburg must come down with the dust. You ought to see to it. What are you chief magistrate for? Ain't it to tend to the welfare of the city? Look here, now; you call the common council together; secret session, you understand. You call 'em together and let me talk to 'em. I want to make the loons comprehend that it's their duty to vote something handsome for this measure."

The mayor hummed and hawed one way, and then he hawed and hummed the other way, and the result was that he granted the request. There was a secret session in the council-room, with his honor at the top of the long, green table, with a row of more or less respectable functionaries on either side of it, and with Mr. Pullwool and the Devil at the bottom. Of course, it is not to be supposed that this last-named personage was visible to the others, or that they had more than a vague suspicion of his presence. Had he fully revealed himself, had he plainly exhibited his horns and hoofs, or even so much as uncorked his perfume-bottle of brimstone, it is more than probable that the city authorities would have been exceedingly scandalized, and they might have adjourned the session. As it was, seeing nothing more disagreeable than the obese form of the lobbyist, they listened calmly while he unfolded his project.

Mr. Pullwool spoke at length, and to Fastburg ears eloquently. Fastburg must be the sole capital; it had every claim, historical, geographical, and commercial, to that distinction; it ought, could, would, and should be the sole capital; that was about the substance of his exordium.

"But, gentlemen, it will cost," he went on. "There is an unscrupulous and furious opposition to the measure. The other side — those fellows from Slowburg and vicinity — are putting their hands into their britches-pockets. You must put your hands into yours. The thing will be worth millions to Fastburg. But it will cost thousands. Are you ready to fork over? *Are* you ready?"

"What's the figure?" asked one of the councilmen. "What do you estimate?"

"Gentlemen, I shall astonish *some* of you," answered Mr. Pullwool, cunningly. It was well put; it was as much as to say, "I shall astonish the green ones; of course, the really strong heads among you won't be in the least bothered." "I estimate," he continued, "that the city treasury will have to put up a good round sum, say a hundred thousand dollars, be it more or less."

A murmur of surprise, of chagrin, and of something like indignation ran along the line of official mustaches. "Nonsense," "The dickens," "Can't be done," "We can't think of it," broke out several councilmen, in a distinctly unparliamentary manner.

"Gentlemen, one moment," pleaded Pullwool, passing his greasy smile around the company, as though it were some kind of refreshment. "Look at the whole job; it's a big job. We must have lawyers; we must have newspapers in all parts of the State; we must have writers to work up the historical claims of the city; we must have fellows to buttonhole honorable members; we must have fees for honorable members themselves. How can you do it for less?"

Then he showed a schedule; so much to this wire-puller and that and the other; so much apiece to so many able editors; so much for eminent legal counsel; finally, a trifle for himself. And one hundred thousand dollars or

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thereabouts was what the schedule footed up, turn it whichever way you would.

Of course, this common council of Fastburg did not dare to vote such a sum for such a purpose. Mr. Pullwool had not expected that it would; all that he had hoped for was the half of it; but that half he got.

"Did they do it?" breathlessly inquired Tom Dicker of him, when he returned to the hotel.

"They done it," calmly, yet triumphantly, responded Mr. Pullwool.

"Thunder!" exclaimed the amazed Dicker. "You are the most extraordinary man! You must have the very Devil in you!"

Instead of being startled by this alarming supposition, Mr. Pullwool looked gratified. People thus possessed generally do look gratified when the possession is alluded to.

But the inspired lobbyist did not pass his time in wearing an aspect of satisfaction. When there was money to get and to spend he could run his fat off almost as fast as if he were pouring it into candle-moulds. The ring — the famous capital ring of Fastburg — must be seen to, its fingers greased, and its energy quickened. Before he rolled his apple-dumpling of a figure into bed that night, he had interviewed Smith and Brown the editors, Jones and Robinson the lawyers, Smooth and Slow the literary characters, various lobbyists and various lawgivers.

"Work, gentlemen, and capitalize Fastburg and get your dividends," was his inspiring message to one and all. He promised Smith and Brown ten dollars for every editorial, and five dollars for every humbugging telegram, and two dollars for every telling item. Jones and Robinson were to have five hundred dollars apiece for concurrent legal statements of the claim of the city; Smooth and Slow, as being merely authors and so not accustomed to obtain much for their labor, got a hundred dollars between them for working up the case historically. To the lobbyists and members Pullwool was munificent; it seemed as if those gentlemen could not be paid enough for their "influence"; as if they alone had that kind of time which is money. Only, while dealing liberally with them, the inspired one did not forget himself. A thousand for Mr. Sly; yes, Mr. Sly was to receipt for a thousand; but he must let half of it stick to the Pullwool fingers. The same arrangement was made with Mr. Green and Mr. Sharp and Mr. Bummer and Mr. Pickpurse and Mr. Buncombe. It was a game of snacks, half to you and half to me; and sometimes it was more than snacks, — a thousand for you two and a thousand for me too.

With such a greasing of the wheels, you may imagine that the machinery of the ring worked to a charm. In the city and in the legislature and throughout the State there was the liveliest buzzing and humming and clicking of political wheels and cranks and cogs that had ever been known in those hitherto pastoral localities. The case of Fastburg against Slowburg was put in a hundred ways and proved as sure as it was put. It really seemed to the eager burghers as if they already heard the clink of hammers on a new State-House and beheld a perpetual legislature sitting on their fences and curbstones until the edifice should be finished. The great wire-puller and his gang of stipendiaries were the objects of popular gratitude and adoration. The landlord of the hotel which Mr. Pullwool patronized actually would not take pay for that gentleman's board.

"No, sir!" declared this simple Boniface, turning crimson with enthusiasm. "You are going to put thousands of dollars into my purse, and I 'll take nothing out of yours. And any little thing in the way of cigars and whiskey that you want, sir, why, call for it. It 's my treat, sir."

"Thank you, sir," kindly smiled the great man. "That 's what I call the square thing. Mr. Boniface, you are a gentleman and a scholar; and I 'll mention your admirable house to my

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friends. By the way, I shall have to leave you for a few days."

"Going to leave us!" exclaimed Mr. Boniface, aghast. "I hope not till this job is put through."

"I must run about a bit," muttered Pullwool, confidentially. "A little turn through the State, you understand, to stir up the country districts. Some of the members ain't as hot as they should be, and I want to set their constituents after them. Nothing like getting on a few deputations."

"O, exactly!" chuckled Mr. Boniface, ramming his hands into his pockets and cheerfully jingling a bunch of keys and a penknife, for lack of silver. It was strange indeed that he should actually see the Devil in Mr. Pullwool's eye and should not have a suspicion that he was in danger of being humbugged by him. "And your rooms?" he suggested. "How about them?"

"I keep them," replied the lobbyist, grandly, as if blaspheming the expense —to Boniface. "Our friends must have a little hole to meet in. And while you are about it, Mr. Boniface, see that they get something to drink and smoke; and we 'll settle it between us."

"Pre—cisely!" laughed the landlord, as much as to say, "My treat!"

And so Mr. Pullwool, that Pericles and Lorenzo de' Medici rolled in one, departed for a season from the city which he ruled and blessed. Did he run about the State and preach and crusade in behalf of Fastburg, and stir up the bucolic populations to stir up their representatives in its favor? Not a bit of it; the place that he went to and the only place that he went to was Slowburg; yes, covering up his tracks in his usual careful style, he made direct for the rival of Fastburg. What did he propose to do there? O, how can we reveal the whole duplicity and turpitude of Ananias Pullwool? The subject is too vast for a merely human pen; it requires the literary ability of a recording angel. Well, we must get our feeble lever under this boulder of wickedness as we can, and do our faint best to expose all the reptiles and slimy things beneath it.

The first person whom this apostle of lobbyism called upon in Slowburg was the mayor of that tottering capital.

"My name is Pullwool," he said to the official, and he said it with an almost enviable ease of impudence, for he was used to introducing himself to people who despised and detested him. "I want to see you confidentially about this capital ring which is making so much trouble."

"I thought you were in it," replied the mayor, turning very red in the face, for he had heard of Mr. Pullwool as the leader of said ring; and being an iracund man, he was ready to knock his head off.

"In it!" exclaimed the possessed one. "I wish I was. It 's a fat thing. More than fifty thousand dollars paid out already!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the mayor, in despair.

"By the way, this is between ourselves," added Pullwool. "You take it so, I hope. Word of honor, eh?"

"Why, if you have anything to communicate that will help us, why, of course I promise secrecy," stammered the mayor. "Yes, certainly; word of honor."

"Well, I 've been looking about among those fellows a little," continued Ananias. "I 've kept my eyes and ears open. It 's a way I have. And I 've learned a thing or two that it will be to your advantage to know. Yes, sir! fifty thousand dollars! — the city has voted it and paid it, and the ring has got it. That 's why they are all working so. And depend upon it, they 'll carry the legislature and turn Slowburg out to grass, unless you wake up and do something."

"By heavens!" exclaimed the iracund mayor, turning red again. "It 's a piece of confounded rascality. It ought to be exposed."

"No, don't expose it," put in Mr. Pullwool, somewhat alarmed. "That

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game never works. Of course they 'd deny it and swear you down, for bribing witnesses is as easy as bribing members. I 'll tell you what to do. Beat them at their own weapons. Raise a purse that will swamp theirs. That 's the way the world goes. It 's an auction. The highest bidder gets the article."

Well, the result of it all was that the city magnates of Slowburg did just what had been done by the city magnates of Fastburg, only, instead of voting fifty thousand dollars into the pockets of the ring, they voted sixty thousand. With a portion of this money about him, and with authority to draw for the rest on proper vouchers, Mr. Pullwool, his tongue in his cheek, bade farewell to his new allies. As a further proof of the ready wit and solid impudence of this sublime politician and model of American statesmen, let me here introduce a brief anecdote. Leaving Slowburg by the cars, he encountered a gentleman from Fastburg, who saluted him with tokens of amazement, and said, "What are you doing here, Mr. Pullwool?"

"O, just breaking up these fellows a a little," whispered the man with the Devil in him. "They were making too strong a fight. I had to *see* some of them," putting one hand behind his back and rubbing his fingers together, to signify that there had been a taking of bribes. "But be shady about it. For the sake of the good cause, keep quiet. Mum 's the word."

The reader can imagine how briskly the fight between the two capitals reopened when Mr. Pullwool re-entered the lobby. Slowburg now had its adherents, and they struggled like men who saw money in their warfare, and they struggled not in vain. To cut a very long story very short, to sum the whole of an exciting drama in one sentence, the legislature kicked overboard the bill to make Fastburg the sole seat of government. Nothing had come of the whole row, except that the pair of simple little cities had spent over one hundred thousand dollars, and that the capital ring, fighting on both sides and drawing pay from both sides, had lined its pockets, while the great creator of the ring had crammed his to bursting.

"What does this mean, Mr. Pullwool?" demanded the partially honest and entirely puzzled Tom Dicker, when he had discovered by an unofficial count of noses how things were going. "Fastburg has spent all its money for nothing. It won't be sole capital after all."

"I never expected it would be," replied Pullwool, so tickled by the Devil that was in him that he could not help laughing. "I never wanted it to be. Why, it would spoil the little game. This is a trick that can be played every year."

"Oh!!" exclaimed Mr. Dicker, and was dumb with astonishment for a minute.

"Did n't you see through it before?" grinned the grand master of all guile and subtlety.

"I did not," confessed Mr. Dicker, with a mixture of shame and abhorrence. "Well," he presently added, recovering himself, "shall we settle?"

"O, certainly, if you are ready," smiled Pullwool, with the air of a man who has something coming to him.

"And what, exactly, will be my share?" asked Dicker, humbly.

"What do you mean?" stared Pullwool, apparently in the extremity of amazement.

"You said *snacks*, did n't you?" urged Dicker, trembling violently.

"Well, *snacks* it is," replied Pullwool. "Have n't you had a thousand?"

"Yes," admitted Dicker.

"Then you owe me five hundred?"

Mr. Dicker did not faint, though he came very near it, but he staggered out of the room as white as a sheet, for he was utterly crushed by this diabolical impudence.

That very day Mr. Pullwool left for Washington, and the Devil left for *his* place, each of them sure to find the other when he wanted him, if indeed their roads lay apart.

J. W. DeForest.

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BEFORE THE WEDDING.

MILK-WHITE and honey-sweet its flowers
The locust-tree is shedding;
O, if this weather would but stay,
I could not ask a lovelier day,
To-morrow, for my wedding!
Yes, 't is, in truth, *my* bridal path
The wind with flowers is strewing.
The thing a woman says she won't,
She 's always sure of doing;
And, from a child, I have declared,
I 'd choose a maid to tarry,
And single-handed fight my way,
Before I 'd ever marry
(Though he, by all his deeds and words,
Were worth and wisdom proving)
A Methodist itinerant,
And keep forever moving,
Moving, moving, moving, —
Just two years in a place, —
Stopping here and off again,
With scarce a breathing space.

But when camp-meeting came around,
A year ago this summer,
The Sudbury people had a tent,
And I, with Sister Hartley, went,
And first heard Brother Plummer.
"A young man looking for a wife,"
Was some one's sly reminder.
"And he may look for all of me,"
I said, "and never find her."

But when I came to hear him preach,
He told the Gospel story
So thrillingly, through all the grove
Went up one shout of "Glory"!
Rough men were bowed, hard sinners wept,
I owned his power to hold me, —
His glowing fervor, like a spell,
Against my will controlled me.
"For, who is he?" I said, my own
Admiring thoughts reproving;
"A Methodist itinerant,
Who keeps forever moving,
Moving, moving, moving, —
Just two years in a place.
That 's too hard a way," thought I,
"To run the Christian race!"

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I said the preacher pleased me not, —
I did not wish to meet him ;
And, when we met, I tried to see
How coldly formal I could be
And courteously treat him ;
But when a woman tries to hate,
Be sure it 's love's beginning ;
The more I frowned, the more I felt
That he my heart was winning ;
Dull (may the Lord forgive !) I found
The class, unless he led it,
And sweeter seemed the blessed word
Of Scripture, if he read it ;
And, from the closing love-feast, when,
As we walked home together,
He led me down a quiet path,
And calmly asked me whether
" My future should be one with his ? " —
And I must take or lose him,
I felt my hold on earthly joy
Was lost, should I refuse him.
" But, if I love, there 's but one way,"
I said, " my love of proving ;
And I am willing, for your sake,
To keep forever moving,
Moving, moving, moving, —
Just two years in a place, —
Happy, whereso'er I go,
If I but see your face ! "

So now, my bridal blossoms fall,
These locust-flowers sweet-scented !
My future pathway is the one
I' ve always thought that I would shun,
Yet I am well contented !
We choose not for ourselves ; we go
The way the Conference sends us ;
But, rough or smooth, we know, through all,
A Father's care attends us.
His perfect strength our weakness shields,
His patient love broods o'er us, —
What matters it what changes fill
The years that lie before us ?
We only pray we may be kept
From faithless servants proving,
And onward, as our footsteps press,
May they be heavenward moving !

Marian Douglas.

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JESUITS' MISSION OF ONONDAGA IN 1654.

IN the summer of 1653, all Canada turned to fasting and penance, processions, vows, and supplications. The Saints and the Virgin were beset with unceasing prayer. The wretched little colony was like some puny garrison, starving and sick, compassed with inveterate foes, supplies cut off, and succor hopeless.

At Montreal, the advance guard of the settlements, a sort of Castle Dangerous, held by about fifty Frenchmen, and said by a pious writer of the day to exist only by a continuous miracle, some two hundred Iroquois fell upon twenty-six Frenchmen. The Christians were outmatched, eight to one; but, says the chronicle, the Queen of Heaven was on their side, and the Son of Mary refuses nothing to his holy mother.* Through her intercession, the Iroquois shot so wildly that at their first fire every bullet missed its mark, and they met with a bloody defeat. The palisaded settlement of Three Rivers, though in a position less exposed than that of Montreal, was in no less jeopardy. A noted war-chief of the Mohawk Iroquois had been captured here the year before, and put to death; and his tribe swarmed out, like a nest of angry hornets, to revenge him. Not content with defeating and killing the commandant, Du Plessis Bochart, they encamped during winter in the neighboring forest, watching for an opportunity to surprise the place. Hunger drove them off, but they returned in spring, infesting every field and pathway; till, at length, some six hundred of their warriors landed in secret and lay hidden in the depths of the woods, silently biding their time. Having failed, however, in an artifice designed to lure the French out of their defences, they showed themselves on all sides, plundering, burning, and destroying, up to the palisades of the fort.†

Of the three settlements which, with their feeble dependencies, then comprised the whole of Canada, Quebec was least exposed to Indian attacks, being partially covered by Montreal and Three Rivers. Nevertheless, there was no safety this year, even under the cannon of Fort St Louis. At Cap Rouge, a few miles above, the Jesuit Poncet saw a poor woman who had a patch of corn beside her cabin, but could find no one to harvest it. The father went to seek aid, met one Mathurin Franchetot whom he persuaded to undertake the charitable task, and was returning with him when they both fell into an ambuscade of Iroquois, who seized them and dragged them off. Thirty-two men embarked in canoes at Quebec to follow the retreating savages and rescue the prisoners. Pushing rapidly up the St. Lawrence, they approached Three Rivers, found it beset by the Mohawks, and bravely threw themselves into it to the great joy of its defenders and discouragement of the assailants.

Meanwhile, the intercession of the Virgin wrought new marvels at Montreal, and a bright ray of hope beamed forth from the darkness and the storm to cheer the hearts of her votaries. It was on the 26th of June that sixty of the Onondaga Iroquois appeared in sight of the fort, shouting from a distance that they came on an errand of peace, and asking safe-conduct for some of their number. Guns, scalping-knives, tomahawks, were all laid aside, and with a confidence truly astonishing a deputation of chiefs, naked and defenceless, came into the midst of those whom they themselves had betrayed so often. The French had a mind to seize them, paying them in kind for past treachery; but they refrained, seeing in this wondrous

* Le Mercier, *Relation* 1653, 3.

† So bent were they on taking the place that they brought their families, in order to make a permanent settlement. — Marie de l'Incarnation, *Lettre du* 6 *Sept.*, 1653.

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change of heart the manifest hand of Heaven. Nevertheless, it can be explained without a miracle. The Iroquois, or, at least, the Western nations of this league, had just become involved in a formidable war with their neighbors the Eries,* and "one war at a time," was the sage maxim of their policy.

All was smiles and blandishment in the fort at Montreal; presents were exchanged, and the deputies departed, bearing home golden reports of the French. An Oneida deputation soon followed; but the enraged Mohawks still infested Montreal and beleaguered Three Rivers, till one of their principal chiefs and four of their best warriors were captured by a party of Christian Hurons. Then, seeing themselves abandoned by the other nations of the league and left to wage the war alone, they, too, made overtures of peace.

A grand council was held at Quebec. Speeches were made, and wampum-belts exchanged. The Iroquois left some of their chief men as pledges of their sincerity, and two young soldiers offered themselves as reciprocal pledges on the part of the French. The war was over; at least Canada had found a moment to take breath for the next struggle. The fur-trade was restored again, with promise of plenty; for the beaver, profiting by the quarrels of their human foes, had of late greatly multiplied. It was a change from death to life; for Canada lived on the beaver, and, robbed of this her only sustenance, had been dying slowly since the strife began.†

"Yesterday," writes Father Le Mercier, "all was dejection and gloom; to-day, all is smiles and gayety. On Wednesday, massacre, burning, and pillage; on Thursday, gifts and visits, as among friends. If the Iroquois have their hidden designs, so, too, has God.

"On the day of the Visitation of the Holy Virgin, the chief, Aontarisati,* so regretted by the Iroquois, was taken prisoner by our Indians, instructed by our fathers, and baptized; and, on the same day, being put to death, he ascended to heaven. I doubt not that he thanked the Virgin for his misfortune and the blessing that followed, and that he prayed to God for his countrymen.

"The people of Montreal made a solemn vow to celebrate publicly the *fête* of this mother of all blessings; whereupon the Iroquois came to ask for peace.

"It was on the day of the Assumption of this queen of angels and of men that the Hurons took at Montreal that other famous Iroquois chief, whose capture caused the Mohawks to seek our alliance.

"On the day when the Church honors the Nativity of the Holy Virgin, the Iroquois granted Father Poncet his life; and he, or rather the Holy Virgin and the holy angels, labored so well in the work of peace, that on St. Michael's day it was resolved in a council of the elders that the father should be conducted to Quebec and a lasting treaty made with the French."†

Happy as was this consummation, Father Poncet's path to it had been a thorny one. He has left us his own rueful story, written in obedience to the command of his superior. He and his companion in misery had been hurried through the forests, from Cap Rouge on the St. Lawrence to the Indian towns on the Mohawk. He tells us how he slept among dank weeds, dropping with the cold dew; how frightful colics assailed him as he waded waist-deep through a mountain stream; how one of his feet was blistered and one of his legs benumbed; how an Indian

* See Jesuits in North America, 438. The Iroquois, it will be remembered, consisted of five "nations," or tribes, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. For an account of them, see the work just cited, Introduction.

† According to Le Mercier, beaver to the value of from 200,000 to 300,000 livres was yearly brought down to the colony before the destruction of the Hurons (1649, '50). Three years later, not one beaver-skin was brought to Montreal during a twelvemonth, and Three Rivers and Quebec had barely enough to pay for keeping the fortifications in repair.

* The chief whose death had so enraged the Mohawks.

† *Relation* 1653, 18.

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snatched away his reliquary and lost the precious contents. "I had," he says, "a picture of St. Ignatius with our Lord, bearing the cross, and another of Our Lady of Pity surrounded by the five wounds of her Son. They were my joy and my consolation; but I hid them in a bush, lest the Indians should laugh at them." He kept, however, a little image of the crown of thorns, in which he found great comfort, as well as in commune with his patron saints, St. Raphael, St. Martha, and St. Joseph. On one occasion he asked these for something to soothe his thirst, and for a bowl of broth to revive his strength. Scarcely had he framed the petition when an Indian gave him some wild plums; and, in the evening, as he lay fainting on the ground, another brought him the coveted broth. Weary and forlorn, he reached at last the lower Mohawk town, where, after being stripped, and forced, with his companion, to run the gauntlet, he was placed on a scaffold of bark, surrounded by a crowd of grinning and mocking savages. As it began to rain, they took him into one of their lodges and amused themselves by making him dance, sing, and perform various fantastic tricks for their amusement. He seems to have done his best to please them; "but," adds the chronicler, "I will say in passing, that as he did not succeed to their liking in these buffooneries (*singeries*), they would have put him to death, if a young Huron prisoner had not offered himself to sing, dance, and make wry faces in place of the father, who had never learned the trade."

Having sufficiently amused themselves, they left him for a time in peace; when an old one-eyed Indian approached, took his hands, examined them, selected the left forefinger, and calling a child four or five years old, gave him a knife, and told him to cut it off, which the imp proceeded to do, his victim meanwhile singing the *Vexilla Regis*. After this preliminary, they would have burned him, like Franchetot, his unfortunate companion, had not a squaw happily adopted him in place of a deceased brother. He was installed at once in the lodge of his new relatives, where, bereft of every rag of Christian clothing, and attired in leggins, moccasons, and a greasy shirt, the astonished father saw himself transformed into an Iroquois. But his deliverance was at hand. A special agreement to that effect had formed a part of the treaty concluded at Quebec; and he now learned that he was to be restored to his countrymen. After a march of almost intolerable hardship, he saw himself once more among Christians; Heaven, as he modestly thinks, having found him unworthy of martyrdom.

"At last," he writes, "we reached Montreal on the 21st of October, the nine weeks of my captivity being accomplished, in honor of St. Michael and all the holy angels. . . . . On the 6th of November the Iroquois who conducted me made their presents to confirm the peace; and thus, on a Sunday evening, eighty-and-one days after my capture, that is to say, nine times nine days, this great business of the peace was happily concluded, the holy angels showing by this number nine, which is specially dedicated to them, the part they bore in this holy work." * This incessant supernaturalism is the key to the early history of New France.

Peace was made; but would peace endure? There was little chance of it, and this for several reasons. First, the native fickleness of the Iroquois, who, astute and politic to a surprising degree, were in certain respects like all savages, mere grown-up children. Next, their total want of control over their fierce and capricious young warriors, any one of whom could break the peace with impunity whenever he saw fit; and, above all, the strong probability that the Iroquois had made peace in order, under cover of it, to butcher or kidnap the unhappy remnant of the Hurons who were living, under French protection on the island of Orleans, immediately below Quebec. I have already told the story of the de-

* Poncet in *Relation*, 1653, 17.

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struction of this people and of the Jesuit missions established among them.* The conquerors were eager to complete their bloody triumph by seizing upon the refugees of Orleans, killing the elders, and strengthening their own tribes by the adoption of the women, children, and youths. The Mohawks and the Onondagas were competitors for the prize. Each coveted the Huron colony, and each was jealous lest his rival should pounce upon it first.

When the Mohawks brought home Poncet, they covertly gave wampum belts to the Huron chiefs, and invited them to remove to their villages. It was the wolf's invitation to the lamb. The Hurons, aghast with terror, went secretly to the Jesuits, and told them that demons had whispered in their ears an invitation to destruction. So helpless were both the Hurons and their French supporters, that they saw no recourse but dissimulation. The Hurons promised to go, and only sought excuses to gain time.

The Onondagas had a deeper plan. Their towns were already full of Huron captives, former converts of the Jesuits, whose memory they cherished and whose praises they were constantly repeating. Hence their tyrants conceived the idea that by planting at Onondaga a colony of Frenchmen under the direction of these beloved fathers, the Hurons of Orleans, disarmed of suspicion, might readily be led to join them. Other motives, as we shall see, conspired to the same end, and the Onondaga deputies begged, or rather demanded, that a colony of Frenchmen should be sent among them.

Here was a dilemma. Was not this, like the Mohawk invitation to the Hurons, an invitation to butchery? On the other hand, to refuse would probably kindle the war afresh. The Jesuits had long nursed a project bold to temerity. Their great Huron mission was ruined; but might not another be built up among the authors of this ruin, and the Iroquois themselves, tamed by the power of the Faith, be annexed to the kingdoms of heaven and of France? Thus would peace be restored to Canada, a barrier of fire opposed to the Dutch and English heretics, and the power of the Jesuits vastly increased. Yet the time was hardly ripe for such an attempt. Before thrusting a head into the tiger's jaws, it would be well to try the effect of thrusting in a hand. They resolved to compromise with the danger, and before risking a colony at Onondaga to send thither an envoy who could soothe the Indians, confirm them in pacific designs, and pave the way for more decisive steps. The choice fell on Father Simon Le Moine.

The errand was mainly a political one, and this sagacious and able priest, versed in Indian languages and customs, was well suited to fulfil it. "On the second day of the month of July, the festival of the Visitation of the Most Holy Virgin, ever favorable to our enterprises, Father Simon Le Moine set out from Quebec for the country of the Onondaga Iroquois." In these words does Father Le Mercier chronicle the departure of his brother Jesuit. Scarcely was he gone when a band of Mohawks, under a redoubtable half-breed known as the Flemish Bastard, arrived at Quebec; and when they heard that the envoy was to go to the Onondagas without visiting their tribe, they took the imagined slight in high dudgeon, displaying such jealousy and ire that a letter was sent after Le Moine directing him to proceed to the Mohawk towns before his return. But he was already beyond reach, and the angry Mohawks were left to digest their wrath.

At Montreal, Le Moine took a canoe, a young Frenchman, and two or three Indians, and began the tumultuous journey of the Upper St. Lawrence. Nature, or habit, had taught him to love the wilderness life. He and his companions had struggled all day against the surges of La Chine and were bivouacked at evening by the Lake of St. Louis when a cloud of mosquitoes fell upon them, followed by a shower of warm rain. The father,

* Jesuits in North America.

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stretched under a tree, seems clearly to have enjoyed himself. "It is a pleasure," he writes, "the sweetest and most innocent imaginable, to have no other shelter than trees planted by Nature since the creation of the world." Sometimes, during their journey, this primitive tent proved insufficient, and they would build a bark hut or find a partial shelter under their inverted canoe. Now they glided smoothly over the sunny bosom of the calm and smiling river, and now strained every nerve to fight their slow way against the rapids, dragging their canoe upward in the shallow water by the shore, as one leads an unwilling horse by the bridle, or shouldering it and bearing it through the forest to the smoother current above. Game abounded; and they saw great herds of elk quietly defiling between the water and the woods, with little heed of men, who in that perilous region found employment enough in hunting each other.

At the entrance of Lake Ontario, they met a party of Iroquois fishermen, who proved friendly and guided them on their way. Ascending the Onondaga, they neared their destination; and now all misgivings as to their reception at the Iroquois capital were dispelled. The inhabitants came to meet them, bringing roasting ears of the young maize and bread made of its pulp, than which they knew no luxury more exquisite. Their faces beamed welcome. Le Moine was astonished. "I never," he says, "saw the like among Indians before." They were flattered by his visit, and, for the moment, glad to see him. They hoped for great advantages from the residence of Frenchmen among them; and, having the Erie war on their hands, they wished for peace with Canada. "One would call me brother," writes Le Moine; "another, uncle; another, cousin. I never had so many relations."

He was overjoyed to find that many of the Huron converts, who had long been captives at Onondaga, had not forgotten the teachings of their Jesuit instructors. Such influence as they had with their conquerors was sure to be exerted in behalf of the French. Deputies of the Senecas, Cayugus, and Oneidas at length arrived, and, on the 10th of August, the criers passed through the town, summoning all to hear the words of Onontio. The naked dignitaries, sitting, squatting, or lying at full length, thronged the smoky hall of council. The father kneeled and prayed in a loud voice, invoking the aid of Heaven, cursing the demons who are spirits of discord, and calling on the tutelar angels of the country to open the ears of his listeners. Then he opened his pocket of presents and began his speech. "I was full two hours," he says, "in making it, speaking in the tone of a chief, and walking to and fro, after their fashion, like an actor on a theatre." Not only did he imitate the prolonged accents of the Iroquois orators, but he adopted and improved their figures of speech and addressed them in turn by their respective tribes, bands, and families, calling their men of note by name as if he had been born among them. They were delighted; and their ejaculations of approval — *hoh-hoh-hoh* — came thick and fast at every pause of his harangue. Especially were they pleased with the eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh presents, whereby the reverend speaker gave to the four upper nations of the league four hatchets to strike their new enemies, the Eries; while by another present he metaphorically daubed their faces with the war-paint. However it may have suited the character of a Christian priest to hound on these savage hordes to a war of extermination which they had themselves provoked, it is certain that, as a politician, Le Moine did wisely; since in the war with the Eries lay the best hope of peace for the French.

The reply of the Indian orator was friendly to overflowing. He prayed his French brethren to choose a spot on the lake of Onondaga, where they might dwell in the country of the Iroquois as they dwelt already in their hearts. Le Moine promised, and made two presents to confirm the pledge.

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Then, his mission fulfilled, he set out on his return, attended by a troop of Indians. As he approached the lake, his escort showed him a large spring of water, possessed as they told him by a bad spirit. Le Moine tasted it; then boiled a little of it, and produced a quantity of excellent salt. He had discovered the famous salt-springs of Onondaga. Fishing and hunting, the party pursued their way till, at noon of the 7th of September, Le Moine reached Montreal.*

When he reached Quebec his tidings cheered for a while the anxious hearts of its tenants; but an unwonted incident soon told them how hollow was the ground beneath their feet. Le Moine, accompanied by two Onondagas and several Hurons and Algonquins, was returning to Montreal, when he and his companions were set upon by a war-party of Mohawks. The Hurons and Algonquins were killed. One of the Onondagas shared their fate, and the other, with Le Moine himself, was seized and bound fast. The captive Onondaga, however, was so loud in his threats and denunciations, that the Mohawks released both him and the Jesuit.† Here was a foreshadowing of civil war, Mohawk against Onondaga, Iroquois against Iroquois. The quarrel was patched up, but fresh provocations were imminent.

The Mohawks took no part in the Erie war, and hence their hands were free to fight the French and the tribes allied with them. Reckless of their promises, they began a series of butcheries, fell upon the French at Isle aux Oies, killed a lay brother of the Jesuits at Sillery, and attacked Montreal. Here, being roughly handled, they came for a time to their senses, and offered terms, promising to spare the French, but declaring that they would still wage war against the Hurons and Algonquins. These were allies whom the French were pledged to protect; but so helpless was the colony, that the insolent and humiliating proffer was accepted, and another peace ensued, as hollow as the last. The indefatigable Le Moine was sent to the Mohawk towns to confirm it, "so far," says the chronicle, "as it is possible to confirm a peace made by infidels backed by heretics." The Mohawks received him with great rejoicing; yet his life was not safe for a moment. A warrior, feigning madness, raved through the town with uplifted hatchet, howling for his blood; but the saints watched over him and balked the machinations of hell. He came off alive and returned to Montreal, spent with famine and fatigue.

Meanwhile a deputation of eighteen Onondaga chiefs arrived at Quebec. There was a grand council. The Onondagas demanded a colony of Frenchmen to dwell among them. Lauson, the governor, dared neither to consent nor to refuse. A middle course was chosen, and two Jesuits, Chaumonot and Dablon, were sent, like Le Moine, partly to gain time, partly to reconnoitre, and partly to confirm the Onondagas in such good intentions as they might entertain. Chaumonot was a veteran of the Huron mission, who, miraculously as he himself supposed, had acquired a great fluency in the Huron tongue, which is closely allied to that of the Iroquois. Dablon, a new-comer, spoke, as yet, no Indian.

Their voyage up the St. Lawrence was enlivened by an extraordinary bear-hunt, and by the antics of one of their Indian attendants, who having dreamed that he had swallowed a frog, roused the whole camp by the gymnastics with which he tried to rid himself of the intruder. On approaching Onondaga, they were met by a chief who sang a song of welcome, a part of which he seasoned with touches of humor, apostrophizing the fish in the river Onondaga, naming each sort, great or small, and calling on them in turn to come into the nets of the Frenchmen and sacrifice life cheerfully for their behoof. Hereupon there was much

* *Journal du Père Le Moine*, *Relation*, 1654, c. vi., vii.

† Compare *Relation*, 1654, 33, and *Lettre de Marie de l'Incarnation*, 18 *Octobre*, 1654.

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laughter among the Indian auditors. An unwonted cleanliness reigned in the town; the streets had been cleared of refuse, and the arched roofs of the long houses of bark were covered with red-skinned children staring at the entry of the "black robes." Crowds followed behind, and all was jubilation. The dignitaries of the tribe met them on the way and greeted them with a speech of welcome. A feast of bear's meat awaited them; but unhappily it was Friday, and the fathers were forced to abstain.

"On Monday, the 15th of November, at nine in the morning, after having secretly sent to Paradise a dying infant by the waters of baptism, all the elders and the people having assembled, we opened the council by public prayer." Thus writes Father Dablon. His colleague, Chaumonot, a Frenchman bred in Italy, now rose, with a long belt of wampum in his hand, and proceeded to make so effective a display of his rhetorical gifts that the Indians were lost in admiration, and their orators put to the blush by his improvements on their own metaphors. "If he had spoken all day," said the delighted auditors, "we should not have had enough of it." "The Dutch," added others, "have neither brains nor tongues; they never tell us about Paradise and Hell; on the contrary, they lead us into bad ways."

On the next day the chiefs returned their answer. The council opened with a song or chant, which was divided into six parts, and which, according to Dablon, was exceedingly well sung. The burden of the fifth part was as follows: —

"Farewell war; farewell tomahawk; we have been fools till now; henceforth we will be brothers; yes, we will be brothers."

Then came four presents, the third of which enraptured the fathers. It was a belt of seven thousand beads of wampum. "But this," says Dablon, "was as nothing to the words that accompanied it." "It is the gift of the faith," said the orator; "it is to tell you that we are believers; it is to beg you not to tire of instructing us; have patience, seeing that we are so dull in learning prayer; push it into our heads and our hearts." Then he led Chaumonot into the midst of the assembly, clasped him in his arms, tied the belt about his waist, and protested with a suspicious redundancy of words, that as he clapsed the father, so would he clasp the faith.

What had wrought this sudden change of heart? The eagerness of the Onondagas that the French should settle among them had, no doubt, a large share in it. For the rest, the two Jesuits saw abundant signs of the fierce, uncertain nature of those with whom they were dealing. Erie prisoners were brought in and tortured before their eyes, one of them being a young stoic of about ten years, who endured his fate without a single outcry Huron women and children, taken in war and adopted by their captors, were killed on the slightest provocation and sometimes from mere caprice. For several days the whole town was in an uproar with the crazy follies of the "dream feast,"* and one of the fathers nearly lost his life in this Indian bedlam.

One point was clear; the French must make a settlement at Onondaga, and that speedily, or, despite their professions of brotherhood, the Onondagas would make war. Their attitude became menacing; from urgency they passéd to threats; and the two priests felt that the critical posture of affairs must at once be reported at Quebec. But here a difficulty arose. It was the beaver-hunting season; and eager as were the Indians for a French colony, not one of them would offer to conduct the Jesuits to Quebec in order to fetch one. It was not until nine masses had been said to St. John the Baptist, that a number of Indians consented to forego their hunting, and escort Father Dablon home.† Chaumonot remained

* See Jesuits in North America, 67.

† De Quen, *Relation*, 1656, 35. Chaumonot, in his Autobiography, ascribes the miracle to the intercession of the deceased Brébeuf.

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at Onondaga, to watch his dangerous hosts and soothe their rising jealousies.

It was the 2d of March when Dablon began his journey. His constitution must have been of iron, or he would have succumbed to the appalling hardships of the way. It was neither winter nor spring. The lakes and streams were not yet open, but the half-thawed ice gave way beneath the foot. One of the Indians fell through and was drowned. Swamp and forest were clogged with sodden snow, and ceaseless rains drenched them as they toiled on knee-deep in slush. Happily, the St. Lawrence was open. They found an old wooden canoe by the shore, embarked, and reached Montreal after a journey of four weeks.

Dablon descended to Quebec. There was long and anxious counsel in the chambers of Fort St. Louis. The Jesuits had information that if the demands of the Onondagas were rejected, they would join the Mohawks to destroy Canada. But why were they so eager for a colony of Frenchmen? Did they want them as hostages, that they might attack the Hurons and Algonquins without risk of French interference; or would they massacre them, and then, like tigers mad with the taste of blood, turn upon the helpless settlements of the St. Lawrence? An abyss yawned on either hand. Lauson, the governor, was in an agony of indecision, but at length declared for the lesser and remoter peril and gave his voice for the colony. The Jesuits were of the same mind, though it was they, and not he, who must bear the brunt of danger. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," said one of them, "and, if we die by the fires of the Iroquois, we shall have won eternal life by snatching souls from the fires of Hell."

Preparation was begun at once. The expense fell on the Jesuits, and the outfit is said to have cost them seven thousand livres, — a heavy sum for Canada at that day. A pious gentleman, Zachary Du Puys, Major of the fort of Quebec, joined the expedition with ten soldiers; and between thirty and forty other Frenchmen also enrolled themselves, impelled by devotion or destitution. Four Jesuits, Le Mercier, the Superior, with Dablon, Ménard, and Frémin, beside two lay brothers of the order, formed, as it were, the pivot of the enterprise. The governor made them a grant, a hundred square leagues of land in the heart of the Iroquois country, — a preposterous act, which, had the Iroquois known it, would have rekindled the war; but Lauson had a mania for land-grants, and was himself the proprietor of vast domains which he could have occupied only at the cost of his scalp.

Embarked in two large boats and followed by twelve canoes filled with Hurons, Onondagas, and a few Senecas lately arrived, they set out on the 17th of May "to attack the demons," as Le Mercier writes, "in their very stronghold." With shouts, tears, and benediction, priests, soldiers, and inhabitants waved farewell from the strand. They passed the bare steeps of Cape Diamond and the mission-house nestled beneath the heights of Sillery, and vanished from the anxious eyes that watched the last gleam of their receding oars.*

Meanwhile three hundred Mohawk warriors had taken the war-path, bent on killing or kidnapping the Hurons of Orleans. When they heard of the departure of the colonists for Onondaga, their rage was unbounded; for not only were they full of jealousy towards their Onondaga confederates, but they had hitherto derived great profit from the control which their local position gave them over the traffic between this tribe and the Dutch of the Hudson, from whom the Onondagas, in common with all the upper Iroquois, had been dependent for their guns, hatchets, scalping-knives, beads, blankets, and brandy. These supplies would now be furnished by the French, and the Mohawk speculators saw their

* Marie de l'Incarnation, *Lettres*, 1656. *Journal des Jesuites*. Le Mercier, *Relation*, 1656, c. iv. Chaulmer, *Nouveau Monde*, II. 322, 265, 319.

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occupation gone. Nevertheless, they had just made peace with the French, and, for the moment, were not quite in the mood to break it. To wreak their spite, they took a middle course, crouched in ambush among the bushes at Point Sainte Croix, ten or twelve leagues above Quebec, allowed the boats bearing the French to pass unmolested, and fired a volley at the canoes in the rear, filled with Onondagas, Senecas, and Hurons. Then they fell upon them with a yell, and, after wounding a lay brother of the Jesuits who was among them, flogged, and bound such of the Indians as they could seize. The astonished Onondagas protested and threatened; whereupon the Mohawks feigned great surprise, declared that they had mistaken them for Hurons, called them brothers, and suffered the whole party to escape without further injury.*

The three hundred marauders now paddled their large canoes of elm-bark stealthily down the current, passed Quebec undiscovered in the dark night of the 19th of May, landed in early morning on the island of Orleans, and ambushed themselves to surprise the Hurons as they came to labor in their cornfields. They were tolerably successful, killed six, and captured more than eighty, the rest taking refuge in their fort, where the Mohawks dared not attack them.

At noon, the French on the rock of Quebec saw forty canoes approaching from the island of Orleans, and defiling, with insolent parade, in front of the town, all crowded with the Mohawks and their prisoners, among whom were a great number of Huron girls. Their captors, as they passed, forced them to sing and dance. The Hurons were the allies, or rather the wards of the French, who were in every way pledged to protect them. Yet the cannon of Fort St. Louis were silent, and the crowd stood gaping in bewilderment and fright. Had an attack been made, nothing but a complete success and the capture of many prisoners to serve as hostages could have prevented the enraged Mohawks from taking their revenge on the Onondaga colonists. The emergency demanded a prompt and clear-sighted soldier. The governor, Lauson, was a gray-haired civilian, who, however enterprising as a speculator in wild lands, was in no way matched to the desperate crisis of the hour. Some of the Mohawks landed above and below the town, and plundered the houses from which the scared inhabitants had fled. Not a soldier stirred and not a gun was fired. The French, bullied by a horde of naked savages, became an object of contempt to their own allies.

The Mohawks carried their prisoners home, burned six of them, and adopted, or rather enslaved, the rest.*

Meanwhile the Onondaga colonists pursued their perilous way. At Montreal they exchanged their heavy boats for canoes, and resumed their journey with a flotilla of twenty of these sylvan vessels. A few days after, the Indians of the party had the satisfaction of pillaging a small band of Mohawk hunters, in vicarious reprisal for their own wrongs. On the 26th of June, as they neared Lake Ontario, they heard a loud and lamentable voice from the edge of the forest; whereupon, having beaten their drum to show that they were Frenchmen, they beheld a spectral figure, lean and covered with scars, which proved to be a pious Huron, one Joachim Ondakout, captured by the Mohawks in their descent on the island of Orleans, five or six weeks before. They had carried him to their village and begun to torture him; after which they tied him fast and lay down to sleep, thinking to resume their pleasure on the morrow. His cuts and burns being only on the surface, he had the good fortune to free himself from his bonds, and, naked as he was, escape to the woods. He held his course northwestward, through re-

* Compare Marie de l'Incarnation, *Lettre* 14 *Août*, 1656, Le Jeune, *Relation*, 1657, 9.

* See authorities just cited, and Perrot, *Mœurs des Suavages*, 106.

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gions even now a wilderness, gathered wild strawberries to sustain life, and, in fifteen days, reached the St. Lawrence, nearly dead with exhaustion. The Frenchmen gave him food and a canoe, and the living skeleton paddled with a light heart for Quebec.

The colonists themselves soon began to suffer from hunger. Their fishing failed on Lake Ontario, and they were forced to content themselves with cranberries of the last year, gathered in the meadows. Of their Indians, all but five deserted them. The Father Superior fell ill, and when they reached the mouth of the Oswego many of the starving Frenchmen had completely lost heart. Weary and faint, they dragged their canoes up the rapids, when suddenly they were cheered by the sight of a stranger canoe swiftly descending the current. The Onondagas, aware of their approach, had sent it to meet them, laden with Indian corn and fresh salmon. Two more canoes followed, freighted like the first; and now all was abundance till they reached their journey's end, the Lake of Onondaga. It lay before them in the July sun, a glittering mirror, framed in forest verdure.

They knew that Chaumonot with a crowd of Indians was awaiting them at a spot on the margin of the water which he and Dablon had chosen as the site of their settlement. Landing on the strand, they fired, to give notice of their approach, five small cannon which they had brought in their canoes. Waves, woods, and hills resounded with the thunder of their miniature artillery. Then, re-embarking, they advanced in order, four canoes abreast, towards the destined spot. In front floated their banner of white silk, embroidered in large letters with the name of Jesus. Here were Du Puys and his soldiers, with the picturesque uniforms and quaint weapons of their time; Le Mercier and his Jesuits in robes of black; hunters and bush-rangers; Indians painted and feathered for a festal day. As they neared the place where a spring bubbling from the hillside is still known as the "Jesuits' Well," they saw the edge of the forest dark with the muster of savages whose yells of welcome answered the salvo of their guns. Happily for them, a flood of summer rain saved them from the harangues of the Onondaga orators, and forced white men and red alike to seek such shelter as they could find. Their hosts, with hospitable intent, would fain have sung and danced all night; but the Frenchmen pleaded fatigue, and the courteous savages, squatting around their tents, chanted in monotonous tones to lull them to sleep. In the morning they woke refreshed, sang "Te Deum," reared an altar, and, with a solemn mass, took possession of the country in the name of Jesus.*

Three things which they saw or heard of in their new home excited their astonishment. The first was the vast flight of wild pigeons which in spring darkened the air around the Lake of Onondaga; the second was the salt-springs of Salina; the third was the rattlesnakes, which Le Mercier describes with excellent precision, adding that, as he learns from the Indians, their tails are good for toothache and their flesh for fever. These reptiles, for reasons best known to themselves, haunted the neighborhood of the salt-springs, but did not intrude their presence into the abode of the French.

On the 17th of July, Le Mercier and Chaumonot, escorted by a file of soldiers, set out for Onondaga, scarcely five leagues distant. They followed the Indian trail, under the leafy arches of the woods, by hill and hollow, still swamp and gurgling brook, till through the opening foliage they saw the Iroquois capital, compassed with cornfields and girt with its rugged palisade. As the Jesuits, like black spectres, issued from the shadows of the forest, followed by the plumed soldiers with shouldered arquebuses, the red-skinned population swarmed out like bees, and they defiled to the town through gazing and admiring throngs. All conspired to welcome them. Feast followed feast through-

* Le Mercier, *Relation*, 1657, p. 14.

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out the afternoon, till, what with harangues and songs, bear's meat, beaver-tails, and venison, beans, corn, and grease, they were wellnigh killed with kindness. "If, after this, they murder us," writes Le Mercier, "it will be from fickleness, not premeditated treachery." But the Jesuits, it seems, had not sounded the depths of Iroquois dissimulation.*

There was one exception to the real or pretended joy. Some Mohawks were in the town, and their orator was insolent and sarcastic; but the ready tongue of Chaumonot turned the laugh against him and put him to shame.

Here burned the council-fire of the Iroquois, and at this very time the deputies of the five tribes were assembling. The session opened on the 24th. In the great council-house, on the earthen floor, and the broad platforms beneath the smoke-begrimed concave of the bark roof, stood, sat, or squatted the wisdom and valor of the confederacy, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas; sachems, counsellors, orators, warriors fresh from Erie victories; tall, stalwart figures, limbed like Grecian statues.

The pressing business of the council over, it was Chaumonot's turn to speak. But, first, all the Frenchmen, kneeling in a row, with clasped hands, sang the *Veni Creator*, amid the silent admiration of the auditors. Then Chaumonot rose, with an immense wampum-belt in his hand.

"It is not trade that brings us here. Do you think that your beaver-skins can pay us for all our toils and dangers? Keep them, if you like; or, if any fall into our hands, we shall use them only for your service. We seek not the things that perish. It is for the Faith that we have left our homes to live in your hovels of bark, and eat food which the beasts of our country would scarcely touch. We are the messengers whom God has sent to tell you that his Son became a man for the love of you; that this man, the Son of God, is the prince and master of men; that he has prepared in heaven eternal joys for those who obey him, and kindled the fires of hell for those who will not receive his word. If you reject it, whoever you are, Onondaga, Seneca, Mohawk, Cayuga, or Oneida, know that Jesus Christ, who inspires my heart and my voice, will plunge you one day into hell. Avert this ruin; be not the authors of your own destruction; accept the truth; listen to the voice of the Omnipotent."

Such, in brief, was the pith of the father's exhortation. As he spoke Indian like a native, and as his voice and gestures answered to his words, we may believe what Le Mercier tells us, that his hearers listened with mingled wonder, admiration, and terror. The work was well begun. The Jesuits struck while the iron was hot, built a small chapel for the mass, installed themselves in the town, and preached and catechised from morning till night.

The Frenchmen at the lake were not idle. The chosen site of their settlement was the crown of a hill commanding a broad view of waters and forests. The axemen fell to their work, and a ghastly wound soon gaped in the green bosom of the woodland. Here, among the stumps and prostrate trees of the unsightly clearing, the blacksmith built his forge, saw and hammer plied their trade; palisades were shaped and beams squared, in spite of heat, mosquitoes, and fever. At one time twenty men were ill, and lay gasping under a wretched shed of bark; but they all recovered, and the work went on till at length a capacious house, large enough to hold the whole colony, rose above the ruin of the forest. A palisade was set around it, and the Mission of Saint Mary of Gannentaa* was begun.

* The Jesuits were afterwards told by Hurons captive among the Mohawks and the Onondagas, that, from the first, it was intended to massacre the French as soon as their presence had attracted the remnant of the Hurons of Orleans into the power of the Onondagas. *Lettre du P. Ragueneau au R. P. Provincial*, 31 *Août*, 1658.

* Gannentaa or Ganuntaah is still the Iroquois name for Lake Onondaga. According to Morgan, it means "Material for Council Fire."

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France and the Faith were intrenched on the Lake of Onondaga. How long would they remain there? The future alone could tell. The mission, it must not be forgotten, had a double scope, half ecclesiastical, half political. The Jesuits had essayed a fearful task, — to convert the Iroquois to God and to the king, thwart the Dutch heretics of the Hudson, save souls from hell, avert ruin from Canada, and thus raise their order to a place of honor and influence both hard earned and well earned. The mission at Lake Onondaga was but a base of operations. Long before they were lodged and fortified here, Chaumonot and Ménard set out for the Cayugas, whence the former proceeded to the Senecas, the most numerous and powerful of the five confederate nations; and in the following spring another mission was begun among the Oneidas. Their reception was not unfriendly, but such was the reticence and dissimulation of these inscrutable savages that it was impossible to foretell results. The women proved, as might be expected, far more impressible than the men; and in them the fathers placed great hope; since in this, the most savage people of the continent, women held a degree of political influence never perhaps equalled in any civilized nation.*

But while infants were baptized and squaws converted, the crosses of the mission were many and great. The Devil bestirred himself with more than his ordinary activity; "For," as one of the fathers writes, "when in sundry nations of the earth men are rising up in strife against us (the Jesuits), then how much more the demons, on whom we continually wage war!" It was these infernal sprites, as the priests believed, who engendered suspicions and calumnies in the dark and superstitious minds of the Iroquois, and prompted them in dreams to destroy the apostles of the Faith. Whether the foe was of earth or hell, the Jesuits were like those who tread the lava-crust that palpitates with the throes of the coming eruption, while the molten death beneath their feet glares white-hot through a thousand crevices. Yet, with a sublime enthusiasm and a glorious constancy, they toiled and they hoped, though the skies around were black with portent.

In the year in which the colony at Onondaga was begun, the Mohawks murdered the Jesuit Garreau, on his way up the Ottawa. In the following spring, a hundred Mohawk warriors came to Quebec, to carry more of the Hurons into slavery, though the remnant of that unhappy people, since the catastrophe of the last year, had sought safety in a palisaded camp within the limits of the French town, and immediately under the ramparts of Fort St. Louis. Here, one might think, they would have been safe; but Charny, son and successor of Lauson, seems to have been even more imbecile than his father, and listened meekly to the threats of the insolent strangers who told him that unless he abandoned the Hurons to their mercy, both they and the French should feel the weight of Mohawk tomahawks. They demanded further, that the French should give them boats to carry their prisoners; but, as there were none at hand, this last humiliation was spared. The Mohawks were forced to make canoes, in which they carried off as many as possible of their victims.

When the Onondagas learned this

* Women, among the Iroquois, had a council of their own, which, according to Lafitau, who knew this people well, had the initiative in discussion, subjects presented by them being settled in the council of chiefs and elders. In this latter council the women had an orator, often of their own sex, to represent them. The matrons had a leading voice in determining the succession of chiefs. There were also female chiefs, one of whom, with her attendants, came to Quebec with an embassy in 1655 (Marie de l'Incarnation). In the torture of prisoners, great deference was paid to the judgment of the women, who were thought more skilful and subtle than the men.

The learned Lafitau, whose book appeared in 1724, dwells at length on the resemblance of the Iroquois to the ancient Lycians, among whom, according to Grecian writers, women were in the ascendant. "Gynecocracy, or the rule of women," continues Lafitau, "which was the foundation of the Lycian government, was probably common in early times to nearly all the barbarous people of Greece." *Mœurs des Sauvages*, I. 460.

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last exploit of their rivals, their jealousy knew no bounds, and a troop of them descended to Quebec to claim their share in the human plunder. Deserted by the French, the despairing Hurons abandoned themselves to their fate, and about fifty of those whom the Mohawks had left obeyed the behest of their tyrants and embarked for Onondaga. They reached Montreal in July, and thence proceeded towards their destination in company with the Onondaga warriors. The Jesuit Ragueneau, bound also for Onondaga, joined them. Five leagues above Montreal, the warriors left him behind; but he found an old canoe on the bank, in which, after abandoning most of his baggage, he contrived to follow with two or three Frenchmen who were with him. There was a rumor that a hundred Mohawk warriors were lying in wait among the Thousand Islands, to plunder the Onondagas of their Huron prisoners. It proved a false report. A speedier catastrophe awaited these unfortunates.

Towards evening on the 3d of August, after the party had landed to encamp, an Onondaga chief made advances to a Christian Huron girl, as he had already done at every encampment since leaving Montreal. Being repulsed for the fourth time, he split her head with his tomahawk. It was the beginning of a massacre. The Onondagas rose upon their prisoners, killed seven men, all Christians, before the eyes of the horrified Jesuit, and plundered the rest of all they had. When Ragueneau protested, they told him with insolent mockery that they were acting by direction of the governor and the Superior of the Jesuits. The priest himself was secretly warned that he was to be killed during the night; and he was surprised in the morning to find himself alive.* On reaching Onondaga, some of the Christian captives were burned, including several women and their infant children. †

* *Lettre de Ragueneau au R. P. Provincial*, 9 *Août*, 1657 (*Rel.*, 1657).

† Ibid., 21 *Août*, 1658.

The confederacy was a hornet's nest, buzzing with preparation and fast pouring out its wrathful swarms. The indomitable Le Moyne had gone again to the Mohawks, whence he wrote that two hundred of them had taken the war-path against the Algonquins of Canada; and, a little later, that all were gone but women, children, and old men. A great war-party of twelve hundred Iroquois from all the five cantons was to advance into Canada in the direction of the Ottawa. The settlements on the St. Lawrence were infested with prowling warriors, who killed the Indian allies of the French and plundered the French themselves, whom they treated with an insufferable insolence, for they felt themselves masters of the situation and knew that the Onondaga colony was in their power. Near Montreal they killed three Frenchmen. "They approach like foxes," writes a Jesuit, "attack like lions, and disappear like birds." Charny, fortunately, had resigned the government in despair, in order to turn priest, and the brave soldier D'Ailleboust had taken his place. He caused twelve of the Iroquois to be seized and held as hostages. This seemed to increase their fury. An embassy came to Quebec and demanded the release of the hostages, but were met with a sharp reproof and a flat refusal.

At the mission on Lake Onondaga the crisis was drawing near. The unbridled young warriors whose capricious lawlessness often set at naught the monitions of their crafty elders, killed wantonly at various times thirteen Christian Hurons, captives at Onondaga. Ominous reports reached the ears of the colonists. They heard of a secret council at which their death was decreed. Again, they heard that they were to be surprised and captured, that the Iroquois in force were then to descend upon Canada, lay waste the outlying settlements, and torture them, the colonists, in sight of their countrymen, by which they hoped to extort what terms they pleased. At length, a dying Onondaga, recent-

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ly converted and baptized, confirmed the rumors and revealed the whole plot.

It was to take effect before the spring opened; but the hostages in the hands of D'Ailleboust embarrassed the conspirators and caused delay. Messengers were sent in haste to call in the priests from the detached missions, and all the colonists, fifty-three in number, were soon gathered at their fortified house on the lake. Their situation was frightful. Fate hung over them by a hair, and escape seemed hopeless. Of Du Puys's ten soldiers, nine wished to desert, but the attempt would have been fatal. A throng of Onondaga warriors were day and night on the watch, bivouacked around the house. Some of them had built their huts of bark before the gate, and here, with calm, impassive faces, they lounged and smoked their pipes; or, wrapped in their blankets, strolled about the yards and outhouses, attentive to all that passed. Their behavior was very friendly. The Jesuits themselves, adepts in dissimulation, were amused at the depth of their duplicity; for the conviction had been forced upon them that some of the chiefs had nursed their treachery from the first. In this extremity Du Puys and the Jesuits showed an admirable coolness, and, among them devised a plan of escape, critical and full of doubt, but not devoid of hope.

First, they must provide means of transportation; next, they must contrive to use them undiscovered. They had eight canoes, all of which combined would not hold half their company. Over the mission-house was a large loft, or garret, and here the carpenters were secretly set at work to construct two large and light flat-boats, each capable of carrying fifteen men. The task was soon finished. The most difficult part of this plan remained.

There was a beastly superstition prevalent among the Hurons, the Iroquois, and other tribes. It consisted of a "medicine," or mystic feast, in which it was essential that the guests should devour everything set before them, however inordinate in quantity, unless absolved from duty by the person in whose behalf the solemnity was ordained; he, on his part, taking no share in the banquet. So grave was the obligation and so strenuously did the guests fulfil it, that even their ostrich digestion was sometimes ruined past redemption by the excess of this benevolent gluttony. These *festins à manger tout* had been frequently denounced as diabolical by the Jesuits, during their mission among the Hurons; but now, with a pliancy of conscience as excusable in this case as in any other, they resolved to set aside their scruples, although, judged from their point of view, they were exceedingly well founded.

Among the French was a young man who had been adopted by an Iroquois chief, and who spoke the language fluently. He now told his Indian father that it had been revealed to him in a dream that he would soon die unless the spirits were appeased by one of these magic feasts. Dreams were the oracles of the Iroquois, and woe to those who slighted them. A day was named for the sacred festivity. The fathers killed their hogs to meet the occasion, and, that nothing might be wanting, they ransacked their stores for all that might give piquancy to the entertainment. It took place in the evening of the 20th of March, apparently in a large enclosure outside the palisade surrounding the mission-house. Here, while blazing fires or glaring pine-knots shed their glow on the wild assemblage, Frenchmen and Iroquois joined in the dance, or vied with each other in games of agility and skill. The politic fathers offered prizes to the winners, and the Indians entered with zest into the sport, the better, perhaps, to hide their treachery and hoodwink their intended victims; for they little suspected that a subtlety, deeper, this time, than their own, was at work to countermine them. Here, too, were the French musicians; and drum, trumpet, and cymbal lent their clangor to the din of shouts and laugh-

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ter. Thus the evening wore on, till at length the serious labors of the feast began. The kettles were brought in and their steaming contents ladled into the wooden bowls which each provident guest had brought with him. Seated gravely in a ring, they fell to their work. It was a point of high conscience not to flinch from duty on these solemn occasions; and though they might burn the young man to-morrow, they would gorge themselves like vultures in his behoof to-day.

Meantime, while the musicians strained their lungs and their arms to drown all other sounds, a band of anxious Frenchmen, in the darkness of the cloudy night, with cautious tread and bated breath, carried the boats from the rear of the mission-house down to the border of the lake. It was near eleven o'clock. The miserable guests were choking with repletion. They prayed the young Frenchman to dispense them from further surfeit. "Will you suffer me to die?" he asked in piteous tones. They bent to their task again, but Nature soon reached her utmost limit; and they sat helpless as a conventicle of gorged turkey-buzzards, without the power possessed by those unseemly birds to rid themselves of the burden. "That will do," said the young man, "you have eaten enough; my life is saved. Now you can sleep till we come in the morning to waken you for prayers."* And one of his companions played soft airs on a violin, to lull them to repose. Soon all were asleep, or in a lethargy akin to sleep. The few remaining Frenchmen now silently withdrew and cautiously descended to the shore, where their comrades, already embarked, lay on their oars anxiously awaiting them. Snow was falling fast as they pushed out upon the murky waters. The ice of the winter had broken up, but recent frosts had glazed the surface with a thin crust. The two boats led the way and the canoes followed in their wake, while men in the bows of the foremost boat broke the ice with clubs as they advanced. They reached the outlet and rowed swiftly down the dark current of the Oswego. When day broke, Lake Onondaga was far behind, and around them was the leafless, lifeless forest.

When the Indians woke in the morning, dull and stupefied from their nightmare slumbers, they were astonished at the silence that reigned in the mission-house. They looked through the palisade. Nothing was stirring but a bevy of hens clucking and scratching in the snow, and one or two dogs imprisoned in the house and barking to be set free. The Indians waited for some time, then climbed the palisade, burst in the doors, and found the house empty. Their amazement was unbounded. How, without canoes, could the French have escaped by water? And how else could they escape? The snow which had fallen during the night completely hid their footsteps. A superstitious awe seized the Iroquois. They thought that the "black-robes" and their flock had flown off through the air.

Meanwhile the fugitives pushed their flight with the energy of terror; passed in safety the rapids of the Oswego, crossed Lake Ontario, and descended the St. Lawrence with the loss of three men drowned in the rapids. On the 3d of April they reached Montreal; and on the 23d arrived at Quebec. They had saved their lives; but the mission of Onondaga was a miserable failure.*

* *Lettre de Marie de l'Incarnation à son fils*, 4 *Octobre*, 1658.

* On the Onondaga mission, the authorities are Marie de l'Incarnation, *Lettres Historiques*, and *Relations des Jésuites*, 1657 and 1658, where the story is told at length, accompanied with several interesting letters and journals. Chaumonot, in his *Autobiographie*, speaks only of the Seneca mission, and refers to the *Relations* for the rest. Dollier de Casson, in his *Histoire du Montreal*, mentions the arrival of the fugitives at that place, the sight of which, he adds complacently, cured them of their fright. The *Journal des Supérieurs des Jésuites* chronicles with its usual brevity the ruin of the mission and the return of the party to Quebec.

The Jesuits, in this account, say nothing of the superstitious character of the feast. It is Marie de l'Incarnation who lets out the secret. The Jesuit Charlevoix, much to his credit, repeats the story without reserve.

Francis Parkman.

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THE SHADOW OF DOOM.

WHAT dost thou here, young wife, by the water-side,
Gathering crimson dulse?
Know'st thou not that the cloud in the west glooms wide,
And the wind has a hurrying pulse?

Peaceful the eastern waters before thee spread,
And the cliffs rise high behind,
While thou gatherest sea-weeds, green and brown and red,
To the coming trouble blind.

She lifts her eyes to the top of the granite crags,
And the color ebbs from her cheek,
Swift vapors skurry, the black squall's tattered flags,
And she hears the gray gull shriek.

And like a blow is the thought of the little boat
By this on its homeward way,
A tiny skiff, like a cockle-shell afloat
In the tempest-threatened bay;

With husband and brother who sailed away to the town
When fair shone the morning sun,
To tarry but till the tide in the stream turned down,
Then seaward again to run.

Homeward she flies; the land-breeze strikes her cold;
A terror is in the sky;
Her little babe with his tumbled hair of gold
In her mother's arms doth lie.

She catches him up with a breathless, questioning cry,
"O mother, speak! Are they near?"
"Dear, almost home. At the western window high
Thy father watches in fear."

She climbs the stair: "O father, must they be lost?"
He answers never a word,
Through the glass he watches the line the squall has crossed
As if no sound he heard.

And the Day of Doom seems come in the angry sky,
And a low roar fills the air;
In an awful stillness the dead-black waters lie,
And the rocks gleam ghastly and bare.

Is it a snow-white gull's wing fluttering there,
In the midst of that hush of dread?
Ah, no, 'tis the narrow strip of canvas they dare
In the face of the storm to spread.

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A moment more and all the furies are loose,
The coast-line is blotted out,
The skiff is gone, the rain-cloud pours its sluice,
And she hears her father shout,

"Down with your sail!" as if through the tumult wild
And the distance, his voice might reach;
And, stunned, she clasps still closer her rosy child,
Bereft of the power of speech.

But her heart cries low, as writhing it lies on the rack,
"Sweet, art thou fatherless?"
And swift to her mother she carries the little one back,
Where she waits in her sore distress.

Then into the heart of the storm she rushes forth;
Like leaden bullets the rain
Beats hard in her face, and the hurricane from the north
Would drive her back again.

It splits the shingles off the roof like a wedge,
It lashes her clothes and her hair,
But slowly she fights her way to the western ledge,
With the strength of her despair.

Through the flying spray, through the rain-cloud's shattered stream,
What shapes in the distance grope,
Like figures that haunt the shore of a dreadful dream?
She is wild with a desperate hope.

Have pity, merciful Heaven! Can it be?
Is it no vision that mocks?
From billow to billow the headlong plunging sea
Has tossed them high on the rocks;

And the hollow skiff like a child's toy lies on the ledge
This side of the roaring foam,
And up from the valley of death, from the grave's drear edge,
Like ghosts of men they come!

O sweetly, sweetly shines the sinking sun
And the storm is swept away,
Piled high in the east are the cloud-heaps purple and dun,
And peacefully dies the day.

But a sweeter peace falls soft on the grateful souls
In the lonely isle that dwell,
And the whisper and rush of every wave that rolls
Seem murmuring, "All is well."

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

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MEETING OF JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON.

WITH whatever reluctance and dread Jefferson may have accepted the office of Secretary of State, his forebodings were realized. After five years' residence in Paris at the most interesting period of its history, after a kind of triumphal progress through Virginia, where delegations of grateful and admiring citizens had saluted him with addresses of congratulation, after some peerless weeks at Monticello crowded with old friends and relatives gathered to attend his daughter's wedding, he found himself, in the early spring of 1790, just when his gardens at home were fullest of allurement, closeted with four clerks (the whole force of his department); face to face with a Monticello of despatches, documents, applications, many of which were bulky and important papers, requiring close attention and hard work. It was like going to school after a particularly joyous vacation: inky grammar and damp dictionary, instead of gun, pony, and picnic; keen contests with uncomplimentary equals and rivals, instead of the easily won applause of partial friends and affectionate sisters. He had enjoyed much and done much during the past few years; he was now to be tried and tested. The summer of his growth was suspended; the wintry blast was to blow upon him awhile, pruning and hardening him. A tree does not look so pretty during this season, but the timber ought to improve.

He had a very cordial welcome in New York. General Washington was relieved to find his Cabinet complete after the new government had existed nearly a year, and glad to have near him a Virginian whom he knew, from of old, to be in singular accord with the American people. The leading citizens threw open their doors to him. Among members of Congress, whom should he find but that genial comrade of his youth, John Page? Oddly enough, one of the first parties he attended, in the very first week of his residence, was the wedding of that confidant of his own early loves to a daughter of New York. Madison, too, was in Congress, with other allies and old colleagues. But it is plain from his letters that his heart was in Virginia; that he pined for his children, and took unkindly to the yoke of his office. He told his daughters that, after having had them with him so long to cheer him in the intervals of business, he felt acutely the separation from them; but that his own happiness had become a secondary consideration with him, and he was only happy in their happiness. He was homesick during the whole period of his holding this office, except when he was at home.

Even his health failed at first. He attacked his arrears of business with such vigor and persistence as to bring on a three weeks' headache, which for several days even kept him from his office. And while the gloom of this malady still hung over him, the infant government was menaced with a stroke that appalled the group of persons nearest him, whose dearest hopes for themselves and for their country were bound up with it. The President, who had been drooping for some time, became alarmingly sick. Washington, too, found the desk a bad exchange from the saddle. It was his custom to read with the utmost care, pen in hand, all important despatches and papers, and to make abstracts of the most important. During the year that had elapsed since his inauguration, he had been going through, in the same thorough, attentive manner, the mass of papers which had been accumulating in the offices of goverment since the peace of 1783. Fidelity to a trust was the ruling instinct, the first necessity, in the

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nature of this most nearly perfect head of a Commonwealth that ever lived. For several days in May, 1790, the inner circle of official persons in New York were anxious about him. He grew worse and worse. At one time the inmates of his house lost all hope, for he seemed to be dying. He rallied, however, and began slowly to improve. "He continues mending to-day," Jefferson wrote to his daughter, "and from total despair we are now in good hopes of him."

In a strange, unexpected way, Jefferson found himself in ill-accord with the tone of society in New York. He had come from Paris more a republican than ever, all glowing with the new hopes for mankind which the Revolution there had kindled. The patriots of France had drawn inspiration from America, and tried all their measures by American standards. "Our proceedings," Jefferson wrote to Madison from Paris, in August, 1789, "have been viewed as a model for them on every occasion; and though, in the heat of debate, men are generally disposed to contradict every authority urged by their opponents, ours has been treated like that of the Bible, open to explanation, but not to question." He was now in that America whose conquest of freedom and peaceful establishment of a republican government intelligent men in other lands had owned among the noblest achievements of civilization. The faithful believer was now at Mecca. But he did not find the magnates of the temple so enthusiastic for the Prophet and the Koran as more distant worshippers. He was in the situation of a person who had left his native village full of ardent Methodists, himself among the most ardent of them all, and returning after five years' absence, during which *he* had become ever more glowing, finds half the people turned Ritualists!

While France for sixty years — ever since the publication of Voltaire's "English Letters," in 1730 — had been growing to a sense of the evils of excessive power in the government, America for ten years had had painful experience of the evils of an insufficient central authority.

A favorite toast in the Revolutionary Army, as General Knox records, was this, "A HOOP TO THE BARREL." Some officers preferred a plainer form of words, and gave the same sentiment thus, "Cement to the Union." The army, he says, abhorred the idea of being "thirteen armies." We can all imagine how much feelings of this nature would be increased when the troops co-operated with French soldiers, who served a single power, carried one flag, obeyed one general, received the same pay at regularly recurring periods, in a kind of money that did not waste and spend itself, even when it lay untouched in the pocket, — money to-day, paper to-morrow. We cannot wonder that officers should have longed for an *efficient* power at the centre, when we hear General Washington averring that to the want of it he attributed "more than half" of his own perplexities, and "almost the whole of the difficulties and distress of the army." Civilians came, at length, to share in this feeling and no man more than Jefferson. When, in Paris, in 1786, he was choking down the humiliation of bribing the Algerines to peace, instead of blowing the pirates out of water with honest guns under his country's flag, he desired nothing so much as that Congress should seize the happy occasion to found a navy. "It will be said," he wrote to Monroe, "there is no money in the treasury. There never will be money in the treasury, till the Confederacy shows its teeth. The States must see the rod; perhaps it must be felt by one of them. I am persuaded all of them would rejoice to see every one obliged to furnish its contributions."

Everything had been pulling this way in America for ten years when Jefferson reached New York. He came from Paris when it was negatively charged with electricity, to New York positively charged. The whole soul of France was intent upon lim-

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iting the central power, but America's dearest wish had long been to create one.

There is a fashion in thinking, as well as in watch-chains and dog-carts. In the new, untried Republic, which had had no experience of tyranny except to combat and defeat it, various influences had been drawing the minds of the educated class away from republican ideas. It was the mode to extol strong and imposing governments, to regret that the people were so attached to the town-meeting methods of conducting public business, and to anticipate the day when America would be ripe for a government "not essentially different from that which they had recently discarded." Nowhere was this tone so prevalent as in New York, the chief seat of the royal authority for seven years of the war, the refuge of Tories, the abode, after the peace, of that ardent, positive, captivating spirit, Alexander Hamilton.

How difficult to extract the real Hamilton from the wilderness of contradictory words in which he is lost! Everything we have about him partakes of the violence of his time. If we question his opponents, Jefferson informs us that Hamilton was "the evil genius of America"; and George Mason declares that he did the country more harm than "Great Britain with all her fleets and armies." If we consult his partisans, we are assured that, after having created the government, he, and he alone, kept it in prosperous motion for twelve years. Every one has in his memory some fag-end of Daniel Webster's magnificent sentence, in which he represents Hamilton as touching the corpse of the Public Credit, and causing it to spring to its feet. And have we not a lumbering pamphlet, in seven volumes octavo, designed to show that George Washington was Punch, and Alexander Hamilton the man behind the green curtain pulling the wires and making him talk? We have. It weighs many pounds avoirdupois. But we must rule out extreme and frenzied utterances, and endeavor to estimate this gifted and interesting man as though he had had no worshippers, no rivals, and no sons.

It is not so very easy to see why he had any public career at all. When we have turned over the ton of printed matter to which he gave rise, and looked at all his busts and portraits, we are still at some loss to understand the victorious dash he made at America. A little fellow of about five feet seven, a stranger in a strange land, without an influential friend on earth, the child of a broken-down merchant in the West Indies, subsisting in New Jersey upon invoices of West India produce, we find him, from the start, having the best of everything, distinguished at school, at college, in the army, taking an influential part in every striking scene of the war, and every crisis after the peace, — a public man, as it were, by nature. Nor was it a dash only. He held his own; and, rapid as his rise was, it was always the high place that sought him, never he the high place; unless, indeed, when he asked General Washington the favor of letting him head an attack on the enemy's works. Nor was it merely place and distinction that he won. The daughter of one of America's most noted and wealthy families became the proud and happy wife of this stranger when he was a lieutenant-colonel of twenty-three, without a dollar or an acre to fall back upon at the peace.

We do not get at the secret of all this from print or picture; so difficult is it to put upon paper or canvas that which gives a man *ascendency* over others. It is hard to define the Spirit of Command. Kent recognized it in Lear when he met the fiery old king in the wilderness, and told him he had that in his mien and bearing which he would fain call master. I once asked a Tennesseean what kind of man General Jackson was. "He was this kind of man," said he; "if Andrew Jackson had joined a party of strangers travelling in the woods, and, half an hour after, they should be attacked by

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Indians, he would instantly take command, and all the rest would obey him." Nothing that has ever been put upon paper about Jackson so explains him as this chance saying of an unlettered man.

Of this commanding, self-sufficient spirit Hamilton had an ample share. His confidence in himself is among the curiosities of character; it was absolute and entire; and, hence, neither events nor men could teach him; and he died cherishing the delusions of his youth. If to this remark his life furnishes one exception, it was when as a lad of sixteen he allowed himself to be converted from a supporter of the king to a defender of the Colonies. But, it seems, even this conversion was only partial; for when it came to a question of severance from the king, he wrote a pamphlet against Paine's "Common Sense." He appears to have had nothing that could be called youth. In the earliest of his effusions, whatever we may think of the sentiments, we perceive that the writer had no sense whatever of the deference due from youth to maturity. Nothing is more evident in his *aide-de-camp* letters than that he condescended to serve General Washington. He was but twenty-four when he wrote, after refusing to resume his place in the General's family, that he had remained in it as long as he had, not from regard to General Washington, nor because he thought it an honor or a privilege to assist him, but because the popularity of the General was essential to the safety of America, and he "thought it necessary he should be supported." It was also his opinion that the breach between them ought to be concealed, since it would have "an ill-effect" if it were known. In the records of youthful arrogance there are few instances so amusing as this.

But, then, those who knew him best appear to have accepted him at his own valuation. Some unworthy opponents have dishonored themselves by sneering at his poverty and at the alleged insignificance of his family in the West Indies; but he brought with him from St. Croix a better title of nobility than any herald could have given him, — the admiring love of his friends there, who hailed his early honors in the United States with enthusiasm. His brother aids in General Washington's busy family loved him most warmly. In his early letters we catch gleams of the good fellow amid the formalities of the General-in-Chief's official scribe. "Mind your eye, to-night, my boy," he writes to a young friend on picket; and Meade, his colleague, writes to him as a lover to a mistress. "If you have not already writ to me," says Meade, "let me entreat you, when you go about it, to fill a sheet in close hand." At the same time, when governors, generals, members of Congress, and presidents of convention wrote to him, they addressed him as a man of their own weight and standing, as a personage and an equal. The General-in-Chief, too, overvalued the accomplishments he did not himself possess, — the fluent tongue, the ready pen, dexterity at figures.

Hamilton was singularly incapable of Americanization. Besides having arrived here a few years too late, his mind was invincibly averse to what we may call the town-meeting spirit, — the true public spirit, generated by the habit of acting in a body for the good of the whole, putting questions to the vote and accepting the will of the majority as law. His instincts were soldierly. How he delighted in all military things! How he loved the recollection of his seven years' service in the army! In later years, though under a political necessity to detest Bonaparte, he found it impossible to do so with any heartiness, so bewitched was he with the mere skill with which that marauder of genius devastated the heritage of the people of Europe. He delighted to read of battles. It pleased him to have a tent upon his lawn, because it reminded him of the days when he and Lafayette and Meade and the young French officers were merry to-

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gether; and he always retained in his gait something that betrayed the early drill. But it is questionable if he could ever have been greatly successful as a general, because, unlike Bonaparte, he thought officers were everything, and soldiers nothing. When he was a bronzed veteran of twenty-two, he wrote a letter of ludicrous gravity to the president of Congress, urging the enrolment of negro slaves; in which he says that their stupidity and ignorance would be an advantage. It was a maxim, he observed, with some great military judges, — the king of Prussia being one, — that "with sensible officers, soldiers can hardly be too stupid." Hence, "it was thought" that the Russians would be the best soldiers in the world if they were commanded by officers of a more advanced country. The conclusion reached by this great military authority was this: "Let officers be men of sense and sentiment; and the nearer the soldiers approach to machines, perhaps the better."

As the utterance of a very young military dandy, airing his lavender kids in St. James's Park after an early breakfast at one P. M., this would be merely funny; we should smile, and hope he would show to better advantage when the time came for action. And, indeed, Hamilton was a brave, vigilant, energetic officer, on fire to distinguish himself by being foremost where the danger was greatest. But this contempt for the undistinguished part of mankind (i. e., for mankind) he never outgrew. The ruling maxim of his public life, the source of its weakness, its errors, and its failure, was this, "Men in general are vicious."

This lamentable misreading of human nature, so worthy of a Fouché or a Talleyrand, he repeats in many forms, always assuming it to be a self-evident truth. It was certainly an unfortunate basis for a statesman who was to be the servant of a system founded on a conviction that men in general are well disposed. He could not be an American. Richly endowed as he was, he could not rise to that height. He knew it himself at last; for, twenty years later, when he had outlived his success, and lost the control even of his own wing of the Federalists, we hear him saying, with his usual unconscious arrogance, "Every day proves to me, more and more, that this American world was not made for me." It certainly was not, nor was he made for this American world. It never, we may be sure, once crossed his mind, during his whole life, that possibly this American world might be right and Colonel Hamilton wrong.

Everything that happens to these self-sufficient persons seems to confirm them in their errors and strengthen their strong propensities. This American world, which Hamilton thought so much beneath him, had been too easy a conquest; he would have respected it more, perhaps, if it had given him a few hard knocks at an age when hard knocks are salutary. But when he began to write his first essays in the newspapers, literary ability was so rare in the world, — rarest of all in these Colonies, — that his friends were agape with wonder. Every one flattered him. Then he early exhibited another imposing talent, that of oratory. He was haranguing meetings in New York when he was the merest boy both in years and appearance, and acquitting himself to admiration. He was but nineteen, and young looking even for that age, when he thundered across Jersey, captain of a company of artillery, in General Washington's retreating army. Soon after, in his character of *aide-de-camp*, he was truly an important person, a power, as any efficient aid must ever be to a busy commander, as any competent secretary must ever be to the greatest minister. If he overestimated his importance, it was but natural and most pardonable. Few young fellows of twenty, who write despatches or editorials for a chief, can believe that the chief may be the true author of important despatches or thundering leaders which, perhaps, he never so much as looks over. The chief has

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created the situation which the writer but expresses. A secretary, while using his own hand, often employs his chief's mind.

When the young French officers came over and head-quarters were gay with young nobles, all enthusiasm for this novel service in a new world, Colonel Hamilton was a brilliant personage indeed, — so young, so handsome, so high in the confidence of the General and the army, and such a master of the French language! He must, I think, have spoken French in his boyhood, to have written it so well at twenty-three as we see he did. Who was now so much in request as our *cher Hamilton?*

But, if he caught his loose military morals from the Gauls, it was from the British that this Briton learned his politics. Before the war was over, he tells us, he "was struck with disgust" at the rise of a party actuated by "an undue complaisance" to France, — a power which, in helping us, had only been pursuing, he thought, *her own* interest. "I resolved at once," he continues, "to resist this bias in our affairs." He was British, as was natural. He had a British mind and a British heart. While in the immediate presence of the fact that the English governmental system had split asunder the British Empire, he cherished the conviction that it was the best system possible. It was the hereditary Dunderhead with whom Great Britain was saddled who began, continued, and ended the business of severing America from the empire; and yet the very corruption of Parliament, which had enabled an obstinate and unteachable king to carry his measures, Hamilton extolled as essential to its perfection. The grand aim of his public life was to make the government of the United States as little unlike that of Great Britain as the people would bear it. Nor did he reach these convictions by any process of reasoning. He was a Briton; and it was then part of a Briton's birthright to enjoy a complete assurance of his country's vast superiority to all others in all things. I honor him for the disinterested spirit in which he pursued his system, and the splendid contempt of all considerations of policy with which he avowed opinions the most unpopular. In spite of his errors and his faults, this alone would give him some title to our regard.

With all his other qualities he had one which would have carried him to great heights in a more congenial scene. He had a wonderful power of sustained exertion. His mind was energetic and pertinacious. He thought little of sitting over a paper till the dawn dimmed his candles. His favorite ideas and schemes were never inert within him; he dinned them into every ear; and his incessant and interminable discourses upon the charms of monarchy rendered him at last a bore to his best friends.

He began at an early period of the war to take a laborious part in political discussion. While the army lay at Morristown in 1779, having less to do than usual at head-quarters, and having arrived at the mature age of twenty-three, he wrote to Robert Morris an anonymous letter, that must have filled a dozen sheets of large paper, upon the troubled finances of the country, recommending the establishment of a Bank of the United States. The scheme was wrought out in great detail, with infinite labor, and uncommon ability for so young a financier. The scheme was founded upon Law's idea of utilizing the depreciated paper with which Louis XIV.'s profusion had deluged France. By receiving hundreds of millions of this paper, at its market value, in payment for shares in his various enterprises, Law soon raised the price of paper above that of gold; and thus afforded the strange spectacle of people selling their family plate in order to buy a dead king's Promises to Pay. Hamilton, of course, intended to stop short of Law's fatal excesses. He was as honorable a person in all matters pecuniary as ever drew the breath of life; and, consequently, *his* bank

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was to have a sound basis of two millions of pounds sterling of borrowed money; to which should be added a subscription of two hundred millions of dollars in the depreciated paper of Congress. At once, he thought, the paper would rise in value, and become an instrument of good. The existence of the bank, he thought, "would make it the *immediate* interest of the moneyed men to co-operate with the government in its support." This was the key to his financial system; for he never advanced beyond the ideas of this production. It was ever his conviction that a government could not stand which it was not the interest of capitalists to uphold; and by capitalists he meant the class who control money, who live in cities, and can speculate in paper. He meant Wall Street; though, as yet, the actual street of that name was only a pleasant lane of modest, Dutch-looking residences.

This portentous epistle was accompanied with notes, in one of which the youthful sage favors an honorable Congress with a few hints. "Congress," he observes, with the modesty so becoming his years, "have too long neglected to organize a good scheme of administration, and throw public business into proper executive departments. For commerce, I prefer a Board; but, for most other things, single men. We want a Minister of War, a Minister of Foreign Affairs, a Minister of Finance, and a Minister of Marine"; and, having these, he thought, "we should blend the advantages of a monarchy and a republic in a happy and a beneficial union."

What Robert Morris thought of this production no one has told us. The author of it was evidently in earnest; he did not write the essay to amuse his leisure, nor merely to display his talents; he meant *bank;* he clearly saw the institution he recommended, believed in its feasibility, and, I am sure, felt himself competent to assist in establishing it, though he intended Mr. Morris to take the leading part. He concluded his long letter by saying that he had reasons which made him unwilling to be known; but a letter addressed to James Montague, Esq., lodged in the post-office at Morristown, would reach him; and even an interview might be had with the author, should it be thought material.

From this time the ingenious, intense, Scotch intellect of Alexander Hamilton was a power in the United States. Before the war was quite over, he was in Congress, and one of the members said to him, "If you were but ten years older and twenty thousand pounds richer, Congress would give you the highest place they have to bestow." In New York, young as he was, without fortune, just admitted to the bar, we find him always discussing the great topics, always the peer of the most important men, always exerting his influence for one overruling object, the founding of a "strong," a "high-toned" government, which should attract to it the trinity he believed in, "character, talents, and property," and raise the Thirteen States to national rank. In the State of New York he became, not the most powerful, but by far the most shining, conspicuous, active personage.

Behold him, at length, in the Convention of 1787, which met at Philadelphia to make a constitution, — Washington its president, Franklin a member. It was this young lawyer, thirty years of age, who brought with him a plan of government so completely wrought out, that, Madison says, it could have gone into operation at once, without alteration or addition. He had thought of everything, and provided for everything. There it was, in Hamilton's pocket, a GOVERNMENT, complete to the last detail. In making it, too, he had exercised self-control; he had put far away from him his own dearest preferences; he had fixed his thoughts upon the people of the United States, allowed for their prejudices, their ignorance of Greek and Roman history, their infatuation in supposing they knew what was good for them. In a most able, ingenious, candid speech of five or

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six hours' duration, he told the Convention what he knew about government, and prepared the way for the reading of his plan. He said he did not offer it as the best conceivable, but only the best attainable. The British Constitution, he said, was "the best form." It was only a king who was, necessarily, "above corruption," who "must always intend, in respect to foreign nations, the true interest and glory of the people." Republicanism was a dream; an amiable dream it was true, but still a dream. No matter, the people would have their government republican; and, therefore, as long as there was any chance of its success, he would do his very utmost to afford it a chance. This he proposed to do by making the American Republic as much like the British monarchy as possible.

His plan was such as might have been expected from a person so ingenious, so self-sufficient, so inexperienced, and so young. Nothing more unsuitable or more impracticable can be imagined than this government evolved from the depths of Hamilton's consciousness; for even if the principles upon which it was founded had been admissible, it was far too complicated a machine for the wear and tear of use. Most of Hamilton's measures had the great fault of being too complex and refined. His enemies, indeed, accused him of purposely mystifying the people; but, in truth, he had so mathematical an intellect, that a statement might be as clear as the light to him, which was a mere conundrum to people in general. His scheme of government included, first of all, a popular assembly, or House of Commons, to consist of not less than a hundred members, elected by universal suffrage, which should have the control of the public purse and the exclusive power to impeach. So far, so good. But assuming that men in general are ill-disposed and stand ready to embrace the first opportunity of voting themselves a farm, his chief care was to keep this body in check! That was a point respecting which he was deeply solicitous. Here was a democratic assembly to be *checked* by an elected senate, and both of them by an elected chief magistrate. His senate, accordingly, which was to consist of not less than forty members, was to be a permanent body, elected by men of property. The senators, chosen by electors who had an estate in land for life or for an unexpired term of fourteen years, were to hold their seats until removed by death or impeachment. It was the senate that was to declare war, ratify treaties, and control appointments.

The President of the Republic was to be a tremendous personage indeed, — more powerful far than any monarch of a country enjoying any semblance of liberty. No man could have any part even in electing him who had not an inherited estate wholly his own, or for three lives, or "a clear personal estate of the value of a thousand Spanish dollars." Nor were these favored mortals to vote directly for the President; they were only to elect electors; and these electors were to vote for the President, each man handing in a sealed ballot. That done, the electors of each State were to elect two "second electors," who were to carry the sealed ballots to some designated place, where, in the presence of the chief justice, they were to open the ballots, and declare that man President who had a majority of the whole number. In case no one had a majority, then these second electors were to try *their* hand at electing, though they could only vote for the three candidates who had received the highest number of votes. If the second electors could not give a clear majority for any candidate, then the man who had received the highest number of votes of the first electors was to be declared elected.

Happily, when once a President had been evolved by this ingenious complication, the country could hope to enjoy a long period of rest; for he was to hold his office for life, unless removed

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by impeachment. Besides exercising all the authority which our present Constitution confers on the President, Hamilton's President was to have the power to appoint the governors of States, and to convene and prorogue Congress. The president of the Senate was to be the Vice-President of the United States, and the Supreme Court was to be about such a tribunal as we see it now.

When Dr. Channing was the ruling influence of Boston, forty years ago, the Orthodox clergy used to describe his system of theology as "Calvinism with the bones taken out." The Convention of 1787 listened to Hamilton with attentive admiration, and then performed upon his plan of government an operation similar to that which Dr. Channing was supposed to have done upon the ancient creed of New England. Nothing which *he* regarded as bone was left in it. The Constitution of 1787, though he admitted it to be an improvement upon the Confederation, he thought a "shilly-shally thing," which might tide the country over the crisis, and begin the construction of a nation, but could not endure. What he chiefly hoped from it was this: That it would sicken the country of republicanism, and reconcile it to the acceptance of his panacea of King, Lords, and Commons. For every reason, however, he deemed it necessary to give the new Constitution a trial; and, accordingly, it was Hamilton, the man who believed in it least, that did most to recommend it to the people. Gliding down the tranquil Hudson, in October, 1787, in one of the commodious packet-sloops of the time, he wrote in the cabin the first number of the series of newspaper essays now called The Federalist. Absorbed as he then was in his young family and his profession, he found time, in the course of the winter, to write sixty-five of the eighty-five pieces of which the series consists; writing several of them, it appears, amid the bustle of his law-office, with the printer's boy waiting for the copy.

These essays by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, Jefferson read in Paris with great satisfaction. He had lamented the absence in the new Constitution of a formal bill of rights, which should secure "the freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom from standing armies, trial by jury, and a constant *habeas corpus* act"; and he regarded a few of its provisions with some apprehension. The re-eligibility of the President, he thought, would result in the President usually holding the office as long as he lived; the tendency to re-elect being so powerful. He would have preferred a single term of seven years, which was often proposed and once carried in the Convention. But "The Federalist," he owns, "rectified him on several points," dissipated his apprehensions, and rendered him more than willing to accept the Constitution, and trust to the future for the needful amendments.

Thus we find persons of opposite political sympathies heartily commending a Constitution which neither of them wholly approved: Hamilton, because it was, as he hoped, a step toward the only kind of government he believed in, — a limited monarchy; Jefferson, because he thought it would issue in a plain, republican government, simple, inexpensive, just sufficient to enable the thirteen States to deal with foreign nations as one power, and secure the prompt payment of the Revolutionary debt. When Hamilton commended the Constitution, he had in his mind his "favorite morsels," those features which gave the government some resemblance to a monarchy, which made it more imposing, and less dependent upon the people, than the Confederation which it displaced. Coming events, he felt sure, would quickly convince all thinking men that a democratic assembly could not be effectually "checked" by a democratic senate, nor either of them by a democratic chief magistrate; and then the whole of the character, talents, and property of America would demand the stiffening of the loose contrivance by the insertion of the rivet, bolt, and

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screw of an hereditary king and house of lords. Jefferson, on the other hand, looked upon the new government as an engine already more potent than the case required, cumbered with several superfluous appendages, easily capable of becoming oppressive; but he trusted to time and the republican habits of the people to lop its redundancies, and keep its dangerous possibilities in check. What Jefferson loved in the Constitution, Hamilton despised; and the changes in it which Hamilton hoped for, Jefferson dreaded.

In the city of New York, in 1790, when it contained a population of about thirty-five thousand people, "society" consisted of so few families, that when one of them gave a grand party, the whole body of society would be present. In this small circle, Hamilton was incomparably the most shining and captivating individual, and he found it well disposed toward his ideas. What is society? It properly consists of the victorious class, the leading persons in each of the honorable pursuits; the great mechanics, merchants, lawyers, doctors, preachers, teachers, actors, artists, authors, capitalists, farmers, engineers; the men and women who have conquered a safe and pleasant place for themselves in the world by serving the community with *signal* skill and effect. These are the aristocrats to whom we all render a proud and willing homage. We are even disposed to honor them too much, and undervalue the prodigious multitude of those who are equally worthy, perhaps, though less gifted or less fortunate. But in Hamilton's day, society chiefly consisted of families who had inherited estates,—people *descended* from victors. It is human in a conqueror to wish to throw around his conquest every possible safeguard. It is natural to a man who possesses a fine estate to lend a favoring mind to ideas, laws, usages, which tend to exempt that estate from the usual risks of waste and accident, and to reserve for the holders of inherited property the most coveted honors of the state. In New York, therefore, the young and eloquent propagandist carried all before him, and assisted to prepare for his coming colleague a painful surprise.

"I had left France," Mr. Jefferson wrote long after, "in the first year of her Revolution, in the fervor of natural rights and zeal for reformation. My conscientious devotion to those rights could not be heightened, but it had been aroused and excited by daily exercise. The President received me cordially, and my colleagues and the circle of principal citizens apparently with welcome. The courtesies of dinner-parties given me, as a stranger newly arrived among them, placed me at once in their familiar society. But I cannot describe the wonder and mortification with which the table conversations filled me. Politics were the chief topic, and a preference of kingly over republican government was evidently the favorite sentiment. An apostate I could not be, nor yet a hypocrite; and I found myself, for the most part, the only advocate on the republican side of the question, unless among the guests there chanced to be some member of that party from the legislative houses."

No one can glance over the memorials of the time without meeting on every side confirmation of this passage. The Hamiltonians, we perceive, were having it all their own way in New York; their immediate object being to surround the President with imposing ceremonial and court-like etiquette. Hamilton, strangely ignorant of human nature and of the people he aspired to serve, was infatuated with the idea of gradually reconciling them to the ludicrous pomp of a European court. When General Washington asked his opinion as to the etiquette of the President's house, he replied, that, though the notions of equality were *yet* too general and too strong to admit of "a proper distance" being maintained by the chief magistrate, still he must go as far in that direction as the people would endure, even to the point of incurring the risk of partial and momentary dissatisfaction. He recommended

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the adoption of the usual etiquette of the courts of Europe; except, that to "remove the idea of too immense an inequality," which, he feared, would excite dissatisfaction and cabal, the President might invite a few high officials to dinner, now and then; though, on such occasions, "the President should never remain long at the table"; that is, as I suppose, not sit and booze after the ladies had retired. The President was to be so august and inaccessible a personage, that a member of the House of Representatives should have no right to an interview with him, even on public business; nor any foreigner of lower rank than ambassador. Senators, Hamilton thought, should be entitled to an interview, as the peers of France and England might demand to speak to their sovereign, face to face; and, besides, the people would be glad to know there was one body of men whose right to approach the President would be "a safeguard against secret combinations to deceive him."

All the writings of the time that most readily catch the eye are in this tone. The Vice-President, John Adams, seized every occasion to dwell upon the necessity of decorating the head of the state with the most gorgeous properties. This son of New England, who had had a life-time's experience of the unquestioning obedience paid to the plainest citizen clad in the imperial purple of fair election or legal appointment, gave it as his opinion, that "neither dignity nor authority can be supported in human minds, collected into nations or any great numbers, without a splendor and majesty in some degree proportioned to them." He opposed the practice of styling the President His Excellency, for precisely the reason which made it a rule of the old French court to give every one some title of honor excepting alone The King. To style the President His Excellency, Mr. Adams thought, was to "put him on a level with a governor of Bermuda, or one of *his own* ambassadors, or a governor of any one of our States."

One would think, from reading the letters and newspapers of 1789 and 1790, that pickpockets and cut-throats could be driven, awe-struck, from their evil courses, by the magnificence of the President's house and the splendor of his chariot. Jefferson reached New York on Sunday, March 21, 1790. In all probability, some one was polite enough to hand him the newspaper of the day before, the Gazette of the United States, the organ of the administration, full charged with the Hamiltonian spirit. If so, he may have espied this little essay, — milk for babes, not yet fit for stronger food, — which harmonized perfectly with the prevalent way of thinking: —

"There must be some adventitious properties infused into the government to give it energy and spirit, or the selfish, turbulent passions of men can never be controlled. This has occasioned that artificial splendor and dignity that are to be found in the courts of so many nations. Some admiration and respect must be excited towards public officers, by their holding a real or supposed superiority over the mass of the people. The sanctions and penalties of law are likewise requisite to aid in restraining individuals from trampling upon and demolishing the government. It is confessed that, in some situations, a small degree of parade and solemnity, co-operating with other causes, may be sufficient to secure obedience to the laws. In an early state of society, when the desires of men are few and easily satisfied, the temptations to trespass upon good order and justice are neither pressing nor numerous. Avarice and ambition increase with population; and in a large, opulent community the dazzling appendages and pompous formalities of courts are introduced to form a balance to the increasing ardor of the selfish passions, and to check that ascendency which aspiring individuals would otherwise gain over the public peace and authority."

In a file of the same paper, the new Secretary of State could see many indications that some progress had

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been made toward investing the President with royal trappings. He could read announcements respecting the supply of the President's family, signed "Steward of the Household." Poems upon the President frequently appeared, which were as absurdly adulatory as the effusions by which the British poet-laureate earned his pipe of sack. A systematic attempt was made to give queenly pre-eminence to the President's excellent wife. The movements of that industrious little lady were chronicled very much in the style of the London Court newsman when he essays to inform the world of the manner in which the queen has managed to kill another day. Every week, the "Gazette" contained a full budget of court news, not unfrequently giving half a column of such announcements as these: —

"The most Honorable Robert Morris and Lady attended the theatre last evening."

"Monday last, the Senate of the United States, with the Vice-President at their head, went in a body, in carriages, to the house of the President, and presented him with an address."

"We are informed that THE PRESIDENT, His Excellency the Vice-President, His Excellency the Governor of this State, and many other personages of the greatest distinction, will be present at the theatre this evening."

The following is the "Gazette's" account of the arrival in New York of Mrs. Washington, May 30, 1789: —

"Wednesday, arrived in this city from Mount Vernon, Mrs. WASHINGTON, the amiable consort of THE PRESIDENT of the United States. Mrs. Washington from Philadelphia was accompanied by the Lady of Mr. Robert Morris. At Elizabethtown Point she was met by the PRESIDENT, Mr. Morris, and several other gentlemen of distinction, who had gone there for that purpose. She was conducted over the bay in the President's barge, rowed by thirteen eminent pilots, in a handsome white dress; on passing the Battery a salute was fired; and on her landing she was welcomed by crowds of citizens, who had assembled to testify their joy on this happy occasion. The principal ladies of the city have, with the earliest attention and respect, paid their *devoirs* to the amiable consort of our beloved President, namely, the Lady of His Excellency the Governor, Lady Sterling, Lady Mary Watts, Lady Kitty Duer, La Marchioness de Brehan, the ladies of the Most Honorable Mr. Langdon, and the Most Honorable Mr. Dalton, the Mayoress, Mrs. Livingston of Clermont, Mrs. Chancellor Livingston, the Miss Livingstons, Lady Temple, Madam de la Forest, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Gerry, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. M'Comb, Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. Houston, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Provost, the Miss Bayards, and a great number of other respectable characters. Although the President makes no formal invitations, yet the day after the arrival of Mrs. Washington, the following distinguished personages dined at his house, *en famille:* Their Excellencies the Vice-President, the Governor of this State, the Ministers of France and Spain, and the Governor of the Western Territory, the Honorable Secretary of the United States for Foreign Affairs, the Most Honorable Mr. Langdon, Mr. Wingate, Mr. Izard, Mr. Few, and Mr. Muhlenberg, Speaker of the Honorable House of Representatives of the United States. The President's levee yesterday was attended by a very numerous and most respectable company. The circumstance of the President's entering the drawing-room at three o'clock, not being universally known, occasioned some inaccuracies as to the time of attendance."

There really seemed to prevail a mania to extol, exalt, and royalize the President. Indeed, Mr. Jefferson calls it, somewhere, "a frenzy." If the President attended a ball, the managers must needs cause a platform to be erected at one end of the ball-room, several steps high, with a sofa upon it, and conduct thither the President and his "consort." An attempt was made to have the President's head engraved

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upon the coinage about to be issued by the new government. The levees were arranged and conducted exactly as at the palace of St. James; and when the President rode abroad on any official errand, he used what was called the State Carriage, — a cream-colored chariot drawn by six horses, and attended by white servants, in liveries of white cloth trimmed with scarlet.

All of which, we can now see, proves the innocence of the Hamiltonians of any design to spring a king upon the country; for surely, people of their ability, who had formed a scheme to subvert republican government, would have most carefully avoided such a plain showing of their hand. They would at once have courted and deceived the multitude of republicans by casting aside the worn-out trumpery of kings, and weaving round the President the magic spell of utter simplicity.

This was Bonaparte's method. We find him, first, an extreme Republican, using all the forms of that sect with rigor long after he was the ruling mind of France; next, an austere First Consul, still dating his letters in the manner decreed by the Republic, and calling his officers citizen-general; *last*, when his genius had dazzled and overwhelmed his intellect, and he was expanding to his ruin, he stooped to the imperial crown and condescended to inquire how things had been done in the court of that gorgeous man-doll, Louis XIV.

Nothing could be more artless and open than the manner in which our imposing-government men sought to commend their opinions to the public. Colonel Hamilton, indeed, censured the Vice-President for going too far and too fast in that direction; disturbing people's minds prematurely, and not giving the new government that "fair chance" he was determined it should have. It was in this spring of 1790, when Jefferson and his four clerks were working their way down through the accumulated business of the State Department, that Mr. Adams broke out in the "Gazette" with his weekly "Discourses on Davila," a chaos of passages from, and comments upon, a "History of the Civil Wars of France" by the Italian Davila, interspersed with long extracts from Pope, Young, Adam Smith, and any other author whom Mr. Adams might happen to think of in the fury of composition. The great object of the series was to show that there is a necessity, fixed in the constitution of the human mind, for such orders in the state as kings and nobles. The basis of Mr. Adams's political system, which he drew from his own heart, was this: Man's controlling motive is the passion for distinction. If any one should doubt this, he advises that benighted person to go and attentively observe the journeymen and apprentices in the first workshop, or the oarsmen in a cockboat, the members of a family, a neighborhood, the inhabitants of a house, the crew of a ship, a school, a college, a city, a village, the bar, the church, the exchange, a camp, a court, wherever, indeed, men, women, or children are to be found, whether old or young, rich or poor, wise or foolish, ignorant or learned, and he will find every individual "strongly actuated by a desire to be seen, heard, talked of, approved, and respected by the people about him and within his knowledge." And, of all known distinctions, none is so universally bewitching as "an illustrious descent." One drop of royal blood, thought Mr. Adams, though illegitimately scattered, will make any man proud or vain; and why? Because it attracts the *attention* of mankind. Hence the wisdom and virtue of all nations have endeavored to utilize this passion, by regulating and legitimating it, by giving it objects to pursue, such as orders in the magistracy, titles of honor, insignia of office, — ribbons, stars, garters, golden keys, marshals' batons, white sticks, rings, the ivory chair, the official robe, the coronet. And this has been done most of all in republics, where there is no monarch to overtop and overshadow every one.

Mr. Adams was most decided in his

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advocacy of the hereditary principle. "Nations," he remarked, "perceiving that the still small voice of merit was drowned in the insolent roar of the dupes of impudence and knavery in national elections, without a possibility of remedy, have sought for something more permanent than the popular voice to designate honor." Some of the nations, he continued, had annexed honor to the possession of land; others, to office; others, to birth; but the policy of Europe had been to unite these, and bestow the highest honors of the state upon men who had land, office, and ancestors. To the landed and privileged aristocracy of birth, Europe, according to the Vice-President, owed "her superiority, in war and peace, in legislation and commerce, in agriculture, navigation, arts, sciences, and manufactures." In this strain Mr. Adams continued to discourse, week after week, until he had published thirty-one numbers; when the public indignation alarmed the printer, and gave pause even to the impetuous author. Or, to use Mr. Adams's own language, written twenty-three years after: "The rage and fury of the Jacobinical journals against these Discourses increased as they proceeded, intimidated the printer, John Fenno, and convinced me that to proceed would do more hurt than good."

For, we must ever bear in mind, in reading of this period, that every utterance of a political nature by a person of note was read in the lurid and distorting light cast over the nations by the French Revolution. From the fall of the Bastille in 1789, to the seizure of the supreme power by Bonaparte in 1799, civilized man was mad. The news from France was read in the more advanced nations with a frenzied interest; for, besides being in itself most strange and tragic, it either flattered or rebuked every man's party feelings, helped or hindered every man's party dream or scheme. Each ship's budget was fuel to party fires, — both parties, — for the news which flattered one enraged the other.

Mr. Adams had made up his mind respecting the French Revolution at once. He knew it to be wholly diabolical. No good could come of it. In these very Discourses, all written as he says to counteract the new French ideas, he did not hesitate to denounce the most vaunted proceedings of the popular party. In his old age, when Bonaparte's coarse and heavy hand made life more burdensome to nearly every virtuous family in Christendom, he was proud indeed to point, in the seventeenth of his Davila papers, to this sentence: "If the wild idea of annihilating the nobility should spread far and be long persisted in, the men of letters and the national assembly, as democratical as they may think themselves, will find no barrier against despotism." This, in 1790, when Bonaparte was a yellow, thin little lieutenant of artillery twenty-two years old. He wrote the sentence, as he himself records, in the historic mansion upon Richmond Hill, near New York, at a moment when the view from his windows afforded him another proof of man's inherent love of distinctions. A deputation of Creek Indians were encamped within sight and hearing; and even among them there were "grandees, warriors, and sachems."

Neither this honest Adams nor the more adroit Hamilton — both public-spirited and patriotic — seem to have had any glimmering of the truth, so familiar to us, that institutions, like all things else, having served their turn, grow old, get past service, become obstructive, and die. Their discourses upon government read like the remarks that might be made by a young lobster of ability and spirit against the custom which has long prevailed in the lobster tribe of changing their shells. The ardent representative of young lobsterdom might point to the undeniable fact, that the old shells had answered an excellent purpose, had proved sufficient, had protected them in storm and adorned them in calm. He might further descant upon the known inconveniences of change; the languor, the

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sickness, the emaciation, the feverish struggle out of the time-honored encasement, and the long insecurity while the new armor was getting hardness and temper. Every word *true*. The only answer is: The time of year has come for a change; we must get other shells or stop growing. As long as people generally are childlike enough to believe in the fictions upon which kingly authority rests, so long the institution of monarchy assists and blesses them; as the daily mass solaced and exalted Columbus, Isabella, the great Prince Henry of Portugal, and all the noblest and most gifted of that age. But when faith declines and knowledge is in the ascendant, kings become ridiculous, and the most touching ceremonials of the past are an empty show.

Mr. Adams protested he could see no difference between the rich families of Boston and the great houses of a European city. "You and I," he wrote to his kinsman, Samuel Adams, in October, 1790, "have seen four noble families rise up in Boston, the CRAFTS, GORES, DAWES, and AUSTINS. These are as really a nobility in our town as the Howards, Somersets, Berties, in England." And when Samuel Adams remarked that "the love of liberty is interwoven in the soul of man," John Adams, Vice-President of the United States, replied: "So it is, according to La Fontaine, in that of a wolf."

In 1790, Jefferson could scarcely have found in New York three drawing-rooms in which such sentiments as these were uncongenial with the prevailing temper. Mr. Jay, always in accord with Hamilton, had suggested in 1787 a governor-general of great powers, and senators appointed for life. General Knox, Secretary of War, a soldier and nothing but a soldier, would have swept away at a stroke all the State governments, and established a standing army. With regard to the sentiment of equality which was asserting itself in France with so much emphasis, it was all but unknown in the United States. What Miss Sedgwick records in her autobiography of her father, an important public man of this period, was true then of nearly every person in liberal circumstances in town or country: "He was born too soon to relish the freedoms of democracy, and I have seen his brow lower when a free-and-easy mechanic came to the *front* door; and, upon one occasion, I remember his turning off the east steps (I am sure not kicking, but the demonstration was unequivocal) a grown-up lad who kept his hat on after being told to take it off." Gentlemen of the period found no difficulty in yielding assent to the doctrine of human equality when they heard it melodiously read on the 4th of July from the Declaration of Independence; but how hard to miss the universal homage once paid to them *as* "gentlemen"! Many of them spoke with a curious mixture of wonder, scorn, and derision of what they seemed to think was a new French notion, "the contagion of levelism," as Chauncey Goodrich styled it. "What folly is it," asked this son of Connecticut, "that has set the world agog to be all equal to French barbers? It must have its run."

What a change for Jefferson was the New York of 1790, from such a city as Paris was in 1789! His dearest and deepest convictions openly and everywhere abhorred or despised! The worn-out, obstructive institutions of the past, the accursed fruits of which had excited in him a constant and vast commiseration for five years, extolled on every side as the indispensable conditions of human welfare!

Hamilton and Jefferson met, — the man of action and the man of feeling. Jefferson had brought with him, so far as appears, no prejudice against his colleague. In Paris he had recommended an English suitor, who had claims in America, "to apply to Colonel Hamilton (who was aid to General Washington) and is now very eminent at the bar, and much to be relied on." Nor is Hamilton known to have had any dislike to Jefferson. Naturally, the man of executive force and the man of high qualities of mind regard

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one another with even an exaggerated respect. The mutual homage of Sir Walter Scott, poet and man of letters, and James Watt, the sublime mechanic, was not less natural than pleasing. In the presence of the genius who had cheered and charmed his life, and enriched his country's fame, making mountainous and unfertile Scotland dear to half the world, Watt looked upon his steam-engine as something small, commonplace, material; and, at the same instant, Scott was saying to himself, How petty are my light scribblings compared with the solid good *this* great man has done the world! This is the natural feeling between men of opposite excellences and noble character; who meet, as a sultan of the East might meet a monarch of the West, equals, without being rivals. It was otherwise with these two men, Jefferson and Hamilton. In their case, there were so many causes of antipathy, noble and ignoble, external and internal, that nothing short of thoroughbreeding in *both* could have kept them well with one another.

There is no contest so little harmful as an open one. The English people have originated no governmental device better than the arrangement of their Parliament, by which the administration members sit facing the opposition, and the leaders of the two bodies fight it out openly in the hearing of mankind. These two men should have been avowed opponents, not colleagues, and debated publicly the high concerns respecting which they were bound to differ; so as to correct while exasperating one another; so as to inform, at once, and stimulate the public mind. Hamilton's fluency and self-confidence would have given him the advantage for a while; but Jefferson would have had the American people behind him, since it was his part to marshal them the way they were to go.

James Parton.

EMPTY.

YOUR cosey crib is in the corner yet;
I sit and watch it, just as day is dead.
You cannot press again, my vanished pet,
Its pillow with your drowsy golden head.

You cannot reach plump arms to get my kiss,
Or dart about with rosy, naked feet,
Babbling soft syllables of that and this,
A tiny night-gowned fairy, blithe and sweet.

Once and for all you have lain down to rest,
Not to rise up because of birds or beams,—
Once and for all, with white flowers on your breast,
To slumber coldly and to dream no dreams.

Empty the home where, frolicsome and fair,
Your precious presence made so bright a part;
Empty your little crib, your clothes, your chair,
But emptiest of all your mother's heart!

Edgar Fawcett.

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THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

XII.

THE Old Master had asked us, the Young Astronomer and myself, into his library, to hear him read some passages from his interleaved book. We three had formed a kind of little club without knowing it from the time when the young man began reading those extracts from his poetical reveries which I have reproduced in these pages. Perhaps we agreed in too many things, — I suppose if we could have had a good hard-headed, old-fashioned New England divine to meet with us it might have acted as a wholesome corrective. For we had it all our own way; the Lady's kindly remonstrance was taken in good part, but did not keep us from talking pretty freely, and as for the young girl, she listened with the tranquillity and fearlessness which a very simple trusting creed naturally gives those who hold it. The fewer out-works to the citadel of belief, the fewer points there are to be threatened and endangered.

The reader must not suppose that I even attempt to reproduce everything exactly as it took place in our conversations, or when we met to listen to the Master's prose or to the Young Astronomer's verse. I do not pretend to give all the pauses and interruptions by question or otherwise. I could not always do it if I tried, but I do not want to, for oftentimes it is better to let the speaker or reader go on continuously, although there may have been many breaks in the course of the conversation or reading. When, for instance, I by and by reproduce what the Landlady said to us, I shall give it almost without any hint that it was arrested in its flow from time to time by various expressions on the part of the hearers.

I can hardly say what the reason of it was, but it is very certain that I had a vague sense of some impending event as we took our seats in the Master's library. He seemed particularly anxious that we should be comfortably seated, and shook up the cushions of the arm-chairs himself, and got them into the right places.

Now go to sleep, — he said, — or listen, — just which you like best. But I am going to begin by telling you both a secret.

Liberavi animam meam. That is the meaning of my book and of my literary life, if I may give such a name to that party-colored shred of human existence. I have unburdened myself in this book, and in some other pages, of what I was born to say. Many things that I have said in my ripe days have been aching in my soul since I was a mere child. I say aching, because they conflicted with many of my inherited beliefs, or rather traditions. I did not know then that two strains of blood were striving in me for the mastery, — two! twenty, perhaps, — twenty thousand, for aught I know, — but represented to me by two, — paternal and maternal. Blind forces in themselves; shaping thoughts as they shaped features and battled for the moulding of constitution and the mingling of temperament.

Philosophy and poetry came to me before I knew their names.

> Je fis mes premiers vers, sans savoir les écrire.

Not verses so much as the stuff that verses are made of. I don't suppose that the thoughts which came up of themselves in my mind were so mighty different from what come up in the minds of other young folks. And that 's the best reason I could give for telling 'em. I don't believe anything I 've written is as good as it seemed to me when I wrote it, — he stopped, for he was afraid he was lying, — not *much* that I 've written, at any rate, — he

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said, — with a smile at the honesty which made him qualify his statement. But I do know this: I have struck a good many chords, first and last, in the consciousness of other people. I confess to a tender feeling for my little brood of thoughts. When they have been welcomed and praised it has pleased me, and if at any time they have been rudely handled and spitefully entreated it has cost me a little worry. I don't despise reputation, and I should like to be remembered as having said something worth lasting well enough to last.

But all that is nothing to the main comfort I feel as a writer. I have got rid of something my mind could not keep to itself and rise as it was meant to into higher regions. I saw the aeronauts the other day emptying from the bags some of the sand that served as ballast. It glistened a moment in the sunlight as a slender shower, and then was lost and seen no more as it scattered itself unnoticed. But the airship rose higher as the sand was poured out, and so it seems to me I have felt myself getting above the mists and clouds whenever I have lightened myself of some portion of the mental ballast I have carried with me. Why should I hope or fear when I send out my book? I have had my reward, for I have wrought out my thought, I have said my say, I have freed my soul. I can afford to be forgotten.

Look here! — he said. — I keep oblivion always before me. — He pointed to a singularly perfect and beautiful trilobite which was lying on a pile of manuscripts. — Each time I fill a sheet of paper with what I am writing, I lay it beneath this relic of a dead world, and project my thought forward into eternity as far as this extinct crustacean carries it backward. When my heart beats too lustily with vain hopes of being remembered, I press the cold fossil against it and it grows calm. I touch my forehead with it, and its anxious furrows grow smooth. Our world, too, with all its breathing life, is but a leaf to be folded with the other strata, and if I am only patient, by and by I shall be just as famous as imperious Cæsar himself, embedded with me in a conglomerate.

He began reading: — "There is no new thing under the sun," said the Preacher. He would not say so now, if he should come to life for a little while, and have his photograph taken, and go up in a balloon, and take a trip by railroad and a voyage by steamship, and get a message from General Grant by the cable, and see a man's leg cut off without its hurting him. If it did not take his breath away and lay him out as flat as the Queen of Sheba was knocked over by the splendors of his court, he must have rivalled our Indians in the *nil admirari* line.

For all that, it is a strange thing to see what numbers of new things are really old. There are many modern contrivances that are of as early date as the first man, if not thousands of centuries older. Everybody knows how all the arrangements of our telescopes and microscopes are anticipated in the eye, and how our best musical instruments are surpassed by the larynx. But there are some very odd things any anatomist can tell, showing how our recent contrivances are anticipated in the human body. In the alimentary canal are certain pointed eminences called *villi*, and certain ridges called *valvulæ conniventes*. The makers of heating apparatus have exactly reproduced the first in the "pot" of their furnaces, and the second in many of the radiators to be seen in our public buildings. The object in the body and the heating apparatus is the same; to increase the extent of surface. — We mix hair with plaster (as the Egyptians mixed straw with clay to make bricks) so that it shall hold more firmly. But before man had any artificial dwelling the same contrivance of mixing fibrous threads with a cohesive substance had been employed in the jointed fabric of his own spinal column. India-rubber is modern, but the yellow animal substance which is elas-

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tic like that, and serves the same purpose in the animal economy which that serves in our mechanical contrivances, is as old as the mammalia. The dome, the round and the Gothic arch, the groined roof, the flying buttress, are all familiar to those who have studied the bony frame of man. All forms of the lever and all the principal kinds of hinges are to be met with in our own frames. The valvular arrangements of the blood-vessels are unapproached by any artificial apparatus, and the arrangements for preventing friction are so perfect that two surfaces will play on each other for fourscore years or more and never once trouble their owner by catching or rubbing so as to be felt or heard.

But stranger than these repetitions are the coincidences one finds in the manners and speech of antiquity and our own time. In the days when Flood Ireson was drawn in the cart by the Mænads of Marblehead, that fishing town had the name of nurturing a young population not over fond of strangers. It used to be said that if an unknown landsman showed himself in the streets, the boys would follow after him, crying, "Rock him! Rock him! He 's got a long-tailed coat on!"

Now, if one opens the Odyssey, he will find that the Phæacians, three thousand years ago, were wonderfully like these youthful Marbleheaders. The blue-eyed Goddess who convoys Ulysses, under the disguise of a young maiden of the place, gives him some excellent advice. "Hold your tongue," she says, "and don't look at anybody or ask any questions, for these are seafaring people, and don't like to have strangers round or anybody that does not belong here."

Who would have thought that the saucy question, "Does your mother know you 're out?" was the very same that Horace addressed to the bore who attacked him in the *Via Sacra?*

> Interpellandi locus hic erat; Est tibi mater?
> Cognati, queis te salvo est opus?

And think of the London cockney's prefix of the letter *h* to innocent words beginning with a vowel, having its prototype in the speech of the vulgar Roman, as may be seen in the verses of Catullus: —

> C*h*ommoda dicebat, siquando commoda vellet
> Dicere, et *h*insidias Arrius insidias.
> Et tum mirifice sperabat se esse locutum,
> Cum quantum poterat, dixerat *h*insidias....
> Hoc misso in Syriam, requierant omnibus aures....
> Cum subito affertur nuncius horribilis;
> Ionios fluctus, postquam illuc Arrius isset,
> Jam non Ionios esse, sed *H*ionios.

— Our neighbors of Manhattan have an excellent jest about our crooked streets which, if they were a little more familiar with a native author of unquestionable veracity, they would strike out from the letter of "Our Boston Correspondent," where it is a source of perennial hilarity. It is worth while to reprint, for the benefit of whom it may concern, a paragraph from the authentic history of the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker: —

"The sage council, as has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city, — the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths, which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day."

— When I was a little boy there came to stay with us for a while a young lady with a singularly white complexion. Now I had often seen the masons slacking lime, and I thought it was the whitest thing I had ever looked upon. So I always called this fair visitor of ours *Slacked Lime.* I think she is still living in a neighboring State, and I am sure she has never forgotten the fanciful name I gave her. But within ten or a dozen years I have seen this very same comparison going the round of the papers and credited to a Welsh poet, one David Ap Gwyllym, or something like that, by name.

— I turned a pretty sentence enough

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in one of my lectures about finding poppies springing up amidst the corn; as if it had been foreseen by nature that wherever there should be hunger that asked for food, there would be pain that needed relief, — and many years afterwards I had the pleasure of finding that Mistress Piozzi had been beforehand with me in suggesting the same moral reflection.

— I should like to carry some of my friends to see a giant bee-hive I have discovered. Its hum can be heard half a mile and the great white swarm counts its tens of thousands. They pretend to call it a planing-mill; but if it is not a bee-hive, it is so like one that if a hundred people have not said so before me, it is very singular that they have not. If I wrote verses I would try to bring it in, and I suppose people would start up in a dozen places, and say, "O, that bee-hive simile is mine, — and besides, did not Mr. Bayard Taylor call the snow-flakes 'white bees'?"

I think the Old Master had chosen these trivialities on purpose to amuse the Young Astronomer and myself, if possible, and so make sure of our keeping awake while he went on reading, as follows: —

— How the sweet souls of all time strike the same note, the same because it is in unison with the divine voice that sings to them! I read in the Zend Avesta, "No earthly man with a hundred-fold strength speaks so much evil as Mithra with heavenly strength speaks good. No earthly man with a hundred-fold strength does so much evil as Mithra with heavenly strength does good."

And now leave Persia and Zoroaster, and come down with me to our own New England and one of our old Puritan preachers. It was in the dreadful days of the Salem Witchcraft delusion that one Jonathan Singletary, being then in the prison at Ipswich, gave his testimony as to certain fearful occurrences, — a great noise, as of many cats climbing, skipping, and jumping, of throwing about of furniture, and of men walking in the chambers, with crackling and shaking as if the house would fall upon him.

"I was at present," he says, "something affrighted; yet considering what I had lately heard made out by Mr. Mitchel at Cambridge, that there is more good in God than there is evil in sin, and that although God is the greatest good and sin the greatest evil, yet the first Being of evil cannot weane the scales or overpower the first Being of good: so considering that the authour of good was of greater power than the authour of evil, God was pleased of his goodness to keep me from being out of measure frighted."

I shall always bless the memory of this poor, timid creature for saving that dear remembrance of "Matchless Mitchel." How many, like him, have thought they were preaching a new gospel, when they were only reaffirming the principles which underlie the Magna Charta of humanity, and are common to the noblest utterances of all the nobler creeds! But spoken by those solemn lips to those stern, simple-minded hearers, the words I have cited seem to me to have a fragrance like the precious ointment of spikenard with which Mary anointed her Master's feet. I can see the little bare meeting-house, with the godly deacons, and the grave matrons, and the comely maidens, and the sober manhood of the village, with the small group of college students sitting by themselves under the shadow of the awful Presidential Presence, all listening to that preaching, which was, as Cotton Mather says, "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice"; and as the holy pastor utters those blessed words, which are not of any one church or age, but of all time, the humble place of worship is filled with their perfume, as the house where Mary knelt was filled with the odor of the precious ointment.

— The Master rose, as he finished reading this sentence, and, walking to

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the window, adjusted a curtain which he seemed to find a good deal of trouble in getting to hang just as he wanted it.

He came back to his arm-chair, and began reading again: —

— If men would only open their eyes to the fact which stares them in the face from history, and is made clear enough by the slightest glance at the condition of mankind, that humanity is of immeasurably greater importance than their own or any other particular belief, they would no more attempt to make private property of the grace of God than to fence in the sunshine for their own special use and enjoyment.

We are all tattoed in our cradles with the beliefs of our tribe; the record may seem superficial, but it is indelible. You cannot educate a man wholly out of the superstitious fears which were early implanted in his imagination; no matter how utterly his reason may reject them, he will still feel as the famous woman did about ghosts, *Je ne les crois pas, mais je les crains*, — "I don't believe in them, but I am afraid of them, nevertheless."

— As people grow older they come at length to live so much in memory that they often think with a kind of pleasure of losing their dearest blessings. Nothing can be so perfect while we possess it as it will seem when remembered. The friend we love best may sometimes weary us by his presence or vex us by his infirmities. How sweet to think of him as he will be to us after we have outlived him ten or a dozen years! *Then* we can recall him in his best moments, bid him stay with us as long as we want his company, and send him away when we wish to be alone again. One might alter Shenstone's well-known epitaph to suit such a case: —

Heu! quanto minus est cum te vivo versari
Quam erit (vel *esset*) tui mortui reminisse!

"Alas! how much less the delight of thy living presence
Than will (or would) be that of remembering thee when thou hast left us!"

I want to stop here — I the Poet — and put in a few reflections of my own, suggested by what I have been giving the reader from the Master's Book and in a similar vein.

— How few things there are that do not change their whole aspect in the course of a single generation! The landscape around us is wholly different. Even the outlines of the hills that surround us are changed by the creeping of the villages with their spires and school-houses up their sides. The sky remains the same, and the ocean. A few old churchyards look very much as they used to, except, of course, in Boston, where the gravestones have been rooted up and planted in rows with walks between them, to the utter disgrace and ruin of our most venerated cemeteries. The Registry of Deeds and the Probate Office show us the same old folios, where we can read our grandfather's title to his estate (if we had a grandfather and he happened to own anything) and see how many pots and kettles there were in his kitchen by the inventory of his personal property.

Among living people none remain so long unchanged as the actors. I can see the same Othello to-day, if I choose, that I saw when I was a boy smothering Mrs. Duff-Desdemona with the pillow, under the instigations of Mr. Cooper-Iago. A few stone heavier than he was then, no doubt, but the same truculent blackamoor that took by the thr-r-r-oat the circumcised dog in Aleppo, and told us about it in the old Boston Theatre. In the course of a fortnight, if I care to cross the water, I can see Mademoiselle Dejazet in the same parts I saw her in under Louis Philippe, and be charmed by the same grace and vivacity which delighted my grandmother (if she was in Paris, and went to see her in the part of *Fanchon toute seule* at the *Theatre des Capucines*) in the days when the great Napoleon was still only First Consul.

The graveyard and the stage are pretty much the only places where you can expect to find your friends as you

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left them, five-and-twenty or fifty years ago. — I have noticed, I may add, that old theatre-goers bring back the past with their stories more vividly than men with any other experiences. There were two old New-Yorkers that I used to love to sit talking with about the stage. One was a scholar and a writer of note; a pleasant old gentleman, with the fresh cheek of an octogenarian Cupid. The other not less noted in his way, deep in local lore, large-brained, full-blooded, of somewhat perturbing and tumultuous presence. It was good to hear them talk of George Frederic Cooke, of Kean, and the lesser stars of those earlier constellations. Better still to breakfast with old Samuel Rogers, as some of my readers have done more than once, and hear him answer to the question who was the best actor he remembered, "I think, on the whole, Garrick."

If we did but know how to question these charming old people before it is too late! About ten years, more or less, after the generation in advance of our own has all died off, it occurs to us all at once, "There! I can ask my old friend what he knows of that picture, which must be a Copley; of that house and its legends about which there is such a mystery. He (or she) must know all about that." Too late! Too late!

Still, now and then one saves a reminiscence that means a good deal by means of a casual question. I asked the first of those old New-Yorkers the following question, "Who, on the whole, seemed to you the most considerable person you ever met?"

Now it must be remembered that this was a man who had lived in a city that calls itself the metropolis, one who had been a member of the State and the National Legislature, who had come in contact with men of letters and men of business, with politicians and members of all the professions, during a long and distinguished public career. I paused for his answer with no little curiosity. Would it be one of the great ex-Presidents whose names were known to all the world? Would it be the silver-tongued orator of Kentucky or the "Godlike" champion of the Constitution, our New England Jupiter Capitolinus? Who would it be?

"Take it altogether," he answered, very deliberately, "I should say Colonel Elisha Williams was the most notable personage that I have met with."

— Colonel Elisha Williams! And who might he be, forsooth? A gentleman of singular distinction, you may be well assured, even though you are not familiar with his name; but as I am not writing a biographical dictionary, I shall leave it to my reader to find out who and what he was.

— One would like to live long enough to witness certain things which will no doubt come to pass by and by. I remember that when one of our good kind-hearted old millionnaires was growing very infirm, his limbs failing him, and his trunk getting packed with the infirmities which mean that one is bound on a long journey, he said very simply and sweetly, "I don't care about living a great deal longer, but I *should* like to live long enough to find out how much old —— —— (a many-millioned fellow-citizen) is worth." And without committing myself on the longevity-question I confess I should like to live long enough to see a few things happen that are like to come, sooner or later.

I want to hold the skull of Abraham in my hand. They will go through the Cave of Macpelah at Hebron, I feel sure, in the course of a few generations at the furthest, and as Dr. Robinson knows of nothing which should lead us to question the correctness of the tradition which regards this as the place of sepulture of Abraham and the other patriarchs, there is no reason why we may not find his mummied body in perfect preservation, if he was embalmed after the Egyptian fashion. I suppose the tomb of David will be explored by a commission in due time, and I should like to see the phrenological developments of that great king

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and divine singer and warm-blooded man. If, as seems probable, the anthropological section of society manages to get round the curse that protects the bones of Shakespeare, I should like to see the dome which rounded itself over his imperial brain. — Not that I am what is called a phrenologist, but I am curious as to the physical developments of these fellow-mortals of mine, and a little in want of a sensation.

I should like to live long enough to see the course of the Tiber turned, and the bottom of the river thoroughly dredged. I wonder if they would find the seven-branched golden candlestick brought from Jerusalem by Titus, and said to have been dropped from the Milvian bridge. I have often thought of going fishing for it some year when I wanted a vacation, as some of my friends used to go to Ireland to fish for salmon. There was an attempt of that kind, I think, a few years ago. We all know how it looks well enough, from the figure of it on the Arch of Titus, but I should like to "heft" it in my own hand and carry it home and shine it up (excuse my colloquialisms), and sit down and look at it, and think and think and think until the Temple of Solomon built up its walls of hewn stone and its roofs of cedar around me as noiselessly as when it rose, and "there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building."

All this, you will remember, Beloved, is a digression on my own account, and I return to the Old Master whom I left smiling at his own alteration of Shenstone's celebrated inscription. He now begins reading again : —

— I want it to be understood that I consider that a certain number of persons are at liberty to dislike me peremptorily, without showing cause, and that they give no offence whatever in so doing.

If I did not cheerfully acquiesce in this sentiment towards myself on the part of others, I should not feel at liberty to indulge my own aversions. I try to cultivate a Christian feeling to all my fellow-creatures, but inasmuch as I must also respect truth and honesty, I confess to myself a certain number of inalienable dislikes and prejudices, some of which may possibly be shared by others. Some of these are purely instinctive, for others I can assign a reason. Our likes and dislikes play so important a part in the Order of Things that it is well to see on what they are founded.

There are persons I meet occasionally who are too intelligent by half for my liking. They know my thoughts beforehand, and tell me what I was going to say. Of course they are masters of all my knowledge, and a good deal besides ; have read all the books I have read, and in later editions ; have had all the experiences I have been through, and more too. In my private opinion every mother's son of them will lie at any time rather than confess ignorance.

— I have a kind of dread, rather than hatred, of persons with a large excess of vitality ; great feeders, great laughers, great story-tellers, who come sweeping over their company with a huge tidal wave of animal spirits and boisterous merriment. I have pretty-good spirits myself and enjoy a little mild pleasantry, but I am oppressed and extinguished by these great lusty, noisy creatures, and feel as if I were a mute at a funeral when they get into full blast.

— I cannot get along much better with those drooping, languid people, whose vitality falls short as much as that of the others is in excess. I have not life enough for two ; I wish I had. It is not very enlivening to meet a fellow-creature whose expression and accents say, "You are the hair that breaks the camel's back of my endurance, you are the last drop that makes my cup of woe run over" ; persons whose heads drop on one side like those of toothless infants, whose voices recall the tones in which our old snuffling choir used to wail out the verses of

"Life is the time to serve the Lord."

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— There is another style which does not captivate me. I recognize an attempt at the *grand manner* now and then, in persons who are well enough in their way, but of no particular importance, socially or otherwise. Some family tradition of wealth or distinction is apt to be at the bottom of it, and it survives all the advantages that used to set it off. I like family pride as well as my neighbors, and respect the high-born fellow-citizen whose progenitors have not worked in their shirt-sleeves for the last two generations full as much as I ought to. But *grand-père oblige;* a person with a known grandfather is too distinguished to find it necessary to put on airs. The few Royal Princes I have happened to know were very easy people to get along with, and had not half the social knee-action I have often seen in the collapsed dowagers who lifted their eyebrows at me in my earlier years.

— My heart does not warm as it should do towards the persons, not intimates, who are always *too* glad to see me when we meet by accident, and discover all at once that they have a vast deal to unbosom themselves of to me.

— There is one blameless person whom I cannot love and have no excuse for hating. It is the innocent fellow-creature, otherwise inoffensive to me, whom I find I have involuntarily joined on turning a corner. I suppose the Mississippi, which was flowing quietly along, minding its own business, hates the Missouri for coming into it all at once with its muddy stream. I suppose the Missouri in like manner hates the Mississippi for diluting with its limpid, but insipid current the rich reminiscences of the varied soils through which its own stream has wandered. I will not compare myself to the clear or the turbid current, but I will own that my heart sinks when I find all of a sudden I am in for a corner confluence, and I cease loving my neighbor as myself until I can get away from him.

— These antipathies are at least weaknesses; they may be sins in the eye of the Recording Angel. I often reproach myself with my wrong-doings. I should like sometimes to thank Heaven for saving me from some kinds of transgression, and even for granting me some qualities that if I dared I should be disposed to call virtues. I should do so, I suppose, if I did not remember the story of the Pharisee. That ought not to hinder me. The parable was told to illustrate a single virtue, humility, and the most unwarranted inferences have been drawn from it as to the whole character of the two parties. It seems not at all unlikely, but rather probable, that the Pharisee was a fairer dealer, a better husband, and a more charitable person than the Publican, whose name has come down to us "linked with one virtue," but who may have been guilty, for aught that appears to the contrary, of "a thousand crimes." Remember how we limit the application of other parables. The lord, it will be recollected, commended the unjust steward because he had done *wisely*. His shrewdness was held up as an example, but after all he was a miserable swindler, and deserved the State-prison as much as many of our financial operators. The parable of the Pharisee and the Publican is a perpetual warning against spiritual pride. But it must not frighten any one of us out of being thankful that he is not, like this or that neighbor, under bondage to strong drink or opium, that he is not an Erie Railroad Manager, and that his head rests in virtuous calm on his own pillow. If he prays in the morning to be kept out of temptation as well as for his daily bread, shall he not return thanks at night that he has not fallen into sin as well as that his stomach has been filled? I do not think the poor Pharisee has ever had fair play, and I am afraid a good many people sin with the comforting, half-latent intention of smiting their breasts afterwards and repeating the prayer of the Publican.

(*Sensation.*)

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This little movement which I have thus indicated seemed to give the Master new confidence in his audience. He turned over several pages until he came to a part of the interleaved volume where we could all see he had written in a passage of new matter *in red ink* as of special interest.

— I told you, he said, in Latin, and I repeat it in English, that I have freed my soul in these pages, — I have spoken my mind. I have read you a few extracts, most of them of rather slight texture, and some of them, you perhaps thought, whimsical. But I meant, if I thought you were in the right mood for listening to it, to read you some paragraphs which give in small compass the pith, the marrow, of all that my experience has taught me. Life is a fatal complaint, and an eminently contagious one. I took it early, as we all do, and have treated it all along with the best palliatives I could get hold of, inasmuch as I could find no radical cure for its evils, and have so far managed to keep pretty comfortable under it.

It is a great thing for a man to put the whole meaning of his life into a few paragraphs, if he does it so that others can make anything out of it. If he conveys his wisdom after the fashion of the old alchemists, he may as well let it alone. He must talk in very plain words, and that is what I have done. You want to know what a certain number of scores of years have taught me that I think best worth telling. If I had half a dozen square inches of paper, and one penful of ink, and five minutes to use them in for the instruction of those who come after me, what should I put down in writing? That is the question.

Perhaps I should be wiser if I refused to attempt any such brief statement of the most valuable lesson that life has taught me. I am by no means sure that I had not better draw my pen through the page that holds the quintessence of my vital experiences, and leave those who wish to know what it is to distil it themselves from my many printed pages. But I have excited your curiosity, and I see that you are impatient to hear what the wisdom, or the folly, it may be, of a life shows for, when it is crowded into a few lines as the fragrance of a gardenful of roses is concentrated in a few drops of perfume.

— By this time I confess I was myself a little excited. *What was he going to tell us?* The Young Astronomer looked upon him with an eye as clear and steady and brilliant as the evening star, but I could see that he too was a little nervous, wondering what would come next.

The Old Master adjusted his large round spectacles and began: —

— It has cost me fifty years to find my place in the Order of Things. I had explored all the sciences; I had studied the literature of all ages; I had travelled in many lands; I had learned how to follow the working of thought in men and of sentiment and instinct in women. I had examined for myself all the religions that could make out any claim for themselves. I had fasted and prayed with the monks of a lonely convent; I had mingled with the crowds that shouted glory at camp-meetings; I had listened to the threats of Calvinists and the promises of Universalists; I had been a devout attendant on a Jewish Synagogue; I was in correspondence with an intelligent Buddhist; and I met frequently with the inner circle of Rationalists, who believed in the persistence of Force, and the identity of alimentary substances with virtue, and were reconstructing the universe on this basis, with absolute exclusion of all Supernumeraries. In these pursuits I had passed the larger part of my half-century of existence, as yet with little satisfaction. It was on the morning of my fiftieth birthday that the solution of the great problem I had sought so long came to me as a simple formula, with a few grand but obvious inferences. I will repeat the substance of this final intuition: —

The one central fact in the Order of Things which solves all questions is —

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At this moment we were interrupted by a knock at the Master's door. It was most inopportune, for he was on the point of the great disclosure, but common politeness compelled him to answer it, and as the step which we had heard was that of one of the softer-footed sex, he chose to rise from his chair and admit his visitor.

This visitor was our Landlady. She was dressed with more than usual nicety, and her countenance showed clearly that she came charged with an important communication.

— I did n't know there was company with you, — said the Landlady, — but it 's jest as well. I 've got something to tell my boarders that I don't want to tell them, and if I must do it, I may as well tell you all at once as one to a time. I 'm a going to give up keeping boarders at the end of this year, — I mean come the end of December.

She took out a white handkerchief, at hand in expectation of what was to happen, and pressed it to her eyes. There was an interval of silence. The Master closed his book and laid it on the table. The Young Astronomer did not look as much surprised as I should have expected. I was completely taken aback, — I had not thought of such a sudden breaking up of our little circle.

When the Landlady had recovered her composure, she began again : —

The Lady that 's been so long with me is going to a house of her own, — one she has bought back again, for it used to belong to her folks. It 's a beautiful house, and the sun shines in at the front windows all day long. She 's going to be wealthy again, but it doos n't make any difference in her ways. I 've had boarders complain when I was doing as well as I knowed how for them, but I never heerd a word from her that was n't as pleasant as if she 'd been talking to the Governor's lady. I 've knowed what it was to have women-boarders that find fault, — there 's some of 'em would quarrel with me and everybody at my table; they would quarrel with the Angel Gabriel if he lived in the house with 'em, and scold at him and tell him he was always dropping his feathers round, if they could n't find anything else to bring up against him.

Two other boarders of mine has given me notice that they was expecting to leave come the first of January. I could fill up their places easy enough, for ever since that first book was wrote that called people's attention to my boarding-house, I 've had more wanting to come than I wanted to keep.

But I 'm getting along in life, and I ain't quite so rugged as I used to be. My daughter is well settled and my son is making his own living. I 've done a good deal of hard work in my time, and I feel as if I had a right to a little rest. There 's nobody knows what a woman that has the charge of a family goes through, but God Almighty that made her. I 've done my best for them that I loved, and for them that was under my roof. My husband and my children was well cared for when they lived, and he and them little ones that I buried has white marble head-stones and foot-stones, and an iron fence round the lot, and a place left for me betwixt him and the . . . .

Some has always been good to me, — some has made it a little of a strain to me to get along. When a woman's back aches with overworking herself to keep her house in shape, and a dozen mouths are opening at her three times a day, like them little young birds that split their heads open so you can a'most see into their empty stomachs, and one wants this and another wants that, and provisions is dear and rent is high, and nobody to look to, — then a sharp word cuts, I tell you, and a hard look goes right to your heart. I 've seen a boarder make a face at what I set before him, when I had tried to suit him jest as well as I knew how, and I have n't cared to eat a thing myself all the rest of that day, and I 've laid awake without a wink of sleep all night. And then when you come down the next morning all the boarders stare at you and wonder what makes you so

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low-spirited, and why you don't look as happy and talk as cheerful as one of them rich ladies that has dinner-parties, where they 've nothing to do but give a few orders, and somebody comes and cooks their dinner, and somebody else comes and puts flowers on the table, and a lot of men dressed up like ministers come and wait on everybody, as attentive as undertakers at a funeral.

And that reminds me to tell you that I 'm a going to live with my daughter. Her husband 's a very nice man, and when he is n't following a corpse, he 's as good company as if he was a member of the city council. My son, he 's a going into business with the old Doctor he studied with, and he 's a going to board with me at my daughter's for a while, — I suppose *he* 'll be getting a wife before long. (This with a pointed look at our young friend, the Astronomer.)

It is n't but a little while longer that we are going to be together, and I want to say to you gentlemen, as I mean to say to the others and as I have said to our two ladies, that I feel more obligated to you for the way you 've treated me than I know very well how to put into words. Boarders sometimes expect too much of the ladies that provides for them. Some days the meals are better than other days ; it can't help being so. Sometimes the provision-market is n't well supplied, sometimes the fire in the cooking-stove does n't burn so well as it does other days ; sometimes the cook is n't so lucky as she might be. And there *is* boarders who is always laying in wait for the days when the meals is not quite so good as they commonly be, to pick a quarrel with the one that is trying to serve them so as that they shall be satisfied. But you 've all been good and kind to me. I suppose I 'm not quite so spry and quick-sighted as I was a dozen years ago, when my boarder wrote that first book so many have asked me about. But now I 'm going to stop taking boarders. I don't believe you 'll think much about what I did n't do, — because I could n't, — but remember that at any rate I tried honestly to serve you. I hope God will bless all that set at my table, old and young, rich and poor, merried and single, and single that hopes soon to be merried. My husband that 's dead and gone always believed that we all get to heaven sooner or later, — and sence I 've grown older and buried so many that I 've loved I 've come to feel that perhaps I should meet all of them that I 've known here — or at least as many of 'em as I wanted to — in a better world. And, though I don't calculate there is any boarding-houses in heaven, I hope I shall some time or other meet them that has set round my table one year after another, all together, where there is no fault-finding with the food and no occasion for it, — and if I do meet them and you there, — or anywhere, — if there is anything I can do for you . . . .

. . . . Poor dear soul! Her ideas had got a little mixed, and her heart was overflowing, and the white handkerchief closed the scene with its timely and greatly needed service.

— What a pity, I have often thought, that she came in just at that precise moment! For the Old Master was on the point of telling us, and through one of us the reading world, — I mean that fraction of it which has reached this point of the record, — at any rate, of telling you, Beloved, through my pen, his solution of a great problem we all have to deal with. We were some weeks longer together, but he never offered to continue his reading. At length I ventured to give him a hint that our young friend and myself would both of us be greatly gratified if he would begin reading from his unpublished page where he had left off.

— No, sir, — he said, — better not, better not. That which means so much to me, the writer, might be a disappointment, or at least a puzzle, to you, the listener. Besides, if you 'll take my printed book and be at the trouble of thinking over what it says, and put that

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with what you 've heard me say, and then make those comments and reflections which will be suggested to a mind in so many respects like mine as is your own, — excuse my good opinion of myself, — (It is a high compliment to me, I replied,) you will perhaps find you have the elements of the formula and its consequences which I was about to read you. It 's quite as well to crack your own filberts as to borrow the use of other people's teeth. I think we will wait awhile before we pour out the *Elixir Vitæ*.

— To tell the honest truth, I suppect the Master has found out that his formula does not hold water quite so perfectly as he was thinking, so long as he kept it to himself, and never thought of imparting it to anybody else. The very minute a thought is threatened with publicity it seems to shrink towards mediocrity, as I have noticed that a great pumpkin, the wonder of a village, seemed to lose at least a third of its dimensions between the field where it grew and the cattle-show fair-table, where it took its place with other enormous pumpkins from other wondering villages. But however that may be, I shall always regret that I had not the opportunity of judging for myself how completely the Master's formula, which, for him, at least, seemed to have solved the great problem, would have accomplished that desirable end for me.

The Landlady's announcement of her intention to give up keeping boarders was heard with regret by all who met around her table. The Member of the Haouse inquired of me whether I could tell him if the Lamb Tahvern was kept well abaout these times. He knew that members from his place used to stop there, but he had n't heerd much abaout it of late years. — I had to inform him that that fold of rural innocence had long ceased offering its hospitalities to the legislative flock. He found refuge at last, I have learned, in a great public house in the northern section of the city, where, as he said, the folks all went up stairs in a rat-trap, and the last I heard of him was looking out of his somewhat elevated attic-window in a northwesterly direction in hopes that he might perhaps get a sight of the Grand Monadnock, a mountain in New Hampshire, which I have myself seen from the top of Bunker Hill Monument.

The Member of the Haouse seems to have been more in a hurry to find a new resting-place than the other boarders. By the first of January, however, our whole company was scattered, never to meet again around the board where we had been so long together.

The Lady moved to the house where she had passed many of her prosperous years. It had been occupied by a rich family who had taken it nearly as it stood, and as the pictures had been dusted regularly, and the books had never been handled, she found everything in many respects as she had left it, and in some points improved, for the rich people did not know what else to do, and so they spent money without stint on their house and its adornments, by all of which she could not help profiting. I do not choose to give the street and number of the house where she lives, but a great many poor people know very well where it is, and as a matter of course the rich ones roll up to her door in their carriages by the dozen every fine Monday while anybody is in town.

It is whispered that our two young folks are to be married before another season, and that the Lady has asked them to come and stay with her for a while. Our Scheherazade is to write no more stories. It is astonishing to see what a change for the better in her aspect a few weeks of brain-rest and heart's ease have wrought in her. I doubt very much whether she ever returns to literary labor. The work itself was almost heart-breaking, but the effect upon her of the sneers and cynical insolences of the literary rough who came at her in mask and brass knuckles was to give her what I fear will be a lifelong disgust against any

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writing for the public, especially in any of the periodicals. I am not sorry that she should stop writing, but I am sorry that she should have been silenced in such a rude way. I doubt, too, whether the young Astronomer will pass the rest of his life in hunting for comets and planets. I think he has found an attraction that will call him down from the celestial luminaries to a light not less pure and far less remote. And I am inclined to believe that the best answer to many of those questions which have haunted him and found expression in his verse will be reached by a very different channel from that of lonely contemplation, — the duties, the cares, the responsible realities of a life drawn out of itself by the power of newly awakened instincts and affections. The double star was prophetic, — I thought it would be.

The Register of Deeds is understood to have been very handsomely treated by the boarder who owes her good fortune to his sagacity and activity. He has engaged apartments at a very genteel boarding-house not far from the one where we have all been living. The Salesman found it a simple matter to transfer himself to an establishment over the way; he had very little to move, and required very small accommodations.

The Capitalist, however, seems to have felt it impossible to move without ridding himself of a part at least of his encumbrances. The community was startled by the announcement that a citizen who did not wish his name to be known had made a free gift of a large sum of money — it was in tens of thousands — to an institution of long standing and high character in the city of which he was a quiet resident. The source of such a gift could not long be kept secret. It was our economical, not to say parsimonious Capitalist who had done this noble act, and the poor man had to skulk through back streets and keep out of sight, as if he was a show character in a travelling caravan, to avoid the acknowledgments of his liberality, which met him on every hand and put him fairly out of countenance.

That Boy has gone, in virtue of a special invitation, to make a visit of indefinite length at the house of the father of the older boy, whom we know by the name of Johnny. Of course he is having a good time, for Johnny's father is full of fun, and tells first-rate stories, and if neither of the boys gets his brains kicked out by the pony, or blows himself up with gunpowder, or breaks through the ice and gets drowned, they will have a fine time of it this winter.

The Scarabee could not bear to remove his collections, and the Old Master was equally unwilling to disturb his books. It was arranged, therefore, that they should keep their apartments until the new tenant should come into the house, when, if they were satisfied with her management, they would continue as her boarders.

The last time I saw the Scarabee he was still at work on the *meloë* question. Hs expressed himself very pleasantly towards all of us, his fellow-boarders, and spoke of the kindness and consideration with which the Landlady had treated him when he had been straitened at times for want of means. Especially he seemed to be interested in our young couple who were soon to be united. His tired old eyes glistened as he asked about them, — could it be that their little romance recalled some early vision of his own? However that may be, he got up presently and went to a little box in which, as he said, he kept some choice specimens. He brought to me in his hand something which glittered. It was an exquisite diamond beetle.

— If you could get that to her, — he said, — they tell me that ladies sometimes wear them in their hair. If they are out of fashion, she can keep it till after they 're married, and then perhaps after a while there may be — you know — you know what I mean — there may be — *larvæ* that 's what I 'm thinking there may be, and they 'll like to look at it.

— As he got out the word *larvæ*, a

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faint sense of the ridiculous seemed to take hold of the Scarabee, and for the first and only time during my acquaintance with him a slight attempt at a smile showed itself on his features. It was barely perceptible and gone almost as soon as seen, yet I am pleased to put it on record that on one occasion at least in his life the Scarabee smiled.

The Old Master keeps adding notes and reflections and new suggestions to his interleaved volume, but I doubt if he ever gives them to the public. The study he has proposed to himself does not grow easier the longer it is pursued. The whole Order of Things can hardly be completely unravelled in any single person's lifetime, and I suspect he will have to adjourn the final stage of his investigations to that more luminous realm where the Landlady hopes to rejoin the company of boarders who are nevermore to meet around her cheerful and well-ordered table.

The curtain has now fallen, and I show myself a moment before it to thank my audience and say farewell. The second comer is commonly less welcome than the first, and the third makes but a rash venture. I hope I have not wholly disappointed those who have been so kind to my predecessors.

To you, Beloved, who have never failed to cut the leaves which hold my record, who have never nodded over its pages, who have never hesitated in your allegiance, who have greeted me with unfailing smiles and part from me with unfeigned regrets, to you I look my las tadieu as I bow myself out of sight, trusting my poor efforts to your always kind remembrance.

EPILOGUE TO THE BREAKFAST-TABLE SERIES.

AUTOCRAT — PROFESSOR — POET.

AT A BOOKSTORE.

Anno Domini 1972.

A CRAZY bookcase, placed before
A low-price dealer's open door;
Therein arrayed in broken rows
A ragged crew of rhyme and prose,
The homeless vagrants, waifs and strays
Whose low estate this line betrays
(Set forth the lesser birds to lime)
YOUR CHOICE AMONG THESE BOOKS, 1 DIME!

Ho! dealer; for its motto's sake
This scarecrow from the shelf I take;
Three starveling volumes bound in one,
Its covers warping in the sun.
Methinks it hath a musty smell,
I like its flavor none too well,
But Yorick's brain was far from dull,
Though Hamlet pah!'d, and dropped his skull.

Why, here comes rain! The sky grows dark, —
Was that the roll of thunder? Hark!
The shop affords a safe retreat,
A chair extends its welcome seat,
The tradesman has a civil look
(I 've paid, impromptu, for my book),
The clouds portend a sudden shower, —
I 'll read my purchase for an hour.

. . . . . .

What have I rescued from the shelf?
A Boswell, writing out himself!
For though he changes dress and name,
The man beneath is still the same,
Laughing or sad, by fits and starts,
One actor in a dozen parts,
And whatsoe'er the mask may be,
The voice assures us, *This is he.*

I say not this to cry him down;
I find my Shakespeare in his clown,
His rogues the self-same parent own;
Nay! Satan talks in Milton's tone!
Where'er the ocean inlet strays,
The salt sea wave its source betrays,
Where'er the queen of summer blows,
She tells the zephyr, "I 'm the rose!"

And his is not the playwright's page;
His table does not ape the stage;
What matter if the figures seen
Are only shadows on a screen,
He finds in them his lurking thought,
And on their lips the words he sought,
Like one who sits before the keys
And plays a tune himself to please.

And was he noted in his day?
Read, flattered, honored? Who shall say?
Poor wreck of time the wave has cast
To find a peaceful shore at last,
Once glorying in thy gilded name
And freighted deep with hopes of fame,

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Thy leaf is moistened with a tear,
The first for many a long, long year!

For be it more or less of art
That veils the lowliest human heart
Where passion throbs, where friendship glows,
Where pity's tender tribute flows,
Where love has lit its fragrant fire,
And sorrow quenched its vain desire,
For me the altar is divine,
Its flame, its ashes, — all are mine!

And thou, my brother, as I look
And see thee pictured in thy book,
Thy years on every page confessed
In shadows lengthening from the west,
Thy glance that wanders, as it sought
Some freshly opening flower of thought,
Thy hopeful nature, light and free,
I start to find myself in thee!

. . . . .

Come, vagrant, outcast, wretch forlorn
In leather jerkin stained and torn,
Whose talk has filled my idle hour
And made me half forget the shower,
I 'll do at least as much for you,
Your coat I 'll patch, your gilt renew,
Read you — perhaps — some other time.
Not bad, my bargain! Price one dime!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SHAKER JOHN.

I.

THE sun lay warm on the hills that June afternoon, tingeing with brighter scarlet the strawberries that were ripening in the growing grass. The roses were in all their glory, and the little brown cottage under the maple-tree was nearly covered with their bloom. Into the open window floated their fragrance till the air was heavy with it.

But she who had longed so much for the summer was rapidly passing from all earthly summers forever.

The monotonous hum of the bees among the roses soothed to quiet slumber the little watcher by her bedside, while she gazed on the unconscious boy with looks of unutterable love. Who may tell the agony of that mother's heart as she felt herself gliding away from that little helpless one who had never known any care or love save hers? Who, in the whole wide world, could fill her place to the shrinking, sensitive child?

All the sad past came up before her, as she lay there that summer afternoon, — memories of girlhood, of a happy bride, a proud mother, and, so soon! a widow. Then she recalled the struggle that followed, when she toiled bravely for the sake of her boy, year after year with ever-failing strength, till at last, when Johnnie was ten years old, she lay down to die. There was no hope for her, and she knew it; but when she told Johnnie so, he did not and could not and *would* not believe it.

The day drifted on to evening, and the stars came out and shone into the quiet room before Johnnie awoke.

"Please, darling, get me a cup of water and then eat your supper, for I want to talk with you."

He brought the water and sat down again by her side, awed by the strange pallor of her face into a fearful, sickening dread.

"Johnnie darling, mother is going away from you now for a little while, — going home to heaven. My precious darling, will you always, as long as you live, remember all I have told you and try to be as good as if I were with you? I think God will sometimes let me be with you, though you cannot see me."

With a bitter cry, as if hope had gone out in his heart, he answered, "O mother, mother, do not leave me! Take me with you, — do, mother, take

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me with you! I cannot live without you, you know I cannot. Ask God to let me die too."

Tears, the last the poor mother was to shed, rolled down her cheeks as she clasped the boy close to her heart, already beating with the labored throbs of death. "O Johnnie, my own darling, God will take care of you, indeed he will! He says, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' You must love him and trust him, and he will surely take care of you. Now, Johnnie, kiss me and then go to sleep right here in my arms."

And Johnnie kissed her over and over and over again, with a tempest of sobs and tears, till at last, worn out with his grief, he sank down by her side and was again in a troubled sleep. The mother clasped him closer and closer, and gazed at him as long as her dim, dying eyes could see; and then she too slept.

A neighbor, coming in soon after, found them lying in each other's arms; but Johnnie was motherless.

II.

Out a few miles from a flourishing city was the Shaker community of Bethlehem. The broad acres of fertile meadow and hill-slope gave evidence of careful cultivation. The great barns were filled almost to bursting with the abundant harvests. Fat, sleek cattle fed in the pastures and gave promise of a dairy full of milk, butter, and cheese. Sheep were scattered over the hillsides, and many acres were blue with the delicate blossom of the flax. Everything indicated industry, thrift, and neatness, as is always the case in the Shaker communities. Beyond these virtues they seldom went. Utilitarians of the strictest sort, they argued that the beautiful was only to be cultivated by the world's people, and that to their everlasting undoing. So the Brothers went about their work with grave faces that hardened year by year into rigid lines, — faces in which one read the extinguishment of human hope and love and happiness. The Sisters, in their grotesque garb, lost year by year the sweetness and serenity that should have been theirs, and became angular and unlovely in mind and body. No sweet feminine graces were theirs, no dainty touches were allowed to soften the rudeness of their surroundings. You saw no flowers growing in their windows or in their gardens, no bouquets in their rooms. True, they had great beds of sage and thyme and summer-savory, and they excelled in preparing these herbs for the market. But they did not cultivate flowers for their own sweet sake. What call had they to love the world's vanities and weeds?

A serious, sober, simple, quiet people, kindly, plain in manner; — it was in their quaint Community that Johnnie Lawrence found himself the next day after his mother's funeral. There had been neither kith nor kin to claim the orphan, and the neighbors, who had been very kind to Mrs. Lawrence during her illness, were too poor and had too many children of their own to add one more to their number. They talked together about Johnnie, and it had been decided by them that he could find no better home than among the Shakers at Bethlehem. So it came about that the very next day he was taken there.

When Johnnie found that his mother was dead, he made no outcry and shed no tear, but his face had a look far more sad to see than the most violent weeping. He seemed so benumbed by the shock as hardly to comprehend the sorrowful funeral rites; but when the coffin was lowered into the grave he uttered a wailing cry of "Mother, mother!" and sank senseless to the ground. It was in this helpless state that they took him to the Shakers, and the good woman who carried him there wept over him when she left him, and assured the neighbors upon her return that Johnnie would soon follow his mother.

But young hearts are strong after

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all, and grief seldom kills; and so, though Johnnie lay in a low fever for several weeks, during which he was tenderly cared for by the good Sisters, yet at last he came slowly but surely back to life. For some time he was too weak to know or care where he was. After a while he asked a few questions, and Sister Martha, who had come to have the sole care of him latterly, told him as gently as she could what had taken place. He listened in silence, then turned his face to the wall. Sister Martha, kind soul, tried to comfort him, but he took no notice of her for hours. There he lay, his thin hands over his white face, while between his fingers slowly trickled the tears. Occasionally a sob shook his slight frame, and sometimes Sister Martha fancied she heard him whisper, "Mother."

From that time he asked no questions, but accepted his lot without a word. To Sister Martha he particularly attached himself, as in some degree taking the place of his mother; though Sister Martha, coarse-featured, angular, large-handed, and uncouth, was very different from the beautiful, delicate, graceful mother whose memory Johnnie kept sacred in his heart. But there was something of the same mother-love in her eyes, and that sanctified and beautified her in his sight.

For a few years the duties required of Johnnie were very light and pleasant. To drive the cows to and from their pasture, to carry water to the busy workers in the field, to gather herbs and berries and fruit, — these were all agreeable tasks. The pure air and plain plentiful food and healthful exercise gave new life and strength to the boy, and brought a bright glow to the cheeks that had been so pale, and rounded out the slight limbs to a healthful fulness. But he was always quiet and gentle, and wore a certain air of refinement in contrast with his surroundings. As he grew older his nature sometimes rebelled at the coarse, rude life of the Shakers, and he questioned with himself why all that makes life beautiful was so sedulously excluded by them. He gave no expression, however, to all that passed in his mind; and as the years wore away and he steadily worked on at the trade, shoemaking, which he had learned, no one of that Brotherhood imagined that "Brother John" had any higher aspirations than the rest of them.

He seldom "went out into the world," as they termed mingling with the outsiders; but on such rare occasions he always came back with a crushed, desponding spirit. The glimpses he caught of another life revealed to him something better and higher and nobler than that of the Community, and led him back in memory to the little vine-covered cottage, and the gentle mother who had made his young life under that lowly roof seem a dream of Paradise. To no one did he speak of all this; perhaps, had Sister Martha lived, he might have gone to her for sympathy, but Sister Martha had for years slept in her lowly, unmarked grave. "Gone over there," they always answered, with an indefinite wave of the hand, when questioned of one who was dead.

Gradually there grew up in Brother John's mind a desire to leave the Community. At first he rejected the idea as impracticable, but it returned again and again, and grew upon him more and more. Meanwhile, till he could see the way clear for its accomplishment, he worked steadily at his trade, making the heavy shoes that seemed to him like everything else about him, coarse and ungainly.

III.

"WELL, Sue, what shall we do today? We must improve every one of these shining hours."

Sue, who was a beautiful young mother with her first baby asleep in her arms, got up and walked gently to the cradle, singing in a low voice all the while to the little one as she carefully laid it down. Then she stole out of the room.

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"Now, Lucy."

"I have it, Sue; let us go out to Bethlehem this morning and see the Shakers. You know we have been talking about it ever so long."

"But our babies, Lucy."

"O those babies! We can leave them well enough this morning. They will be taken good care of."

So, with many injunctions to the nurse, they departed. They were school-friends who had seldom met since their marriage, and they were now renewing the pleasant friendship of old times.

It was a delightful drive, — first, through the crowded city streets; then out where the houses began to straggle farther and farther apart, and the country to steal in between; a little farther and the road lay through shady woods and between cultivated fields, and every vestige of the city was left behind. The friends were as happy that morning as in the merry days whose memories they recalled with so many peals of laughter, and they reached Bethlehem in a gay mood, prepared to enjoy everything they should see and hear.

The Sisters, as usual, were going about their work, looking to the kitchen, the dairy, the spinning and weaving, and whatever else came in their department; but one of them cheerfully accompanied the ladies on their round of observation. The friends admired the order and neatness everywhere visible, — the milk-pans shining like silver, the pails and churns scoured to a snowy whiteness. They must taste the butter, and have a drink of the milk, and try some of the cheese, and the cheese made some bread necessary, and that reminded Sister Hannah that some honey would not be out of place with the bread; and so they had a gay lunch with Sister Hannah, who found herself laughing merrily at their enjoyment of everything. It was quite an extraordinary thing for Sister Hannah to laugh, and it really made her plain face grow young and beautiful. Poor soul, doubtless she reproved herself long after for having been betrayed into such worldliness and levity?

After the lunch they took a stroll over the gardens, and there Brother John met them. He bowed to them with instinctive but most un-Shaker-like grace, and they were at once struck by the contrast between him and the other Brothers they had met. He, on his part, followed their every motion with eyes that took in all the difference between them and the ungainly Sister Hannah. There was something in Lucy's voice, her elastic step, her slender figure, that reminded him of his mother, that dear, dead mother who had been all these long years enshrined in his memory, the embodiment of perfect grace and goodness. He followed them at a respectful distance, contrasting in his mind the culture and refinement they manifested in every look and tone and motion with the coarseness of the Sisters' manners. The very sweep of their drapery seemed to him marvellously beautiful by the side of poor Sister Hannah's scant skirts that switched so ungracefully about her thick ankles, revealing her colored woollen stockings and great coarse shoes. Sister Hannah certainly suffered in all points by the contrast, from her hideous head-gear to the No. 7s on her feet. Brother John finally turned away in despair.

The sound of Lucy's clear laugh drew him again in their direction, and he followed them with wistful eyes that revealed something of what was passing in his heart. The ladies, in a pause of their gay talk, noticed the eager look, and Lucy impulsively turned toward him and said, "Brother John, are you contented here?"

He was not prepared for the question, and his heart cried out bitterly at its seeming cruelty. "How can she," he thought, "with all her beauty and culture and love, taunt me with the poverty of my life?" Perhaps he did not think it in just these words, but such was the current of his thoughts. Yet, with all the calmness he could, he simply answered, "I have lived here from childhood."

Why did not that suffice? Why

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must she demand still further, "But are you happy here?"

The question pierced him through and through, for his heart, after all the discipline it had undergone, was still very human.

There was no revelation in his manner of what was passing in his mind, and he replied in the same low, measured, passionless tones, "This has long been my home."

"Home," echoed Lucy, looking around at the prim, stiff, bare houses of the Community, — "home! but you would be so much happier in a home of your own, I am sure."

Brother John did not reply, but the words rung in his ears, and he almost wailed them over to himself, weeks afterwards, "You would be so much happier in a home of your own."

With an invitation to Brother John to call upon them when he visited the city, the ladies went. In a few days the memory of that visit was, to them, only one among many pleasant memories.

Not so with Brother John. The grave, silent man grew, if possible, still more grave and silent. "Must I," so he questioned with himself, — "must I try forever to satisfy myself with these dry husks which have no kernel of affection in them? Must I starve my spirit here, when in the world there is fulness of beauty and love? Why should I not go away from this place where I have been so cramped and dwarfed every way, and live among men, and measure myself with them, and try to grow like them? Yes, why should not I, too, have a home all my own?"

So he reasoned, and gradually the desire to leave the Shakers, at first misty and indistinct, took form. Come what would, he could not stay there longer. The very air stifled him. He must go away where he could breathe more freely.

Then he remembered the invitation he had received to call upon the ladies who had helped him so much, unwittingly, to his decision; and he resolved to go and see them before he should make known to the Brotherhood his intention of leaving them.

To the city Brother John went. But in its crowded streets, jostled by its rushing, bustling throng of well-dressed men and women, he began to feel how different he was from them. If he had little in common with the Shakers, he had still less with this new world in which he found himself. He looked with a degree of bitterness at his own coarse dress and brown hands. He became suddenly and painfully aware of his own deficiences, and the man who, at the Farm, was so quiet and self-possessed, and contrasted so favorably with the other Brothers, grew awkward and uneasy, and walked with shambling step and downcast eye. Almost his courage failed him, and he had half resolved to go back and live and die in the Community, when he found himself in front of the house he was seeking.

A great desire to see again the woman who had reminded him so much of his mother took possession of him, and he rung the bell with almost childish eagerness. His ring was answered and he was shown into the parlor where the two ladies sat, surrounded by their children; making — so Brother John thought — the sweetest home-picture he had ever looked upon.

They received him kindly, and asked him all sorts of questions about Bethlehem and its people. Could they have known what was passing in his mind, they would doubtless have said something in reference to his leaving the Shakers, but it never occurred to them that such an idea had entered his mind, still less that they had done anything to suggest it to him. So the time passed away, Brother John noticing everything in the room, and each moment seeming carried back nearer and nearer to his childhood and his mother. When he left the house, though not an allusion had been made to the subject, his mind was fully made up. He would come out into the world. Henceforth his end and aim in

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life should be to make for himself a home, — such a home as he had just visited. Then Brother John blushed, a vivid, painful blush, as he fancied some sweet-faced, pleasant woman who would make that home all the world to him. Instinctively, he gave that unknown woman the form and features of his mother.

It was with a firm step and uplifted face that he now walked. No more hesitation, no more doubt. He would henceforth be a man among men. He would go out and live among them, and hold up his head with the best of them. He felt in his heart that he had the power to do it, and his nerves were strung with the intensity of his resolve.

IV.

THE great barn-doors at Bethlehem swung wide open, revealing to the passer-by the abundance of the harvest stored within. The sweet smell of the hay came wafted by the breeze, more delicious than any gale that sweeps over Araby the blest. Motherly, clucking hens with great broods of half-grown chickens sought shelter inside the friendly open doors from the fierceness of the heat, and tried in vain to restrain their thoughtless offspring from too reckless pursuit of the temptingly fat grasshoppers that started up in every direction.

In the pastures the cows lay quietly chewing their cuds, with meditative eyes, under the shadow of the trees, waiting till they should be driven up for the evening milking.

The Brothers toiled patiently in the fields, with moist faces and sun-browned hands, — toiled patiently, but with a painful, mechanical air, as if they carried to their labor no more of heart or hope than the machines they were using in their work.

In the houses the Sisters were busy as usual, — they were always busy there, — but who could look at their patient, hopeless faces without pity? Occasionally there was a fair, sweet, saintly one that told of heavenly hopes and communings so bright and real as to make earthly joys dim and worthless. There were others seamed and scarred all over with the inner conflict. There were eyes that looked as from behind prison bars; other eyes, sad and full of unshed tears. There were some timid, gentle, loving faces, that should have been seen only in quiet, happy homes, not in Bethlehem. There were others coarse, stupid, hard.

Brother John noticed them all that evening as he had never noticed them in the twenty years of his life there. Now that he was about leaving them there sprung up in his heart a pitying, loving sympathy for them. There was a certain feeling of familiarity with them that had taken the place of tenderer ties, and now he felt as if, after all, he might be going away from home. For a moment he almost drew back, and he had a weak notion of going to the Brothers and telling them he would stay with them. Only for a moment, though, and then the desire for something better than life there could possibly offer grew strong within him. With beating, anxious heart he went to the room where he was to meet the elders and receive the sum of money which, after due deliberation, they should conclude his services worth for the twenty years he had been with them.

Were this story a fiction, I should never think of naming so small a sum as Brother John found set down to his credit. As it is a true story, I hardly dare mention it for fear of throwing discredit on a whole sect. True he had been received into the Community when he was a feeble, delicate child. They had cared for him through severe and protracted sickness. Little labor had been required of him for several years, while he had been fed and clothed and sheltered. They had taught him how to make the coarse "stoga" shoes worn at Bethlehem. He, on his part, had wrought faithfully for twelve of the twenty years at that trade. The Community was rich. Might not Brother John expect at least a few hundred dollars to begin life with?

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He found himself, that summer evening, standing half stupefied, looking back upon the Community which he had just quitted, and upon which the setting sun shone as if in benediction, with exactly two dollars and fifty cents in his pocket! And "the world was all before him where to choose."

With pardonable bitterness John Lawrence, now Brother John no longer, recalled the time, twenty years ago, when he was brought there senseless and helpless; and the thought crossed his mind that he was beginning the world, at thirty years of age, in just as helpless a condition.

There had been a great commotion at Bethlehem when Brother John announced his intention of leaving. He was the last one they would have suspected of any such desire. He had always been so self-possessed and reticent, they thought him perfectly satisfied. There was even talk of making him an elder, and it was confidently predicted that he would some day be a great man among them.

The Sisters, too, all liked him, — he was always so ready to do any little kindness. They would sadly miss his pleasant face out of the little sunshine in their lives. There had been some effort made to retain him, but he was so decided that it was at once given up. And now he was gone.

As he stood looking back upon the spot that had been all the home he had known for so many years, he saw one of the Sisters stealing quietly towards him, with a little package in her hand; and when it proved to be Sister Hannah, who had followed him with a paper of bread and cheese, which she gave him, telling him he might want it for his breakfast, his heart smote him for the bitter thoughts he had been indulging. There was some good there after all; and when poor Sister Hannah said good by with faltering voice and tearful eyes, and turned back home again, he forgot about her awkward figure, slouchy bonnet, coarse hands and feet, and remembered only the womanly kindness that for the time beautified her.

So John Lawrence, at thirty years of age, had his next day's breakfast in his hand, and two dollars and fifty cents in his pocket, and the world before him.

It was no hardship for him to spend the first night within the shelter of a barn, about half-way from Bethlehem to the city. His poverty made it necessary; but, aside from this, it gave a certain spice of romance, a flavor of adventure, that was in no wise distasteful to the man in his present mood. For he was but a young man, after all; and now that he had fairly entered the world, he began to feel within himself the energy and ambition that his life with the Shakers had only crushed and repressed, not killed. So he laid himself down on the fragrant hay, and the moon shone brightly in at the open doors, and John Lawrence, with half-shut eyes, dreamed of the future upon which he was now entering. Gradually the barn in which he slept changed into a fair home, with beautiful rooms filled with rare adornments, and moving among them, the chief attraction, was a sweet-faced woman, who, in the vagaries of his dream, wore by turns the features of his mother, then of the two well-remembered visitors at Bethlehem, and sometimes of Sister Hannah. As his sleep deepened the picture grew more intense and real, and then the whole night long she who moved in his dream wore the calm, still face and loving eyes of his mother.

Was not that mother, in her intense yearning love, thus fulfilling her dying promise to be sometimes with him if God would permit? Might he not have known, from that vision of the night, that the world held for him no dearer home, no nearer love, than he had known in that little brown cottage under the old maple-tree?

Happily, — or was it not rather unhappily? — all this was hidden from his eyes.

He woke in the morning refreshed by his sleep. Sister Hannah's bread and cheese were by no means despised,

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with the eager appetite he found himself possessed of. The morning was cool and beautiful, and the young man felt a new accession of determination and energy with every step he took towards the city.

It had been long ago decided in his mind that his first act on entering the city should be to buy himself a new suit of clothes. "And they shall be fashionably made too," he had said to himself dozens of times, this young man who had hitherto worn only the grotesque homespun Shaker garb. This was out of the question now. The hated Shaker raiment must cling to him awhile longer; a small matter, it was true, but were not his other plans for being in the world and like the world to be similarly unsuccessful?

He resolved to apply for work at the various shoe-shops till he should obtain it. He therefore called at the very first one that came in his way, but was gruffly informed that they wanted no renegade Shakers there! "So much for these miserable clothes!" he thought, as he went on to one and another and another, in all of which he was equally unsuccessful. None of them wanted a hand at his style of work, for there was little sale for stoga shoes in the city. So the day wearily wore on, and poor John Lawrence's heart sank lower and lower at every refusal; and when night came and found him still without prospect of employment, he almost wished himself safely back at the Farm again.

He sought a cheap lodging-house, paid a few cents for a slice of bread and a cup of tea, and lay down in a little dingy room with a heavier heart than he had ever known before. No pleasant dreams for him that night, no sweet visions of mother or home. Instead, a troubled, restless sleep in the close, hot air of that not over-clean lodging-house, and a waking at early dawn to a sickening remembrance of the previous day's experience.

The search for work was as fruitless as before, and he retired at night with a weary body and sad heart. Day after day the result of his efforts was the same, and a week passed before John Lawrence found employment. Even then it was to be poorly paid, for the company employing him had done it more out of sympathy for him than a need or desire for his work. This he felt, and he was stung to the quick by the knowledge; but he resolved as soon as practicable to learn some more desirable branch of the trade.

It was hardly to be expected that the men with whom he now associated in his daily life were men of refinement. They were unfeeling, almost brutal. Day after day they taunted John Lawrence with his Shaker dress, and he soon came to be known among them only as "Shaker John." When he had, by strictest economy, saved enough to buy himself a suit of clothes such as they wore, they greeted him with shouts of derisive laughter, called him "turncoat," and he was "Shaker John" still. There was no limit to their petty spite, and it manifested itself in every conceivable annoyance. All this, however, he could have borne cheerfully had there been any compensation in his life. Had any pleasant home-circle been opened to him, had any kind-hearted Christian extended to him a helping hand, had any pitying mother looked tenderly into his sad eyes and spoken cheering words such as mothers can speak, — then he would have felt himself full panoplied against the shafts of malice daily hurled at him in the shop. Alas!

> "For him, in all life's desert sands,
> No well was dug, no tent was spread";

and, as the months passed, he began to lose courage, and hope grew faint within him, while his face became pale and thin, and his eyes wore the look his mother's wore long before.

I would like you to take a glance with me at the little room he called home during those dark days. It was away up, up, up, in a cheap boarding-house, right under the roof. It was guiltless of plaster, but John with his own hands had whitewashed the rough bricks and brown rafters to a snowy whiteness. His cot bed stood

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in one corner of the room, while a little table and one chair completed his store of furniture. Yet, he always contrived to find a few flowers for the tumbler on the table, and it was pathetic to see how he tried to give the room a home-like air by pinning up against the rough wall the engravings that had in various ways come into his possession. It might be seen at once that he had chosen them, simple though they were, with a tasteful eye, and hung them in the best light, — if light it could be called that struggled so hard past all the corners and angles of surrounding buildings into the narrow four-paned window. There were brackets also, of his own manufacture, that held bits of bright moss or curious stones gathered during his occasional Sunday rambles into the country. There was one fortunate thing about it, his room was always well supplied with books from the free libraries of the city.

A poor, pitiful home it was, and you or I would turn away from it at once; but I think it was a great comfort to John Lawrence then, and that its possession and adornment intensified his desire for another and better and less solitary home. At any rate his tired, worn face always took on a look of rest and peace when he entered it and locked himself in, and he always cast a loving glance back at it when he left it for the day.

So a year went by, — to John Lawrence a long, lonely year. Meanwhile he had learned another and better paying branch of his trade, and with the beginning of his second year he found work at another establishment, and his prospects seemed brightening. But he carried far less heart and hope into his new business. His year's experience of the world had materially lessened his confidence in his ability to cope successfully with it, and had increased his diffidence and reserve. To himself he seemed to have made no headway towards gaining the dearest object of his ambition, and he sometimes feared he never should. He had formed no acquaintances, as he never could bring himself to make the first advances, and those who casually met him never dreamed how the heart of that quiet man was consuming itself in the vain intensity of its longing for companionship and love. And still the months went on, bringing no change to John Lawrence, except an occasional walk in the fields. Latterly these walks all turned toward Bethlehem. Had any one loved him, had any one even cared for him with a friendly interest, that friend would have noticed how he grew thinner and paler; but there was no one to notice or to care. Later in the fall he became feverish and restless, and his room, which had always been his dearest refuge, now became like a prison to him. Evening after evening, and sometimes far on into the night, he walked the streets of the city, never pausing except it were before an open window to look at the home-picture within. He heard music and merry voices, saw parents and children mingling together in happy forgetfulness of everything save their own enjoyment. How could they dream of the bitterness surging over the heart of the wanderer who looked at and envied their bliss? Could but one such home — only one out of all the thousands in that great city — have opened its doors to him and bid him welcome, he would have been satisfied.

Winter set in early that year, — a bleak, cold winter, — and then an unexpected calamity befell him. A great commercial panic swept over the country, and thousands of workmen were thrown out of employment. John Lawrence was one of the number. When he went as usual one morning to his work, his employer told him there was nothing more for him to do, at the same time handing him the few dollars still due him. John was stupefied: this was an unthought-of misfortune, and he went back to his cold room and threw himself on his bed, feeling that he might as well give up the struggle, whose termination he now too plainly foresaw.

Not quite yet, though. He would

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make one more effort. The next day, accordingly, he went from shop to shop, but no one was hiring men then, while nearly every shop was discharging them. Then he tried to find something else to do; anything, he did not care what, so it would promise him the barest support. Here again he was unsuccessful. Whole armies of laborers — men, too, with helpless families depending on them — were before him. He could not push himself among them, could not urge his claim to a place for which scores equally or more necessitous were clamoring.

Back again to his cold room. He could afford no fire now. He must even restrict himself to the coarsest and cheapest food, and never enough of that. His disease, aggravated by exposure and insufficient food, and by his utter friendlessness as much, gained rapidly upon him. As he grew worse, and the fever rioted in his veins, he did not want fire, — he was burning up already. He did not care for food any more. He only wanted water, ice-cold water, and there was no one in all that city to take a cup of cold water to the parched lips of the sufferer in that lonely garret.

At length the keeper of the boarding-house, moved by a fear that he should lose his rent or that John would die and he should be at some expense for the funeral, went into the white washed attic room and asked the sick man if he had no friend to whom he could go and be taken care of. John, whose only wish was to be left to die in peace, answered that he had none.

"Then," said the landlord, — "then you must go to the poor-house."

The poor-house! O John Lawrence! is that the home your heart longed for, and your fancy painted so fondly, for which you prayed and labored?

He looked round at the little room where, after all, he had enjoyed more home-feeling than anywhere else. He looked at the fading moss, the little pictures, the pitiful trifles he had so laboriously collected to ornament his room. "Poor worthless trifles, all," he thought. They were of no value now; he must drag himself away somewhere to die.

Where?

His mind turned back to Bethlehem. "Poor fool, better had I never left it!" he said bitterly, as his mind recalled his unavailing efforts to make his way in the world.

But that was all over now, all over, and he would go back and die in Bethlehem. "Sister Hannah will be glad to see me," he said to himself with a sad smile.

Wearily he toiled down the long stairs, up which his tired feet would never toil again; out into the winter sunshine which mocked him with its brightness. With slow and feeble step he turned towards Bethlehem, only one wish uppermost in his mind, — to live till he should reach there. On, on, he dragged himself, the cold air chilling his fevered blood till it almost stood still in his veins. All day on, slowly, painfully, and at night he stood where he could see the setting sun gild Bethlehem, just as he had seen it before, when he went away. For a moment he recalled that outgoing and contrasted it with the return, — only for a moment. He was too tired now to care much about it. He was getting very cold. He only wanted to see Sister Hannah and die.

An hour later a feeble step was heard on the threshold of one of the houses, and then a fall. The Brothers who heard it went to the door, and there lay John Lawrence. Not quite dead, though at first they thought him so, for he opened his eyes as they carried him in, and asked for Sister Hannah.

And Sister Hannah came, much wondering who could want her then. She knew him at once. He clasped her outstretched hand, whispered faintly, as a look of unutterable peace stole over his face, "Home at last, mother," — and Sister Hannah held the hand of the dead.

Mrs. E. B. Raffensperger.

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RECENT LITERATURE.*

PROFESSOR WHITNEY has done great service to the public by collecting in one volume a number of his essays, many of which must have been read by some of our readers in different numbers of the "North American Review," while others were hidden in less accessible pages. For many years Mr. Whitney has labored at the head of American students of linguistics and of Sanskrit; more than any one in the country he has devoted his life to the pursuit of those studies of which there is, in general, a lamentable ignorance in America; and not only in the way of encouragement and advice has he served this cause, but by an unceasing and intelligent criticism of other workers in the same field. Very gradually the knowledge of the importance of the thorough study of linguistics, which of itself demands as the corner-stone some acquaintance with Sanskrit, has come to teachers and scholars. To those men who had acquired their knowledge of Greek and Latin from the old-fashioned text-books, according to the old-fashioned rules, there seemed something presumptuous in the statement that a science had been discovered which made necessary the rewriting of our once-valued grammars, and tested the knowledge of Greek and Latin from another standpoint. There was nothing, however, that was claimed for this new science which destroyed the value of the knowledge which its possessors, educated according to the old traditions, naturally and justly claimed; but it was regarded from another point of view, as something not absolute in itself, but as a link in a much longer chain. Already the greater part of Greek and Latin etymology has been rescued from the hands of grammarians who failed, not from any culpable ignorance, but from the impossibility of knowing what only the last half-century has made clear. There are indications, too, of new light being thrown upon the complications of syntax. But meanwhile the leaders have gone far in advance of their flock, while in Europe, and especially, of course, in Germany, within the memory of living men this science has taken its place along with chemistry, mathematics, or philosophy, while in this country some of our best colleges are dependent on the piecemeal work of individual instructors who know the importance of this subject and feel keenly the disadvantages under which both they and their students labor. That the public should have but slight acquaintance with and less interest in these subjects is only natural, but "the public" is a vague term, and we are sure that there are many who will be glad to hear of this volume and who will profit by it.

The first few essays are about the Vedas; giving in the first place a descripton of them, and taking up in greater detail, in one case, the Vedic notion of a future life. Following this we have some thorough reviews of Max Müller's history of Vedic literature, of his translation of the Rig-Veda, and a discussion of different theories about the method of accomplishing this difficult task, the translation of the Veda. Further on we find two admirable reviews of Max Müller's "Lectures on Language," one of Schleicher's Darwinism in language, which, to our thinking, is the best in the book; an easy overthrow of Steinthal, and an admirable article on "Language and Education." From this varied list of subjects it will be seen that this is a volume that no student of linguistics can avoid reading. In almost every one of the essays Mr. Whitney appears as a critic, and it is especially in this capacity that he is deserving of praise. He has the judicial coolness that prevents him from being run away with by any wild theory; he points out clearly, and often with humor, the inconsistencies and vagueness of many eminent leaders who are more enthusiastic than critical; and, particularly, he keeps an ever watchful eye upon Max Müller. That he

* *Oriental and Linguistic Studies. The Veda; The Avesta; The Science of Language.* By WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1873.

The Poet at the Breakfast-Table. His Talks with his Fellow-Boarders and the Reader. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

The End of the World. A Love Story. By EDWARD EGGLESTON. With thirty-two Illustrations. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 1872.

Gareth and Lynette. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Hints on Household Taste in Furniture, Upholstery and other Details. By CHARLES L. EASTLAKE. Edited by CHARLES C. PERKINS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

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should do this is not strange. It would be hard to find two men more unlike than these two. Müller is a brilliant, fascinating writer, who by the charm of his two volumes of Lectures must have won many students to interest themselves in linguistics; his work, too, has been of great importance, but his very enthusiasm makes him hasty and often inaccurate in his judgments; questions of the utmost importance, that require the most delicate and patient examination, he will declare to be settled in a turn of his hand. He is an admirable man to have before the public; he amuses at the same time that he instructs those who otherwise might dread the arid stretches of the science. His uncertainties, his inaccuracies, the unsatisfactoriness of very much of his work, — and especially just where the test would be put on the strength of the writer's mind, — and his equivocal dexterity at avoiding a difficulty, are all shown by the criticisms of Mr. Whitney, although never in any unjust or spiteful way. Mr. Whitney lacks Professor Müller's fire, but he is far more accurate as a guide. His earnestness in attacking Schleicher's theory of the "independent and organic life of language," a familiar heresy, illustrates well Mr. Whitney's power. Besides his controversy with Müller and his refutation of Schleicher, he has a good word for Professor Key of London, who looks down upon the frivolous pretensions of Sanskritists, and M. Oppert, of Paris, receives a thrust that should have done him some good.

In all of Mr. Whitney's writing we find the same merits, — the careful accuracy, the constant appeal to common-sense, and often the humor that only appears in connection with some peculiarly telling blow. Of all the men now working in linguistics, there is no one who works with more intelligence than Mr. Whitney; he and M. Bréal, in respect to that quality, stand easily foremost and nearly equal. We would warmly recommend this book to teachers and students and to all who take any interest in the condition of one of the most fascinating of sciences. We trust that the author will fulfil his half-promise of giving us another volume; there is no superfluity of such books in the American market, nor in any market, for the matter of that.

— Far back in the youth of the world, — or in the age of a world that has passed away, — or at any rate, six or seven years before the war, — when this old magazine was new, the newest thing in it was a series of papers called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." It was so novel that it seemed a new kind in literature; it was so unique an expression of a peculiarly original mind, that it defied the hand of the imitator, and never wearied by becoming a manner or a fashion. It remained the inventor's own, and will be inalienably his. When he gave us "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," he did not repeat himself, but continued what he had to say in another character that showed a new phase of the same mind; and now, after a lapse of twelve years, he completes the personal trilogy in "The Poet." We say personal for want of some better word, but we should be sorry not to recognize that the personal form is only a means of study, a bond of union with other minds which the author constantly seeks to trace out and strengthen. It is by virtue of this that he has been able to strike so many responsive chords in his readers, and to establish such close sympathy with them. He studies them through himself; he is interested in himself because he is like them, and explains them to themselves; and we all find that his hopes and fears, his prejudices, his antipathies, his impulses, his vague psychical impressions and intimations are for the most part our own.

We cannot imagine that the Poet has been talking to any of his readers here to so small purpose that we need animadvert particularly upon what he has been saying during the past year. But some of his fellow-boarders have taken our liking to that degree that we must not let them pass out of these pages unsaluted. The slight thread of love-story running through the papers unites two characters in whom is a fresh and delicate attraction. That sweet newspaper Scheherazade is new to the great company of fiction; she is scarcely more than indicated; but she seems, with her almost impossible conditions, a familiar reality; and in the young Astronomer, who takes her away from her heroes and heroines, and their cruel critic, is felt that simple self-abnegation which one perceives in scientific men, and which is here suggested we think for the first time. It gives him a serene elevation of character, as it gives a beauty to the grotesque Scarabee, who disclaims the title of Entomologist: "A *society* may call itself an Entomological Society, but the man who arrogates such a broad title as that to himself, in the pres-

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ent state of science, is a pretender, sir, a dilettante, an impostor." These people have the extraordinary advantage of being all unhackneyed personages, and so has "the Lady," with her gracious friendship for the poor little Scheherazade, at whose jokes she laughs, and at whose stories she weeps; and the whole conceit of her poverty-stricken elegance and meek gentility is charming.

As for the Man of Letters, we could wish he were more like — rather, we should be glad to believe that all brutal critics smoke a bad quality of tobacco and go off leaving their board bills unpaid. But we are afraid they do not. What they can do to torture and embarrass an author is well enough suggested in the conduct of the Man of Letters towards Scheherazade, whose stories he hunts down in their successive instalments, anticipating their course, and ridiculing their end beforehand. The limitations of the mere book-noticing critic's work in time and space are such that it can hardly ever be adequately done, and in a keen and not too kindly intellect, the perfect immunity enjoyed while striking out day after day, or week after week, — or month after month, dear reader, if you will, — and feeling that some one writhes at every stroke, begets a cruelty which is none the less cruelty because it persuades itself that it is zeal for literature and taste. It is so sweet to know whilst you make Smith hop by your notice of his poem, that you are also defending the cause of true poetry; that the sneer under which Jones squirms, not only hurts him who wrote the ridiculous magazine paper, but also contributes to elevate the standard of magazine writing; that the stab administered to Miss Robinson through her novel reforms fiction whilst it amusingly rankles in her stricken bosom! This privilege, we say, of indulging a taste for blood in the service of elegance and refinement, is one that will go as near to deprave a man as anything we know; and we would fain urge upon the brotherhood that, since it is so very hard to be just, it is always well to be merciful, in self-defence, if in no better cause. The Man of Letters will not agree with us, but will ask us if the reading-public has no rights in the matter. Dear friend and brother, do you suppose the reading-public cares for your opinions? It relishes your sour sarcasm and ruthless wit, and when it has had a good deal of you, it will like still better some sharper cynic who shall finally abolish you as a literary terror. As to the feeble books which but for you you fear would become classic and immortal, we really believe they would somehow perish without you. Our author suggests letting them alone; and that passage about the best way of getting rid of Angelina's book of verses is full of the tolerant wisdom of all the Poet's discourse.

Of the different chapters we believe we like none better than the first describing the old gambrel-roofed house, which the visitor to Cambridge will recognize from its likeness in this volume. Of the poems, "Homesick in Heaven" and the "Epilogue to the Breakfast-Table Series" please us best as being best representative of two prevailing moods of a genius, which, in whatever mood it speaks, rarely speaks without giving some subtle delight or uttering some penetrating thought, or suggesting some new sense of the mystery which surrounds life. It is a genius which is alert, through and through; which responds vividly to every influence stirring the common life, and to the thousand finer touches that leaves most lives dumb; which learns itself from all things that are, and which is as sole of its kind as any that ever was.

— One feels at once, in taking up a book of Mr. Eggleston's, that he has to do with a natural story-teller. The author's own eager interest in what he is about, and his thorough realization of the people he has set out to describe to us, have their immediate effect on the reader, with whom, when he has begun the book, it is never a question whether he shall leave off till he comes to the end. In the present story the materials are simple and even common, but several of the persons are new, and there is the shadow of a grand dramatic element thrown across the ordinary plot that gives it dignity and solemn force. The scene is in Southern Indiana, and the time is that of the great Millerite excitement, when vast numbers of good people throughout the country believed that the end of the world was at hand, and probably most men were touched with a vague fear that it *might* be so. The lovers in Mr. Eggleston's book were among those who thought it might be so; and, to be prepared for any emergency, they ended their varied tribulations by getting married the very night that the world was appointed to be consumed. They are Julia Anderson, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and August, his German farm-hand; and they are persecuted by Julia's mother, who leads

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her whole family a life of such torment as a vulgar shrew can inflict. She feels it a great disgrace that her daughter should be "in love with a Dutchman," and tries to promote her marriage with Mr. Humphreys, a river-gambler, who has retired to the country in the character of singing-master, until a little excitement about him in Paducah has subsided. The lovers are befriended by the good Methodist "help," Cynthy Ann, and by Jonas, the farm-hand who succeeds August when he is "turned off" for being in love with Julia; and they are also abetted by Julia's uncle, whom her mother had jilted in his youth, and who had since become a philosopher and lived alone in a log-built "castle" in the woods. "Andrew Anderson belonged to a class noticed, I doubt not, by every acute observer of provincial life in this country. In backwoods and out-of-the-way communities literary culture produces marked eccentricities in the life. Your bookish man at the West has never learned to mark the distinction between the world of ideas and the world of practical life. Instead of writing poems or romances, he falls to living them, or at least trying to. Add a disappointment in love, and you will surely throw him into the class of which Anderson was the representative." This personage adds to the romance and variety of the story, and he may be true enough, but he is not a very tangible figure. August himself is only objectionable as all sentimentalized Germans in American stories must be; he has manly qualities and does natural things, while Julia is very much more of a woman than heroines are apt to be. We find, moreover, a great reality in the characters casually introduced. Dr. Ketchup, the "steam-doctor," who had been a blacksmith; the gamblers on the river-steamboat; the "mud-clerk" with his cool, humorous liking for August, and the cynical philosophy which enables him to lead a quiet life among the pistolling passengers of the "Iatan"; Bob Walker, the poor "renter," who is doomed to lasting want, by reason of being both indolent and honest, but who wants to buy Mr. Anderson's place when it is to be sold for little or nothing just before the end of the world; the sanctimonious young clergyman, who advised against Cynthy Ann's marrying Jonas because he was a New Light, — all these, though slightly sketched, are very credible and recognizable people, and pre-eminently help to verify locality. The population is the same as that in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," but it is in a higher mood, thanks to the prevailing fear that the destruction of the world is at hand.

The haste with which a fiction must be written for publication from week to week has left its marks upon the conduct of Mr. Eggleston's story and the development of its characters, and in the fresh field which he has opened, we have chiefly to wish him more favorable conditions of work.

— The latest of the Idyls of the King can scarcely be thought the best of them. The story of "Gareth and Lynette" is not very pleasing, and the treatment, though it has that grace which belongs to all the poet's work, has not many peculiar graces. Gareth is the son of Queen Bellicent and King Lot, on whom his fond mother, to keep him at home, imposes the condition that if he goes up to Arthur's court, he shall go unknown, and shall serve a year and a day in Arthur's kitchen; but Gareth is very glad to go, even on those terms. At the end of his service, he is known, and demands of the king that he may be the first knight sent on any enterprise thereafter; and while he stands before the king, still in his scullion's dress, there comes the lady Lynette to ask Lancelot's help against three outlaw knights who beleaguer her sister Lyonors in her castle. She cries "Fie on thee, king," when Arthur offers her the service of the scullion, instead of Lancelot, and turns from his presence in scorn; but Gareth rides after her all the same, and, in spite of her contempts and disdains, overthrows her sister's foes, and then, the two being overtaken by Lancelot, is known for Prince Gareth, —

> "And he that told the tale in older times
> Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,
> But he, that told it later, says Lynette."

The passages that relate to Arthur in the poem complete the conception of that large and noble character, whose heroic goodness and grand patience make him the most beautiful figure of romance. As he sits at judgment in the hall, a widow appears before him, and with such an appeal as a high-tone Southern lady might have addressed to Lincoln: —

> "'A boon, Sir King! Thine enemy, King, am I.
> With thine own hand thou slewest my dear lord,
> A knight of Uther in the Barons' war,
> When Lot and many another rose and fought
> Against thee, saying thou wert basely born.
> I held with these, and loathe to ask thee aught.
> Yet lo! my husband's brother had my son
> Thrall'd in his castle, and hath starved him dead;
> And standeth seized of that inheritance

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Which thou that slewest the sire hath left the son.
So tho' I scarce can ask it thee for hate,
Grant me some knight to do the battle for me,
Kill the foul thief, and wreak me for my son.'"

And Arthur promises to see her righted with much the same sad tolerance of her insult, as Lincoln used toward such petitioners.

The character of Gareth is not much, nor that of Lynette, though there is a pretty touch of nature in her that shows her angry to find him prince whom she had half learned to love as scullion. A dreamy light of allegory dwells upon the story, adding a charm which we should fear to spoil by too close scrutiny, and there are of course pictures that take the sense with their inimitable perfection, like this: —

"Then to the shore of one of those long loops
Wherethro' the serpent river coil'd, they came.
Rough-thicketed were the banks and steep; the stream
Full, narrow; this a bridge of single arc
Took at a leap; and on the further side
Arose a silk pavilion, gay with gold
In streaks and rays, and all Lent-lily in hue,
Save that the dome was purple, and above,
Crimson, a slender banneret fluttering.
And therebefore the lawless warrior paced
Unarm'd, and calling, 'Damsel, is this he,
The champion ye have brought from Arthur's hall?
For whom we let thee pass.' . . . .
"Then at his call, 'O daughters of the Dawn,
And servants of the Morning-Star, approach,
Arm me,' from out the silken curtain-folds
Barefooted and bareheaded three fair girls
In gilt and rosy raiment came: their feet
In dewy grasses glisten'd; and the hair
All over glanced with dewdrop or with gem
Like sparkles in the stone Avanturine.
These arm'd him in blue arms, and gave a shield
Blue also, and thereon the morning star.
And Gareth silent gazed upon the knight,
Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,
Glorying; and in the stream beneath him, shone,
Immingled with Heaven's azure waveringly,
The gay pavilion and the naked feet,
His arms, the rosy raiment, and the star.

Besides such pictures there are those miracles of exquisite phrase that none but this poet can work, with wonders of artful simplicity, and marvels of gracious affectation, better than nature (which, by the way, we never do get in works of art, and should not like if we did); so that, if it is indeed the least of the Idyls, we have still to lament that it is the last of poems the like of which no one will write again.

— Whatever may have been Sir Charles Eastlake's weaknesses as a painter, they certainly did not impair his ability to write a most entertaining as well as valuable book. Long referred to as the standard manual on the subject of which it treats, we are glad to see his "Household Taste" introduced to the American reader, through the medium of a reprint, and by an editor who has a lively and correct appreciation of the need from which the arts of design, and, proportionately those of painting and sculpture, in this country suffer.

The range of the book is ample. Beginning with a chapter on Street Architecture, we are led successively into the entrance-hall and through the most important rooms of the house, discussing all the details from roof to floor, not disdaining even to touch upon the fire-poker and the cords by which pictures are hung. The latter, for instance, must harmonize in color with the tint of the wall, and their lines must be reconciled with the prevailing vertical and horizontal lines of the room, through the abolition of the present triangular figure composed by every picture-cord. The remarks upon carpets touch us even more nearly than they did the author's original audience. The underlying principle traceable throughout his hints is this: that every piece of furniture or appurtenance about a house should be rendered as beautiful and pleasing as possible consistently with the end for which it is made. Such things cannot be pleasing and beautiful unless harmoniously combined and contrasted; and so a necessity arises of organizing the interior of each room with a view to its whole effect, — a necessity seldom regarded by modern professional furnishers. Use is the first consideration, ornament the second. Neither must use be allowed to banish ornament, nor ornament to conceal nor interfere with use. The illustrations and designs with which the book is well supplied have a strong mediæval character, a fact which points us to the root of reform in household taste. In order to resume progress in the industrial arts, we must take up their history at the time when good taste last directed them. What we have not we must borrow, and borrow from the later centuries of the Middle Ages. The new birth of mediævalism will in time develop an individuality as expressive of the present as the arts of the "cinque cento" were of that epoch.

The chapter on dress is profoundly suggestive. Radical good taste, indeed, is closely connected with morals. Mr. Eastlake shows, for example, how the passion for expensive jewelry, as such, tends to destroy excellence of design in this department. That is, good taste cannot flourish

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long without good motive. Simplicity and sincerity forward good taste, and are in turn encouraged by it.

The great drawback, however, to the reform which the painter and his editor urge upon us is, that manufacturers cannot, at present, generally provide articles designed in good taste at so cheap a rate as those in a corrupted style, the demand for the latter being greater, and the skill to produce the former, rarer. Art-education will remove the last of these obstacles, but it lies with the possessors of wealth to give the reform its first impetus, by spending wisely as well as freely, and making their abodes in every detail sources of instruction and inspiration, without and within.

It is worthy of notice that the binding of Mr. Eastlake's book — a detail not without the pale of criticism, in this case — is in a quaint and pleasant taste. The painter-poet Rossetti, who is also partner in a firm established for the production of improved furniture, metal-work, and stained glass, set the now prevalent fashion of decorative book-bindings, in the volume of his poems published a few years since.

French and German.*

Of the books that we have before us today by far the most deserving of mention is Ferdinand Lotheissen's *Literatur und Gesellschaft in Frankreich zur Zeit der Revolution* 1789–1794. It is by no means uncommon, as every reader of German knows, to find books in that language which are accurate and exhaustive; and even if many are made less attractive by a rugged style and careless arrangement, they yet have enough positive merit to be indispensable to the student, who needs no rhetorical graces to tempt him on in his work. But not all German works are unattractive, even if they lack the grace that makes the reading of Sainte-Beuve, for instance, so agreeable that one is almost tempted to regard it as a frivolous joy. There is Julian Schmidt who, in spite of the enormous length and breadth of his pages, always interests his readers; and in regard of interest we are sure that this work of Mr. Lotheissen's will not be found defective. In his volume we find the following subjects discussed: society, women in the Revolution, parliamentary eloquence, the press, the theatre both before and during the Revolution, the two Chéniers, Shakespeare in France, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the songs of the time, the ideal in the Revolution, with a few pages on German literature in France. The French Revolution is a subject which, both from its complexity and interest, is not readily exhausted, and we can only be glad to be aided in our studies by such books as this which we are discussing. In his general remarks Mr. Lotheissen speaks of the Revolution as an outburst to be compared only with the Reformation, with this difference, that it was the work of philosophy and not of religion, and especially of a philosophy which, while it introduced great factors of uneasiness, such as equality, brotherhood, etc., into men's minds, found those in authority — who were to be those most directly attacked by such principles — fortified only by ignorance and apathetic pessimism, which at once enslave and betray their victims. But it not so much for these more or less vague discussions that we mention this book, as it is for the chapters which treat of more definite subjects. Perhaps as fair an example as any would be the one on Shakespeare in France, where the author tells again the old story of Voltaire's repugnance to the English poet, and of all his various unsettled feelings about him. A short story that is told in a foot-note may not be out of place. Speaking of a passage in which Voltaire has apparently imitated a line from Othello, La Harpe burst into admiration with the words, "What lines these are in comparison with Shakespeare's coarse (*grossier*) language!" Sedaine, however, who was a Shakespeare enthusiast, said, "He who only took *Zaire* out of Othello has left the best part behind." It would be well, however, for those who are most austere in their judgment of the classical minds of their neighbors to recall the time — to be sure it was earlier, but then it was in England that it happened — when even Dryden so wofully misunderstood the Tempest, when Shakespeare was considered a

* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Müller's, 40, Winter Street, Boston.

Literatur und Gesellschaft in Frankreich zur Zeit der Revolution 1789–1794. *Zur Culturgeschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Ferdinand Lotheissen. Wien: 1872.

Das Geheime Treiben, der Einfluss und die Macht des Judenthums in Frankreich seit hundert Jahren (1771 – 1871). Von Hermann von Scharff-Scharffenstein. Stuttgart, 1872.

Gott und Naturwissenschaft. Irrthum und Wahrheit. Von A. von Hartmann. Halle, 1872.

Der heilige Antoninus von Padua. Von Wilhelm Busch. Strassburg, 1872.

M. le Comte et Mme. la Comtesse, un Mari. Par St. Germain Le Duc. Paris, 1872.

La Jeunesse de Lord Byron. Paris, 1872.

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great, but untamed genius, who needed all sorts of manipulation to be made acceptable. Then in the last century, in Voltaire's time, when the great Shakespeare revival began, Garrick could not keep from setting his dainty fingers to the improvement of Shakespeare, and acted Tate's King Lear with its joy and blessing in the last act. If things were then in this state in England, — we need not speak of the present time, — we can surely forgive the French for their coldness. Shakespeare is worshipped by us so religiously, he is set on so lofty a pedestal, that any discussion about him is at once unfair and one-sided. But whatever his merits may be, he cannot be legitimately counted as belonging to recent French or German literature, with which we are now more particularly concerned. Once more we warmly recommend this book of Mr. Lotheissen's to all students of literature.

But not all is good that comes out of Germany; there is occasionally a lack of judicial impartiality in their writings about their recent foes the French; facts may be most thoroughly accumulated and then misused as badly in the new empire as in any republic on either side of the ocean. As a melancholy proof we would mention Hermann von Scharff-Scharffenstein's *Geheime Treiben, der Einfluss und die Macht des Judenthums in Frankreich seit hundert Jahren* (1771 – 1871). While many pessimists give themselves up simply to general lamentation, to vague regrets about the emptiness of all things, there are yet others who have discovered either some cause of all our troubles, or, more commonly, foresee the dangers threatening civilization from some source which is generally disregarded by a careless world. There is no unanimity about this peril; with some it is a Chinese invasion, others dread the Jesuits or Communism, but our writer brands the Jews as the evil-doers in this world of sin and trouble. It is amusing to see the fire and tirelessness there is in this most fantastic hobby. For instance, Louis Napoleon, late Emperor of the French, was a foe of Germany; his uncle, too, was not its cordial friend: why was this? Because a great many Jews fled to Corsica in the Middle Ages, and from one of these families sprang the Bonapartes. Even the present Pope is said to have Jewish blood in his veins, and it is implied that his leniency towards those who were formerly obliged to live only in the Ghetto, and to be driven once a year to hear a sermon on the advantages of Christianity, is merely a bit of treachery in the interests of the religion which he secretly adores within his heart. Less conspicuous persons are also exposed. Meyerbeer is shown to have composed his "Huguenots" with the malicious intention of setting Protestants and Roman Catholics by the ears. Will not some one write a book to prove that in his *L'Africaine* he was only moved by a desire to expose the horrors of slavery? It might help restore his damaged reputation. Offenbach is wilfully using the sweet charm of his music to undermine those principles which depend so much on a modern heresy not yet two thousand years old. The most successful opera-singers, the two Pattis and Lucca, are only successful by means of religious intrigue. If that is true we in America have no need to complain. But why go on? In spite of its absurdities, in fact, by means of them, the book is extremely readable. It contains a mass of gossip and scandal, especially about financiers, that is very entertaining. A. von Hartmann, who is not to be confounded with E. von Hartmann, the author of the *Philosophie des Unbewussten*, of which we have already spoken, has written a little book called *Gott und Naturwissenschaft*, which contains a brief summary of the objections of materialists to theism and religion. It is no scurrilous pamphlet, although it is written with much interest. The small size of the book may make it seem more offensive than would the manner in which it is written. It is like having a little boy attacking the opinions of his parents. Perhaps the wicked have a similar feeling about tracts.

A book which deserves much more condemnation for its manner of treating sacred subjects is *Der Antoninus von Padua*, with illustrations by Wilhelm Busch. The letter-press is in poetical form; but it, as well as the illustrations, is in every way offensive to good taste, and we only mention the book because it is one that has already had a large sale and threatens to make its way in this country. It is really a ribald production. Busch has too much talent to make one patient of such prostitution of it. Much better examples of his humor may be seen in a book just published by J. C. Hotten in London, of course without acknowledgment of the person to whom the credit of the illustrations is due. The series representating the piano-forte player is inimitable.

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Of French books we have but few. There is but little appearing in that country, as was naturally to be expected. There are a few novels, among others *M. le Comte et Mme. la Comtesse, un Mari*, which is an excellent example of the second-rate mechanical French novels, — excellent, be it understood, as an example, not as a novel. It is in such books as this that we see the venomous way in which the novelist of that country draws a husband, as a man unutterably despicable. Better writers do this with more art, but they almost all do it, and indeed the subject of most of their novels being what it is, this exaggeration has to appear to justify the usual dramatic action of the story. But even that necessity does not make it pleasant. The story will not be found unreadable, perhaps, by those who need the strong waters of French fiction.

Not wholly uninteresting is a book entitled *La Jeunesse de Lord Byron*. It is a book that is composed entirely of material that exists in English, but is has the advantage of presenting it to the reader in a convenient and easily readable form. As a life of Lord Byron it is, of course, incomplete; but, as far as it goes, it will be found entertaining and instructive.

ART.

THE "Nation," in its review of the "Atlantic" for October, expressed its pleasure at what it chose to call our withdrawal from the discusssion of Mr. Ward's Shakespeare. It touched lightly upon our comparison of its present opinions on this sculptor's Indian with those it professed when the statue first appeared and surprised us, as, we dare say, it surprised a great many of its readers, by the declaration that in the interval between its two prophecies it had been improving its mind. It is true, as it asserts, that its notions of Indian structure are the same to-day that they were five or six years ago, and that we have pointed out the resemblance. But the difference lies just here, that when the Indian Hunter first appeared, the "Nation" praised it for its faithful rendering of that structure, whereas, now, it laughs at it for its unfaithfulness. We venture to think that, under the circumstances, if it would take a little more time for conning its expressions, its readers might find it to their advantage. To the question it puts whether we think we are profitably employed in thus raking up its old opinions and comparing them with its new ones, we answer, that certainly it is of little profit to ourselves, but why will not the "Nation," that works so hard for others, allow others, now and then, to do it a little good in return? And who can doubt that when people quietly assume omniscience and throw reckless assertions about, that it is profitable to them, both for instruction and reproof, to show them occasionally that they are at least almost human in their liability to err?

As for the discussion, in our supposed withdrawal from which the "Nation" has found a lofty pleasure, we have to say that we never had it in mind to enter upon a discussion either with the "Nation" or with any other journal on the subject either of Mr. Ward's Shakespeare or of his Indian Hunter; we expressed our opinion of Mr. Ward's principal works, and, in speaking of the Hunter, we defended the sculptor against an innuendo of which the "Nation" allowed itself to be made the mouthpiece in advance of its publication elsewhere, as to the originality of the pose of the group. Since then, the innuendo has taken the shape of an assertion in Laura Keene's "Fine-Arts" that the pose of the Indian Hunter is directly borrowed, and spoiled too in the borrowing, from Gibson's Greek Hunter, a statue which never was in this country, nor any cast or copy of it, and of which the only knowledge Mr. Ward could have had must have come through a woodcut in the Illustrated Catalogue of the great Hyde Park Exhibition, a book seldom seen out of a public library. We were prepared to have the Gibson statue brought forward as Mr. Ward's original, though some time ago it was the Discobolos from Herculaneum, in the Naples Museum, that was complimented with having given Mr. Ward the first suggestion of his Indian. The Gibson statue makes a much better foundation than the Discobolos for the charge of plagiarism; the resemblance of Ward's Indian to it being certainly very striking. It is of course possible that the English group may have sug-

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gested the American, but the treatment of the subject is so different in the two, that the obligation of the younger sculptor to the older would be about the same as that of Milton to Cædmon or to Andreini, or as that of Raffaelle to Masaccio or Perugino, or to any one of a dozen others from whom he borrowed, when he saw anything that pleased him, and made what he borrowed his own.

As for the piece of fur about the Indian's loins, the writer in "Fine-Arts" is certainly mistaken in supposing that it was put there either to hide the bad modelling of the pelvis, or to conceal the incorrect way in which the legs are inserted. There was, we are sure, no other reason for putting on this bit of drapery than the supposed necessity of throwing a sop to the Cerberus of prudery. If Ward had had his own way, he would have left the Indian naked. Beside, it might have occurred to the writer, that if Mr. Ward was so conscious of his weakness in anatomy as intentionally to cover up from the critics one part of his poor workmanship, he should have been equally conscious of all his short-comings and frankly put his savage into breeches and a pea-jacket. So much for the Indian Hunter, which we must still be permitted to think a worthy work, in spite of the flaws that have been picked in its anatomy. Indeed, it is some consolation to remember that the critics, with their compasses and probes and scalpels, have left not a single important statue, old or new, with a clean bill of health, from the Venus de Medicis, with her head notoriously too small, or the Antinoüs with his too much fat, or the Venus of Milo with her too long leg, to the poor Greek Slave whose "thunders of white silence" seem now to our ears most tame stage-thunder indeed. Nay, even the "competent critic" of the "Nation" in looking about for some statue that it may recommend for legitimate admiration to the poor, untravelled American folk who ignorantly think well of Ward, has nothing better to set up as a standard than that third-rate melodramatic statue of Vela's, The Dying Napoleon, with its claptrap appeal to the vulgar love of clever imitative stone-cutting and to the popular admiration for the First Napoleon, — a statue of which the best French critics made short work, even at a time when in France everything connected with "the family" was looked upon as almost sacred. That its mechanical execution is nearly perfect we willingly admit, though the difficulties to be overcome in the way of anatomy are clearly reduced to a minimum; but, as a statue, a work of high art, it has hardly a single fine quality: and perhaps no important piece of sculpture of modern times — and puffery and hero-worship and the vulgar love of the marvellous have done what they could to make this work of Vela's seem an important one — could have been chosen less fitted to make our American sculptors feel the force of the "Nation's" verdict, that alongside the works of European skill they are like school-boys preparing themes.

We did not, at the time, believe the statements first made by the "Fine-Arts," and afterward redelivered by the writer in the "Nation" with such posturings and flourishes as his nature willed, that the Shakespeare is only six and a half of its heads in height; but we preferred to wait until we could contradict it on the strength of a personal examination. No writer not more bent on epigram and the display of his own learning than on finding out the truth and reporting it, would have made the assertions that "the head of the Shakespeare is miles outside of all permitted license," on the mere strength of an off-hand measurement from a photograph; nor would a writer, with a proper respect for his place and for the public, indulge himself in so wild a flight of libel as to say that Ward, "by the scale he has seen fit to adopt for his figure of *le divin Villiams* has attached it [*sic*] to the class of burlesques made by Assi and Pellegrini, in 'Vanity Fair,' and by André Gill, in '*La Lune*.'" Words like these bear exaggeration on their face to the instructed; but people who are little interested in the subject, or who have no means of learning the truth, will naturally believe that the statements of a journal of so much pretension as the "Nation" must have some truth in them; and it becomes necessary to expose their untruthfulness. Looking at the statue with eyes sufficiently taught by study and experience — as with all due modesty we dare to hope — not to be ridiculously deceived, we could not find any such outrageous disproportion, nor, indeed, any disproportion at all, in the Shakespeare. What we said in September, we say again after repeated visits to the statue and the most careful study. We saw a well-proportioned figure which left with us the impression of so much

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manlinesss, sincerity, and right-thinking in the sculptor of it, and of such strong beauty in the lines and masses, with so much lightness in the poise, that, its short-comings duly weighed, we felt its excellences far outnumbered its faults, and that it must be long before any sculptor would give us a more satisfactory Shakespeare. Another reason for our disbelief in the statement of the "Fine-Arts" was found in the fact that the measurements did not profess to have been taken from the statue itself, but from a photograph, and a glance at their diagram showed where they had missed the mark. For the photograph must give us a curved image, and no measure taken from it is worth anything where accuracy is concerned. And, to make matters worse, the slightly stooping figure of Shakespeare is set against the proudly erect, triumphing figure of the Apollo. But the ancients made a marked distinction between the proportions of ideal statues and those of portrait-statues, and a sculptor who should have had in hand a statue of Æschylus or Aristophanes, would not have been quarrelled with or snubbed if he had made it of different proportions from those used in the case of an Apollo. So that the comparison of Ward's Shakespeare with the Belvedere Apollo is hardly a fair one, if Ward had it in mind, as we think he had, to portray the real William Shakespeare and not the ideal one. And, once more, to give all our reasons for doubting the statement of the "Fine-Arts," we asked ourselves whether it was not reasonable to take it for granted, that a man of forty-two years, who, since his seventeenth year, has been studying the art of sculpture, would know as well as the first stone-cutter what are the proportions of the human figure as commonly received; whether a reserved, industrious, thoughtful workman, who had learned the rudiments of his profession from the best-taught and most experienced American sculptor now living, Henry K. Brown, would be likely to make a statue that should be a caricature "miles away from all permitted license"? How came Mr. Ward to be reckoned the clever sculptor that he is, if, in a work of the importance of the Shakespeare, he could betray such a want of the sense of proportion as the measurement of the "Fine-Arts" and the "Nation" would make him chargeable with?

There was clearly but one way to settle the question, and that was to measure the statue itself. This has accordingly been done. Mr. Henry K. Brown went with us to the Central Park, where, the authorities having put everything at our disposition, he measured the statue in our presence with the following result: The height of the head was found by taking the distance from the tip of the chin to the bridge of the nose and reckoning this as half the head. The curved compass was of course used, and the beard thus not in the measurer's way. The result was six and a half inches, thus making the height of the head thirteen inches. The measurement by "noses" made the head four noses high, which is the usual rule. The whole height of the statue was then found to be eight feet, — ninety-six inches, — and this divided by thirteen, gives the result, seven and five thirteenths, or nearly a whole head above the height stated by the "Nation." The "Fine-Arts," and the "Nation" repeating the "Fine-Arts'" statement, make the Apollo eight heads high, but the best authorities, Audran, Dr. Zeising, and Quetelet, make it not more than seven and six eighths, while the Antinoüs is only seven and one half heads. Thus we see that this André Gill-Assi-Pellegrini caricature, with its head miles away from all permitted license, belongs as to its proportions with some of the most famous antique statues. To use the elegant simile of the "competent critic" of the "Nation," which of us is it who may be said, in view of this result, to be turning hand-springs, and showing his heels at the windows of the judgment-hall? The plaster cast of the Shakespeare in Mr. Ward's study was afterward measured by us (of course without Mr. Ward's knowledge, he being, at the time, absent in Europe), and the result obtained by Mr. Brown from the bronze was confirmed by us from the plaster. At the same time we also settled another matter. The writer in the "Fine-Arts" charges that the left arm of the Shakespeare "is several inches shorter than the right." Now, nobody can decide that this difference exists by the eye alone, and only great carelessness in measuring could have given such a result as a difference of "several inches," seeing that an accurate measurement, first by the curved compasses and then by the tape, makes the real difference one inch and a half. But this difference in the length of his statue's arms is not to be charged upon Ward as a proof of ignorance; it is simply a proof of

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his carefulness. The left arm is an inch and a half shorter than the right, because the right is strongly bent, the hand being brought up high on the breast, whereas the left is in a position that would not alter its length to any appreciable degree, the shoulder being merely pushed higher up. Anybody who really wishes to find out the truth of this matter, and who is not merely moved by an excessive charity to save poor Mr. Ward from being spoiled by flattery, and therefore anxious to invent flaws in his work, may prove on the first person who will bare an arm for him how great is the difference in length caused by strongly bending the arm. But we suppose it is not necessary to dilate upon so common an experience. But even granting that Ward had made one arm shorter than the other, shall he be sent to Coventry for that? Claude Audran published in 1683 a work in which he gave the measurements made by himself of the most celebrated antique statues. He is reckoned a very good authority on the subject. Quetelet, another well-known writer of great authority, who always speaks of Audran with respect, quotes from him the following statement: "In the most beautiful of the antique figures we remark things that we should certainly reckon faults if we noticed them in the works of a modern. Thus the Laocoön has the left leg longer than the other by 4 minutes;* the left leg of the Apollo is about nine minutes longer than the right leg. The bent leg of the Venus de Medicis is longer than the one on which she stands by one part and three minutes, and the right leg of the older of the two sons of Laocoön is nearly nine minutes longer than the other." It is true that Audran imagines these imperfections to be intentional, but his theory does not concern us here. It is enough that we need not be too hard upon a modern for making one arm of a statue a trifle longer than the other, supposing him to have done so without evident reason, when those impeccable "slaves" of ancients are allowed to shorten legs and arms at their own sweet Procrustean wills, and are praised for the liberty they take, while philosophers scratch their heads for reasons why they did it. It is not a little amusing, by the way, to hear with what solemn emphasis the "Nation" warns us that, in art, whoever ceases to be a slave is of no use thereafter to anybody. We are quite as strong in our belief that exactly the reverse is true, and that the artist who does not leave his master's workshop a freeman, or who does not speedily become a freeman, is worse than useless to the world. When the "Nation" will point us to any great or excelling artist who was a slave, we will name him a greater who never knew what slavery meant. We venture to think that Michael Angelo has been of some use in the world, yet even the "Nation" admits that he was a life-long experimenter. Raphael and Leonardo were always in search of the ideal, and Dürer sadly wrote, near the end of his life of toilsome study, "The things that once pleased me in my art please me no longer." A man cannot be a slave to a law that is not known nor fixed. In this matter of "proportion," no two sculptors are agreed; and if two statues out of the small circle of ancient masterpieces have the same proportions throughout, it is much; though what their agreement or disagreement may be, we do not really know, as they have never been measured with absolute accuracy, and no writer accepts the measurement of any other writer except in a general way. We may accept as true the generally received proportions of the human figure as from seven and a half to eight heads high. This is the statement of Vitruvius, though Audran, a much better authority, does not give eight heads to the tallest of the antique statues. We, in our turn, will give a generous hand to the public, and assure it that Mr. Ward's Shakespeare is seven and five thirteenths of its head in height, and that it will find no sculptor of repute nor any "competent critic" who will apply his compasses to the statue itself, or to the cast, and make it add up a materially different sum. We say "materially different," remembering Quetelet's words: "Les points entre lesquels on prend les mesures sont en général mal définis; la hauteur de la jambe, par exemple, ou la longueur du bras, surtout si la statue exprime une action, donneront rarement les mêmes résultats à deux observateurs différents, ou même à un seul observateur les mesurant deux fois de suite." And again, "Schadon s'est aussi occupé de déterminer les proportions de la femme; il donne quelques nombres pris sur le modèle vivant et d'autres d'après l'antique. Il fait connaître par exemple les proportions de la Vénus de Médicis, qui ont été données également dans l'ou-

* Audran counts the head the unit of measure, and divides it into four parts, and each part into twelve minutes.

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vrage d' Audran ; il est assez remarquable que ces deux artistes ne sont pas du tout d'accord sur la plupart des proportions. C'est une nouvelle preuve de la difficulté qu'on éprouve à obtenir des déterminations exactes en mesurant le corps humain, même sur le marbre ou sur le plâtre." See, also, W. W. Story, "The Proportions of the Human Figure, etc., etc," pp. 38, 39. It would seem, then, that Ward has followed in his statue the ordinary practice, but we maintain that no one has a right to insist on his following any absolute rule of proportion in making a portrait-statue but that supplied by his own sense of fitness. He had as much right as had Michael Angelo or Raffaelle, Leonardo or Dürer, to try experiments. We say as little as is possible about the animus of the "Nation's" article on Ward's Shakespeare. So far as it is criticism of the statue from a purely æsthetic point, it is not only not to be deprecated, but to be cordially welcomed ; and whatever there is of wisdom in it, to be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. But misstatements for which there is no excuse, since it was as easy for the critic of the "Nation" to measure the statue as for us to measure it ; sneers founded on these wilful misstatements, and others such as the "nut-cracker" profile, and "the peak of the nose portraying and attenuating itself into the atmosphere," — to call such writing "criticism" is simply an abuse of terms.

MUSIC.

THE "season" has begun in good earnest, and concerts of the migratory, nomadic sort have been, as usual, numerous, and more than usually interesting. The Strakosch troop first claims our attention. Among the various artists who compose it the name of Mario is naturally the prime attraction. Before this great tenor, about whose name cluster so many recollections of the palmy days of Italian opera and the best school of Italian singing, the position of the critic is a delicate one. Were he like so many veterans of the operatic stage, who, when age has broken the voice that was once the delight and war-cry of hosts of ardent admirers, still try to cover up the ravages of time by cunning tricks of vocalization too well known to singers, as an old beau pads and paints his withered person that he may pass with the credulous for a young man, we might perhaps pass him by with pity that he who had once stood so high should have fallen so low. But Signor Mario, with only the ghost of his former voice, comes before us now as much an artist as ever, modestly content to be taken for what he is worth, seeking to cover up his physical short-comings by no claptrap tricks of the trade, and honestly, if tacitly, acknowledging his weakness. Such a man commands our respect if nothing more. A singer's temptations to sacrifice his artistic self-respect to his love of admiration, to quit the path of true art for the more seductive one of virtuosity, in plain English, to stop being an artist in order to become an acrobat or a juggler, are at all times great, but never so great as when his voice begins to fail him. As an artist, Signor Mario is still the king of tenors. He stands a glorious illustration of Lablache's famous reply to the sceptic who doubted the capacity of the voice of one of his pupils. "Bah!" said the portly basso, "la voix, c'est un détail." Indeed it were difficult to praise Signor Mario's singing too highly when we consider the beauty of his conceptions, his perfect phrasing and artistically refined sentiment. His voice, alas, only allows him to hint at his artistic intentions, rather than to put them into execution ; but the fine intention is always palpably there, and it is a higher artistic enjoyment to hear him *try* to sing than to hear almost any other tenor *sing*. His style is not free from some little Italianisms ; which we have learned, after hearing them from other singers, to look upon as rather vulgar commonplaces of effect, but which gain a peculiar grace in his mouth. They are for the most part traditions of the old days of Italian opera, when Bellini and Rossini were in the ascendant, and before Verdi had swept the stage with the whirlwind of his overstrained, semi-barbarous passion. But as Signor Mario renders them, they are to their exaggerations in

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the mouths of singers of a more recent school what the easy refinement of a gentleman is to the blatant swagger of a swell of the period. But with all this we must unwillingly acknowledge that Signor Mario's day is passed; for although to artists his singing is still highly enjoyable, to the public at large his repeated failures to realize his artistic conceptions cannot but be painful. A singer must be able to give his audience something more than good intentions; executive ability is a *sine qua non* in every public performer, and the artist who is forced to claim the public's indulgence in this particular is always in a false position, and never more so than when he comes with such a glorious past record as does Signor Mario.

Of the other singers in the troop, Mademoiselle Carlotta Patti is distinguished by the wonderful beauty, purity, and flexibility of her voice. Her technical execution of difficult passages, especially of *staccato* roulades and *arpeggi* is at times astonishing, but she has many and grave faults of style, and, as it appears to us, an almost entire want of musical feeling. She sings naturally and without effort, like a bird, and the beauty of her tones often serves to cover up defects in style which would at once condemn a singer less liberally endowed by nature. She accordingly sings light music like Eckert's "Echo Song," the "Proch Variations," and Auber's "Laughing Song," — her rendering of which last, in spite of its rather broad realism, is saved from anything approaching to coarseness by a certain infantine refinement of bearing, — better than serious melodies of a broader *cantabile* movement, in which her want of expressive power and poor phrasing are strongly felt. Miss Cary, on the other hand, sings *cantilena* with great purity of style and finely cut, well-rounded phrasing. Her voice, always beautiful, has gained a fine, incisive, penetrating quality rare in voices of such low compass, and she is one of the very few deep *contralti* we know of who have not the habit of forcing their lower tones, to the admiration of "the gods," but the discomfort of appreciative musicians. Her facility in executing rapid passages has greatly increased within the last two or three years, but she wants the electric *élan* so necessary to the success of a *bravura* singer, and will always find melodies of a slow, broad movement more satisfactory, where her nobility of style and purity of intonation raise her above the level of many singers whom she could not compete with in *bravura* songs.

The young violinist, Monsieur Sauret, was indeed a surprise to every one. With the exception of Vieuxtemps, his master, and of Sarasate, no such violinist has been heard here for many years. But for the absence of a certain piquant grace of style which can only be acquired after years of experience in concert-playing, we cannot see that M. Sauret is in any way inferior to his master. His tone is rich, firm, and sympathetic, his bowing masterly, his phrasing artistic and dignified, and, what is rare with young performers, his intonation, even in the most trying octave passages and *altissimo* harmonies, absolutely perfect. His technique is wonderfully developed, and his execution of the most intricate passages always perfectly distinct, although in some of the more startling flights of virtuosity, such as the solo transcription of the Lucia sextet, he does not as yet show that easy mastery over the instrument that can only be expected in a more experienced performer. But, what is better and higher than all this, he shows great depth of musical sentiment and a thorough appreciation of the real beauties as well as the chances for virtuosity in whatever he is playing.

Mademoiselle Teresa Carreño comes back to us in all the beauty of budding womanhood, a really fine pianist. Already as the "child-pianist" of several years ago she gave signs of being made of better stuff than goes to make a mere musical monstrosity, but every reflecting musician must have trembled for that tender germ of talent, perhaps of genius, that was to be developed at that early age in the over-stimulating atmosphere of the concert-room. But she has passed through the dangerous phase of child-wonderhood unspoiled by the flatteries and the inevitable bad advice of injudicious admiring friends to which all young performers are exposed, and comes before us now as a genuine, conscientious artist. Not that her playing is perfect; far from it. She has some grave faults of technique and graver faults of style. But she has excellences which, while they compel our admiration, call by their very greatness for all the severer criticism of her defects. Her execution, as far as the fingers go, is beautifully clear, neat, and brilliant, and she plays the most difficult passages with great ease and distinctness;

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her touch is sympathetic and firm, her strength remarkable for a woman; but her octave-playing, and, in short, her wrist-action in general, is faulty. She plays octaves and chord-passages with great rapidity and ease, but they lack that incisive vitality of tone and distinctness of enunciation that only comes from a perfect command over the wrist. She also shows some weakness, or perhaps carelessness, in the use of the little finger of her left hand, causing her basses to be often indistinct. Her phrasing, although evidently well considered and never slovenly, is sometimes inartistic and wanting in breadth and elegance. Her conceptions are often immature, at times even school-girlish. So much for her faults. But, on the other hand, she possesses in an intense degree that most precious quality of all in an artist, — PASSION. She has, to our thinking, a more thoroughly artistic musical organization than any woman pianist we have ever heard in America. She plays not only with great sentiment, but with great expression. She plays Italian music of the sentimental stamp, in which her youthful, Southern warmth of feeling seems as yet more instinctively to find expression, better than she does the works of the more thoughtful German masters, in which her immaturity of conception sometimes betrays itself. Her playing of the air *D'amor sull' ali*, in the first part of Gottschalk's *Trovatore* transcription, was wonderfully beautiful. It was the only time we ever remember to have seen an American audience interrupt a piano-forte piece to applaud a simple bit of *cantabile* playing, and surely applause was never better merited. Her rendering of the Mendelssohn G-minor concerto was in many respects fine, but, on the whole, not so satisfying as some of her less ambitious performances. She was too free with the *tempo* in the first movement, and took the final *Molto allegro e vivace* injudiciously fast. Not that she took the *tempo* faster than her fingers could play, but faster than the mechanism of the piano-forte can clearly articulate the second theme. We must, however, say by way of parenthesis, that the movement itself is an awkwardly arranged one, and that at whatever *tempo* it is taken, one of the two themes is sure to suffer. But Mademoiselle Carreño has the true divine fire, and her faults are all of them faults of schooling; could she but be prevailed upon to forego concert-playing for a while and spend one or two years under the tuition of a real master of the instrument, Dr. Hans v. Bülow for instance, we would venture to predict for her an honorable place among the very foremost pianists of the world.

Next in order come the Rubinstein-Wieniawski concerts. A *criticism* of Herr Rubinstein's playing coming from us would be simply impertinent. He has that in him which gives him indisputably a position of authority among musicians; and although many points in his rendering of the thoughts of great composers may, nay, must of necessity be new, at times even in direct opposition to our preconceived notions, we must acknowledge in him a better right to his conceptions than we have to dispute them; to blame or to praise would be alike presumptuous in any of us. All that we can do is to study and attempt to analyze his playing, guided by that light of intelligence which nobody surely will be impolite enough to suppose any critic to be without. Herr Rubinstein comes to us one of the leading musical geniuses, and in all probability the foremost pianist of to-day, assuredly the greatest that has ever been heard in America. The thing that strikes us as most to be remarked in the executive part of his playing is his wonderful power of endurance. We have heard another pianist, Carl Tausig, now, alas, lost to the world, carry through the most trying passages with the same triumphant firmness and with far greater ease than Rubinstein; if report speaks true, Hans v. Bülow can claim the same power; but these are both men of much greater muscular strength, and Tausig, at least, of vastly more developed technique. Passages that Tausig would play with the greatest ease evidently cost Rubinstein the most intense and protracted exertion, and it is his power of keeping up the hard work with such unflagging energy that most astonishes us. But although Rubinstein's technique, his mere virtuosity, is by no means the most salient point in his playing, it is still immense, and of all his contempories the two pianists we have named can alone claim any superiority over him even in this respect. But great as his executive power is, it sinks into insignificance beside the grandeur of his artistic conceptions and the all-subduing intensity of his passion. Passion, after all, is the ruling element in the man, — passion generally restrained and kept within bounds by his high artistic sense of fitness, but at moments

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rushing forth with untamable impetuosity, whirling both him and all who hear him no one can tell whither. The next most striking trait in him is his entire forgetfulness of self. Grandly simple, with no trace of self-consciousness, he so merges his own personality in that of the composer while playing, that he not only forgets himself, but makes us also forget him. He is thus the most objective — shall we say the most feminine? — player we have ever heard. He evidently feels what he is playing fully as much as any of his hearers. Other players have given us the fruits of thoughtful study and reflection, have even illumined and warmed us by such fire of genius as they could command; but all the time we have felt that whatever of magnetic influence was exerted upon us emanated from the player himself, that we were directly affected by his individuality, but only indirectly by the composer or the music. But Rubinstein seems to put us into direct magnetic communication with the composer, and to bring both himself and us under the same exalting influence. To hear him play is almost to feel that we are playing ourselves. Other players have let us catch far-off glimpses of the divinity: Rubinstein lifts the Isis veil. With all this his individuality is nevertheless immense, and all his conceptions are more or less tinged with it; there is nothing of servility in his treatment of the music; his relation with the composer may be described as one of perfect sympathy, yet one in which the composer's is ever the vivifying, masculine mind, his the receptive, shape-giving, feminine one. Other players have worked upon us through the music, Rubinstein lets the music work upon us through him. Playing evidently fatigues him greatly; a man does not so exert his whole body, mind, and soul together for nothing, and we have seen him when he seemed almost completely prostrated by playing. Sometimes he becomes almost frantic with excitement, and at such times is very liable to strike wrong notes, in fact we have never heard a really fine pianist strike wrong notes so often as he, — sometimes two and three at a time. But in comparison with his genuine greatness this little defect goes absolutely for nothing.

We have here come to the end of our allotted space. Of Monsieur Wieniawski, — of whom we have also much to say, — next time!

SCIENCE.

AMONG certain tribes of Australia and South Africa, every death is attributed to witchcraft, and among our own European ancestors, until comparatively recent times, every sudden death, not explicable by contemporary medical knowledge or medical ignorance, was supposed to have been occasioned by poison. If our memory serves us, we have already referred, in the course of these notes, to the interesting and instructive case of Henrietta, sister-in-law of Louis XIV., as it has been acutely analyzed and brilliantly elucidated by Littré, in his lately published volume of Essays on medical topics. At the distance of two centuries, not only does the great physiologist demonstrate that the sudden death of this lady was not caused by poison, but he determines with precision the character of the disease which killed her.

If the jurors who were called upon three years ago to decide whether Dr. Paul Schoeppe was guilty of murder had possessed sufficient enlightenment to read and comprehend such an essay as that of the illustrious Littré, it is probable that an innocent man would have been spared three years of unjust confinement with the loss of reputation and social position. The case is so important, as illustrating both the dangers of jury-trial and the false views current respecting the worth of the testimony of experts, that we may be excused for recalling its main incidents.

In 1868 Dr. Paul Schoeppe, a highly educated physician and graduate of the University of Berlin, about thirty years of age, established himself in practice at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He soon became engaged to a wealthy maiden lady, Miss Steinecke, old enough to be his mother She made a will, bequeathing him all her property, amounting to some fifty thousand dollars. Shortly before the time set for the wedding, Miss Steinecke died very suddenly, Dr. Schoeppe and one Dr. Herman

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being in attendance upon her. No one suspected any foul play until Dr. Schoeppe demanded the property under the will, when the lady's relatives, unwilling to be thus set aside in favor of the gallant newcomer who had captivated her fancy, at once raised the cry of poison, just as the same cry used to be raised in the Middle Ages whenever a sudden death occurred. The scene which followed would have done credit to the darkest of the dark ages. The community of gossips instantly inferred murder from the circumstances; the newspapers began at once to deal with the case with as much assurance as if their respective editors had actually seen the doctor mixing and administering the fatal dose; an "expert" — Professor W. E. Aiken of the Baltimore Infirmary — was summoned and told to look for poison, and seeing some blue spots which *might* conceivably have been due to prussic acid, he incontinently declared that he had found prussic acid in the stomach of the deceased. Dr. J. S. Conrad, another "expert," gave some concurring testimony, and accordingly Dr. Schoeppe was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

Now the evidence upon which this conviction was procured was so ridiculously flimsy, when viewed by any one sufficiently conversant with scientific methods to estimate it at its due weight, that a protest against the unjust sentence was speedily called forth from scientific students in all parts of the country. Numerous letters from eminent experts were addressed to Governor Geary, exhibiting the worthlessness of Dr. Aiken's testimony, and praying for the reprieve of the prisoner. At last, only two days before the time appointed for the execution, a writ of error was granted, with an order for a new trial. With the proverbial procrastination of the law, the doctor was allowed to lie three years in jail, when upon the second trial, just concluded, he was triumphantly acquitted.

The result of this second trial has been to make it plain, even to the average juror, — what no competent person ever doubted from the beginning, — that Drs. Conrad and Aiken, far from being "experts" in such matters as these, are no more capable of conducting a scientific inquiry into the presence of poisons in the stomach than a couple of college freshmen would be capable of concocting a treatise on the Sankhya philosophy. For example, in examining the body of the deceased, two points were to be determined: first, whether there were any signs of disease not caused by poison, of which she might have died; secondly, whether there were any traces of poison in the system. Even though the indubitable presence of poison might render the determination of the first point unessential, it could not render it superfluous for a thorough understanding of the case. Now Dr. Conrad, among other crude statements, pronounced the heart perfectly sound, while admitting that he had not used a microscope in examining it; although the merest tyro in the study of pathology knows that it is quite impossible to detect sundry forms of heart-disease without microscopic scrutiny. But still worse, when he came to "examine" the brain, not only was the microscope disregarded as an idle toy, but no attempt was made to ascertain the quantity of blood emitted by the cerebral blood-vessels, though this would have been a point of the first importance as bearing on the hypothesis of death from apoplexy or congestion of the brain! Still more atrocious was the bungling of Dr. Aiken in his search for traces of poison. His positive statement at first was that he had actually found prussic acid existing in the stomach. But on further examination it appeared that he had found no such thing. What he did was to mix some of the juices of the stomach with a solution of sulphate of iron and potash in muriatic acid, and to obtain therefrom a blue color. Prussic acid mixed with such a solution will give it a blue color, *ergo* this particular blue color was caused by prussic acid; and this is what the doctor called "finding" prussic acid! He was apparently ignorant of the fact that the same result would follow from the presence of healthy saliva! And his confidence in this *non-sequitur* was so great that he dispensed altogether with the nitrate of silver test, which is by far the surest index of the presence or absence of prussic acid. To crown all, his management of his materials was so careless and slovenly that it became at last quite impossible to say what substances he had under inspection.

Upon these evidences of gross incompetence the case for the prosecution was entirely shattered, and when it was further proved by the most careful medical reasoning, that the symptoms of Miss Steinecke's illness were those of serous apoplexy consequent upon uræmia or blood-poisoning from inaction of the kidneys, it became evident to all that an innocent man had

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narrowly escaped hanging at the hands of an ignorant jury adapting its inferences to the statements of a pair of "experts" who knew not the veriest rudiments of their subject.

We characterize thus severely the sciolism of Drs. Aiken and Conrad, both because ignorance in such matters and on such occasions becomes in itself a crime of the first magnitude, and because the daily press, in its comments on this trial and the similar case of Mrs. Wharton, has by no means perceived the true relations of the facts. "Why boast of the precision of science," asks the "New York Tribune," "when the blunders of its professors can thus doom a wretch to strangulation?" And so again the old thrust is made which ignorance loves to make at knowledge. Yet again it is asked, who shall decide when doctors disagree? And from other quarters may be heard similar mistaken criticisms.

To this we reply that the "precision of science" would not be disturbed, in a case of astronomy, if some sciolist were to swear that the radius vector of a planet does *not* describe equal areas in equal times. No more is the precision of science disturbed in a case of pathology when some sciolist asserts that a certain color is the infallible index of the presence of a certain substance, though it is well known that it is not an infallible or even a valuable index. Nor can that be called a "disagreeing of doctors," which consists in the detection of the ignorance of one side by the cross-questioning of the other.

Toward the close of the last century a "disagreement" of this sort resulted in the hanging of a gentleman who is now almost universally regarded as an innocent victim of crudeness aping the mien of science. In the celebrated trial of Captain Donellan for the alleged murder of his brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton, the testimony of three common country doctors, alleging the presence of poison, was allowed to prevail over that of the great John Hunter, on the ground that three are less likely to be wrong than one.

The true criticism to be made upon such cases, as it seems to us, is that they show very forcibly some of the inconveniences and dangers attendant upon that system of jury-trial which we have inherited from earlier and less civilized ages. As the judge who presided at the trial of Captain Donellan could not be expected to know that in mere matter of authority the single testimony of John Hunter might fairly be allowed to outweigh that of three fourths of the physicians in Europe, so the average juryman of our time is utterly incompetent to decide whether such men as Drs. Aiken and Conrad understand their business or not. That which saved Dr. Schoeppe in the present case was not any device of legislation, but the vehement and indignant protest of the scientific world.

The blundering of Dr. Aiken is further interesting as showing how hypothesis warps perception and inference. Because the circumstantial evidence suggested foul play on the part of Dr. Schoeppe, because he had engaged himself to an old lady whose property he was now endeavoring to secure for himself, our "expert" hastened to the inference that the spots which he saw were traces of prussic acid rather than of saliva; and it was because his perceptions were so entirely under the sway of the hypothesis of Dr. Schoeppe's guilt, that he did not go on to test their soundness by the use of nitrate of silver, supposing him to have known of this test. But when a physiological chemist allows his conclusions to be governed by an analysis of motives rather than by the application of reagents, the blunders which he will inevitably make, however disgraceful to himself and dangerous to others, are not to be set down to the discredit of the scientific world in general.

In his monograph on "Autumnal Catarrh,"* Dr. Wyman gives from observations of a long series of years a very exhaustive account of the symptoms, causes, diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment of that exceedingly unpleasant disorder commonly known as "hay fever." The latter appellation Dr. Wyman very properly rejects, since that can hardly be termed "hay fever" which is neither dependent on the haying season nor attended by feverish symptoms. The absence of fever is one of the differential marks by which the disease in question is distinguished from bronchitis; and newly cut hay, which often causes paroxysms in persons affected with the so-called "June cold," or "rose cold," rarely or never produces such effects in the case of autumnal catarrh. Dr. Wyman calls attention to the fact that the most prominent symptoms of the latter disease — the

* Autumnal Catarrh (Hay Fever), by Morrill Wyman, M. D. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1872.

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suddenness with which it begins, the redness of the conjunctiva, or lining of the eyelids, the profuse shedding of tears, the itching of the skin, the frequent and spasmodic asthma, the sudden coughing, and "the speedy disappearance of all these symptoms, without the usual signs of inflammation" — point to the nervous system, and more specifically to the sympathetic nerves, as the probable seat of the disease. An instructive parallel is drawn between the symptoms of autumnal catarrh and the effects of Claude Bernard's experiments on the great sympathetic nerve. When the molecular continuity of the great sympathetic is interfered with by cutting or tying, there ensues congestion of the blood-vessels of the head, the membrane lining the eyelids and nostrils is reddened, and there is copious secretion, with a short cough. Itching also follows, and the changes of heat are sudden. Similar results have been obtained by arresting the action of the fifth pair of nerves. To these facts we may add that it seems to be well established that the sympathetic system exerts an inhibitive or restrictive action upon the blood-vessels throughout the body, so that to heighten the activity of the sympathetic (by bromide of potassium, for example) is to diminish the sectional area of the blood-vessels and *vice versa*. If this be regarded as established, we may well understand that interference with the sympathetic, especially with its cervical branch, will enlarge the blood-vessels in the head and cause the phenomena of congestion, though the ill-understood affection of the blood-corpuscles, which constitutes inflammation, need not ensue. That the trouble is with the sympathetic system we may thus admit to be quite probable; but when it comes to assigning the external causes which affect these nerve-centres so as to produce the disease, the inquiry fails entirely. Yearly the disease begins about the 20th of August, and no experiment has yet succeeded in preventing its appearance at this period, by excluding any of its supposed causes. Whatever theory, then, we may be able to frame concerning the physiology of this interesting disease, — and no one will pretend that even here we have yet obtained anything that amounts to an item of positive knowledge, — we are at present quite in the dark as to its origin. But, as Dr. Wyman well observes, though our ignorance is matter of regret, we must still remember that even if we did understand perfectly the cause of the disease, "it would by no means follow that our success in its prevention or treatment would exceed that we now have with our present knowledge of the character of its symptoms."

For, although we are so ignorant of the manner of origination of autumnal catarrh, we are nevertheless tolerably well informed as to its geographical relations. There are certain places which it does not visit; and if a person suffering from the disease will but consult one of our author's maps and betake himself to some one of the exempt localities, the chances are that he will recover within a day or two. This fact seems well established by a multitude of careful observations; though Dr. Wyman is far from asserting that a journey to one of the favored spots will necessarily or in all cases bring relief. In particular, we may expect to find that places near the boundaries of the exempt region will afford relief in some seasons but not in others, owing to the normal variations in physical circumstances from year to year. Still it is undeniable that the autumnal catarrh is, on the whole, quite strictly confined to certain geographical areas. It does not exist in Europe; and the same persons who suffer from it yearly in New England may escape it by crossing the Atlantic. Less expensive and laborious relief is, however, at hand. The White Mountain region is exempt, and surely there can be no pleasanter prescription for a disease which recurs each August than a sojourn of five or six weeks among the pine woods of New Hampshire. But when we come to inquire into the local characteristics of the places where immunity may be expected, we are as far as ever from finding the materials for a generalization. Neither with respect to elevation, nor to temperature, nor to moisture, nor to soil, nor to vegetation, does there appear to be any common characteristic which is the peculiar property of the exempt regions.

But while Dr. Wyman's essay thus leaves us in the dark as to many interesting points, — as every scientific essay must until that millennium comes in which we shall know as we are known, — it is, for that very reason, all the more a scientific essay. It does not pretend to be the final solution of a problem (the sure mark of sciolism), but it brings together, with praiseworthy scientific acumen, all the facts thus far obtainable with reference to the subject of which it treats.

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POLITICS.

THE Presidential election is over at last, and the nation breathes freer in the security of its delivery from Mr. Greeley and his galvanized democracy. For this it may reasonably be grateful to General Grant, who has a second time saved the Union —not now from rebellion and dissolution, as before, but from an uprising of office-seekers under the lead of an erratic, unstable, and ill-advised philanthropist — from confusion and corruption and absurdity and babble and ink-shed, no end.

For all this we are right to be grateful, but in our gratitude let us not forget that as to governmental reform we have no surer prospect than we had one year ago; let us remember that the faults of General Grant's character invoked the dangers from which he has saved us; let us consider that if Grant the President had been different, Greeley the candidate would not have been at all; let us look at the facts of the late campaign and the present situation in the face, and now that we are saved, let us see from what General Grant is to be saved.

Every party found presented by the Presidential election only a choice of evils. It was so confessed by the tariff and civil-service reformers who originated the Cincinnati Convention, and unwittingly prepared the instrumentalities for the nomination of Horace Greeley. It was freely declared by the Democratic party when it ratified this nomination. It was so regarded by the thinking portion of the Republican party, who demanded an elevation of the character of the government in all its branches, which they could not expect under a renewal of the term of Grant's Presidency. But they had the measure of the evils and inabilities of the present administration, and they have decided to hold to it rather than take the immeasurable risks of the administration of Horace Greeley and of a restoration of the Democratic party to power.

The election of Grant is therefore the choice of the lesser evil. It is not an unqualified indorsement of his conduct, nor a declaration of popular contentment with the present status for another four years. On the contrary, his re-election liberates a reform sentiment which was repressed by the necessities of the election contest. The sense of having been placed at a disadvantage before the enemy by the shortcomings of the administration will give the reform demand an energy it did not have before. The wounds of the battle will give an unwonted sharpness to criticism in the administration party. Whatever load the supporters of the President have had to carry in the fight will now be freely cast upon him, and his conduct will be subjected to a severity of judgment which will be something new to our party experiences.

The paradox that the renomination of the President without any apparent opposition, and so vigorous a contest by his party for his re-election, was not a full indorsement of him by his supporters, seems to require explanation, although it is plain enough to political observers. A government which in all its branches and details is subject to elections at short periods draws a great number of its citizens into the pursuit of office, and creates a great fabric of political machinery which is a controlling power in nominations. The vast patronage of the President, dispensed through Congressmen and by these through local committees and managing politicians, furnishes the means for wielding this political machine. The dispensers and recipients of his patronage are all bound by their own interest to promote his renomination. Whether he orders it or not, all the power of his patronage is exerted for his renomination. Practically this power is irresistible. It is sufficient to make the support of any candidate against the President seem unfaithfulness to the party. Under ordinary circumstances no member of the party could expect to succeed in a contest with the head of the administration for the party nomination. Such a conflict inside the party, in the face of a powerful enemy, would expose it to defeat. Therefore the party shuns such a contest, and is led into a spirit of intolerance toward competing aspirants and their supporters. In the nature of things, while the President desires a renomination, it is practically impossible for any to compete with him, at least until he has had the second term, which in our traditions is due to a good President.

And besides all this, a multitude in the

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Republican party had that blind confidence in Grant which the mass always have in their leader in successful war, and that steadfast allegiance which grows out of such a relation, extended from military to political triumph. Thus the fact of the renomination is accounted for, although there is in the Republican party, not excepting even those public men who seem to be personal adherents of Grant, a wide-spread feeling of discontent with him, and among all the thinking classes a feeling that we need an elevation of the character of the administration. The removal of the outer pressure of the election battle will liberate this feeling and give it a rebounding energy of expression which it will be necessary for the President to heed, and which it would be wise in him to anticipate by giving signs that he is alive to the public sensibilities. It is necessary that free public journals which desire the success of the administration should speak plainly on these matters; for the Japanese Mikado is not more completely cut off from all hearing of unfavorable opinions of his conduct on the part of his personal supporters than is President Grant. The power which a President possesses, and the fact that through his patronage he holds the political fate of every administration congressman in his hand, would to a great extent prevent any President from hearing the truth from those about him; but it is well known that this evil is increased by the disposition of President Grant, which inclines him to regard with aversion any who speak to him of faults of conduct.

It may be that the character of the executive branch will rank with that of the legislative; but it ought to be much above it. The President's broader constituency, longer term of office, and vast power to control the party, enable him to take a higher stand and to direct public opinion. The member of Congress travels, as Napoleon said of an army, on his stomach. He is continually looking to his base, and his chief concern is to stop the mouths of his supporters with offices, and to work the machinery for his re-election. But the President is lifted above these conditions. He can have a tone which will make the influence of the administration elevating in all branches of government. If his tone is low, his influence is powerful to degrade the legislature and the entire public service. He is responsible, not only for his administrative acts, but for his example. It is not enough that he lets things take their course. If he be not qualified to have an affirmative policy in affairs, he may at least make the executive department an example of strict integrity, of a high sense of duty, of a rigid sentiment of honor, and of good manners, which are akin to good morals.

It was unfortunate that Grant came into office with the conspicuous gifts of citizens to the successful general who in the line of precedents was the coming President. When he showed an inclination to call the givers to high places in the government, it gave the opposition a weapon against him. When he took a share in the gift that citizens were contributing to General Sherman, and in his eagerness involved himself in the scandal with Mayor Bowen, he compromised his personal dignity, and exhibited qualities unbecoming to his station.

It is not a great draft upon the public purse, nor a creation of dangerous family influence, when the President appoints a dozen or more of his relations to office; but it is a bad example and shows a low view of the Presidential office. But far worse than this was the scandal of a President's brother-in-law at the capital, following the profession of agent for claims against the government, carrying his family influence into the subordinate executive departments where such claims are judged, and actually — as he testified before a congressional committee — appealing cases from the departments to the President, and appearing before him to argue them. In effect this was the sale of the President's influence against the ends of justice by his brother-in-law.

The summer absences of the President from the capital are matters of no great moment in the affairs of government, and his frequent junketing excursions could be excused, but for his proclivity for a peculiar kind of entertainers who bring him and the Presidential office into disrepute, and expose him to be made the instrument of designs upon the government. When the gold conspiracy to make a private speculation at the cost of wide-spread ruin of the innocent burst upon the public on the memorable Black Friday, the public mind was shocked by the intelligence that the President had been caught in the toils of the conspirators, and had been made to do their bidding by writing a letter to Secretary Boutwell advising him against increasing his sales of gold. The effect was not mitigated by the fact that the conspirators

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had entangled the President's family in the plot. The public partly excused him with the charitable plea that he was deceived by the sharpers Gould and Fisk; but there was a general feeling that the President of the United States should not have made companions of men so notorious as public robbers, nor received hospitalities and other favors from them.

The American people do not fear that the President's surrounding himself with military attendants means a design to subvert the government; but jealousy of military surroundings and manners belongs to free institutions and to the spirit of free peoples, and the disregard of this shows a lack of perception of popular sentiment, or a contempt for it.

It is true that Congress is laggard and reluctant in the work of civil-service reform; but the President has not the trammels that bind congressmen. He can wield a prevailing influence in promoting the needed legislation. He can put the methods of reform into practice, by retaining and promoting capacity, fidelity, and experience, and by refusing to remove any capable and faithful officer to make place for a partisan retainer, without waiting for legislation. But while he asks of Congress legislation to coerce him to reform the mode of appointments to the civil service, he presents to the country such a scandal as the New York Custom House, with its disreputable official service and its unofficial levies upon the merchants, regulated by his own hand.

It is true that when the President caused our case to be presented to the Geneva Tribunal with our consequential injuries extended to the cost of the war, he went no further than the speech of Mr. Sumner and the almost unanimous vote of the Senate and the general acceptance of the country, and that his late competitor went beyond this with a wild proposition that our claims should be made the ground for demanding the cession of Canada; but it cannot be forgotten that between these events the President's ostensible reason for the peremptory dismissal of Mr. Motley was that he stated to the British Minister the case of our injuries too strongly, although it came far short of the case presented at Geneva.

The Republican party did not seek a statesman for President when it chose General Grant; for it could not have expected a statesman in him. It chose him because the glory reflected on him in the popular view by the military triumph gave him a political availability which would be useful, and which if not secured by it might be turned against it. It would therefore be unreasonable to demand of him a positive and leading policy of statesmanship. But it had the right to expect from him an example of duty, dignity, regard for law, and a high self-respect which would have a beneficent influence on the other branches of government and on the whole executive service. Yet there is a common impression that General Grant takes a low view of the Presidential office; that he looks upon it as a personal affair; that he makes a calculation of what is due him from the value of the office he gave up to take this; and that he regards it as a reward of merit.

All these things and others have made the labor of the recent contest much greater to the administration party than it would have been with any Republican of fair standing, without an administration record, for a candidate. The election having given to General Grant another term of office, this feeling in his party should have free expression. His friends cannot do him a greater service than to subject his conduct at every step to severe judgment. At the best he will have a difficult part to play. Whether he shall show an amenability to intelligent public sentiment and shall rise above the personal view of the Presidency, will govern the event whether he shall continue to have the support of a successful party, and shall leave it in the control of the country when he retires to private life, or whether his re-election shall precipitate a disintegration of the Republican party which will make his administration helpless, and will leave him to terminate his official career followed by the reproaches of the party that elected him, and with none to do him honor.

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